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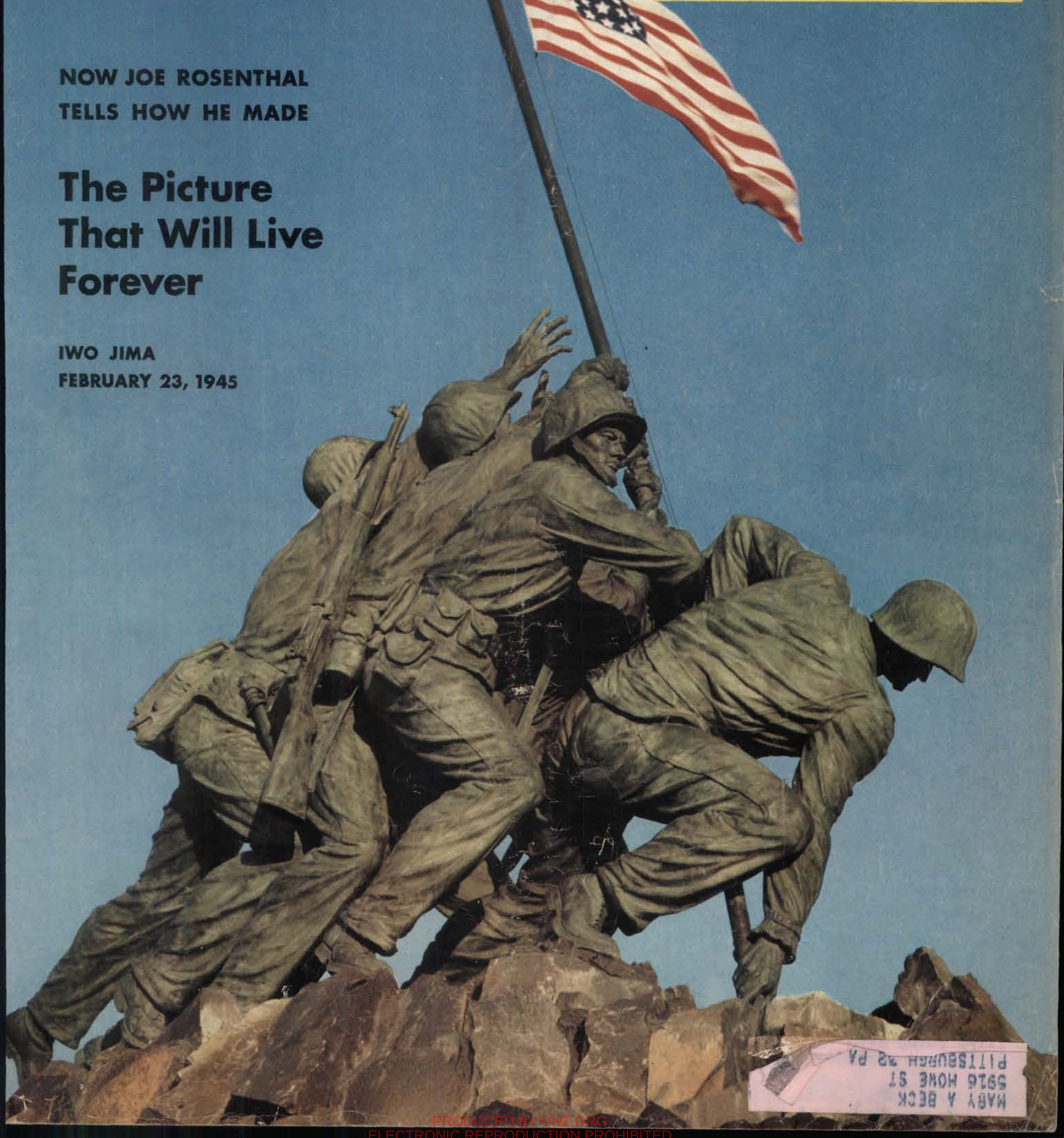
The Slap Heard Round the World

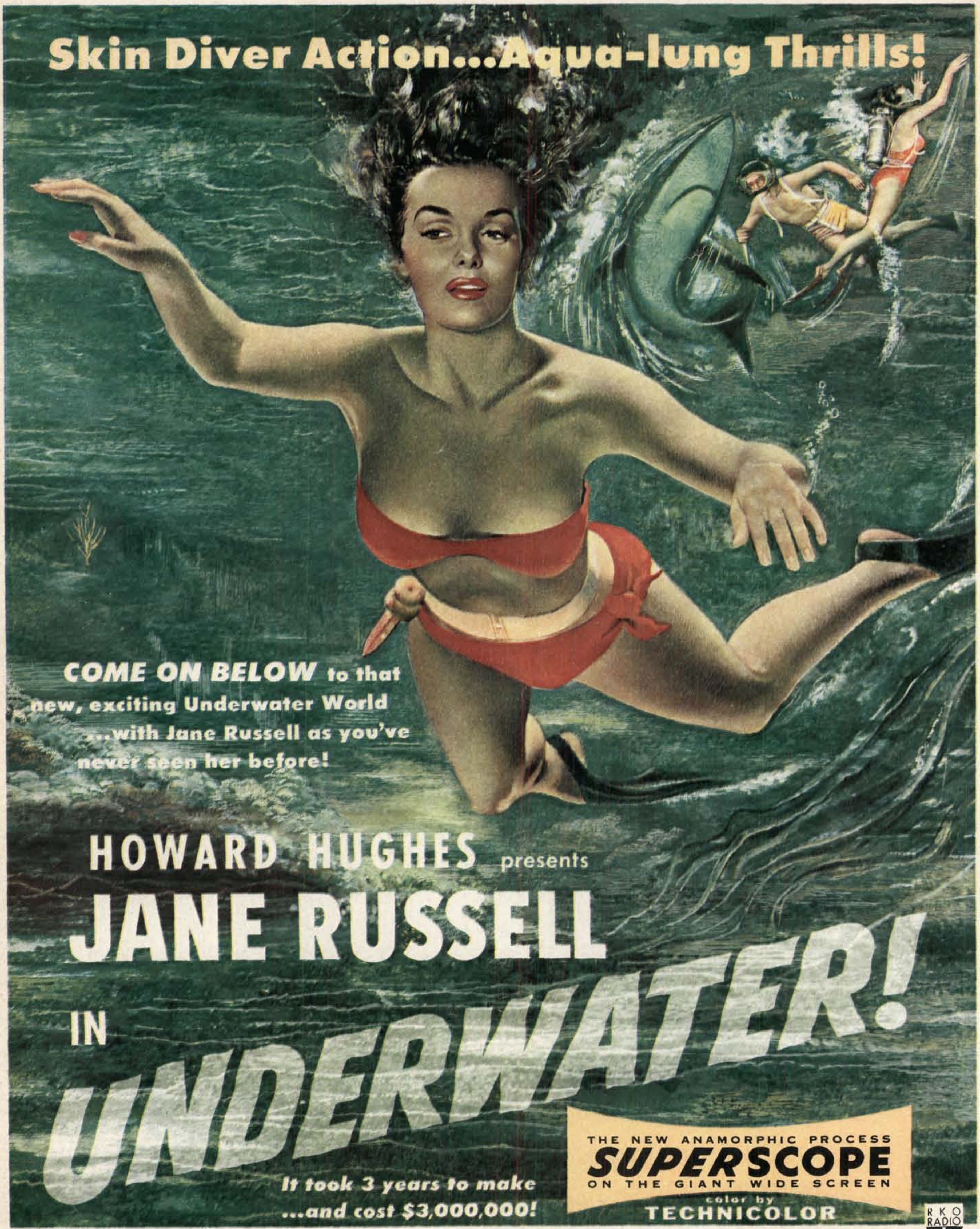
Mrs. Sommerlatte

NOW JOE ROSENTHAL TELLS HOW HE MADE

The Picture That Will Live Forever

IWO JIMA
FEBRUARY 23, 1945





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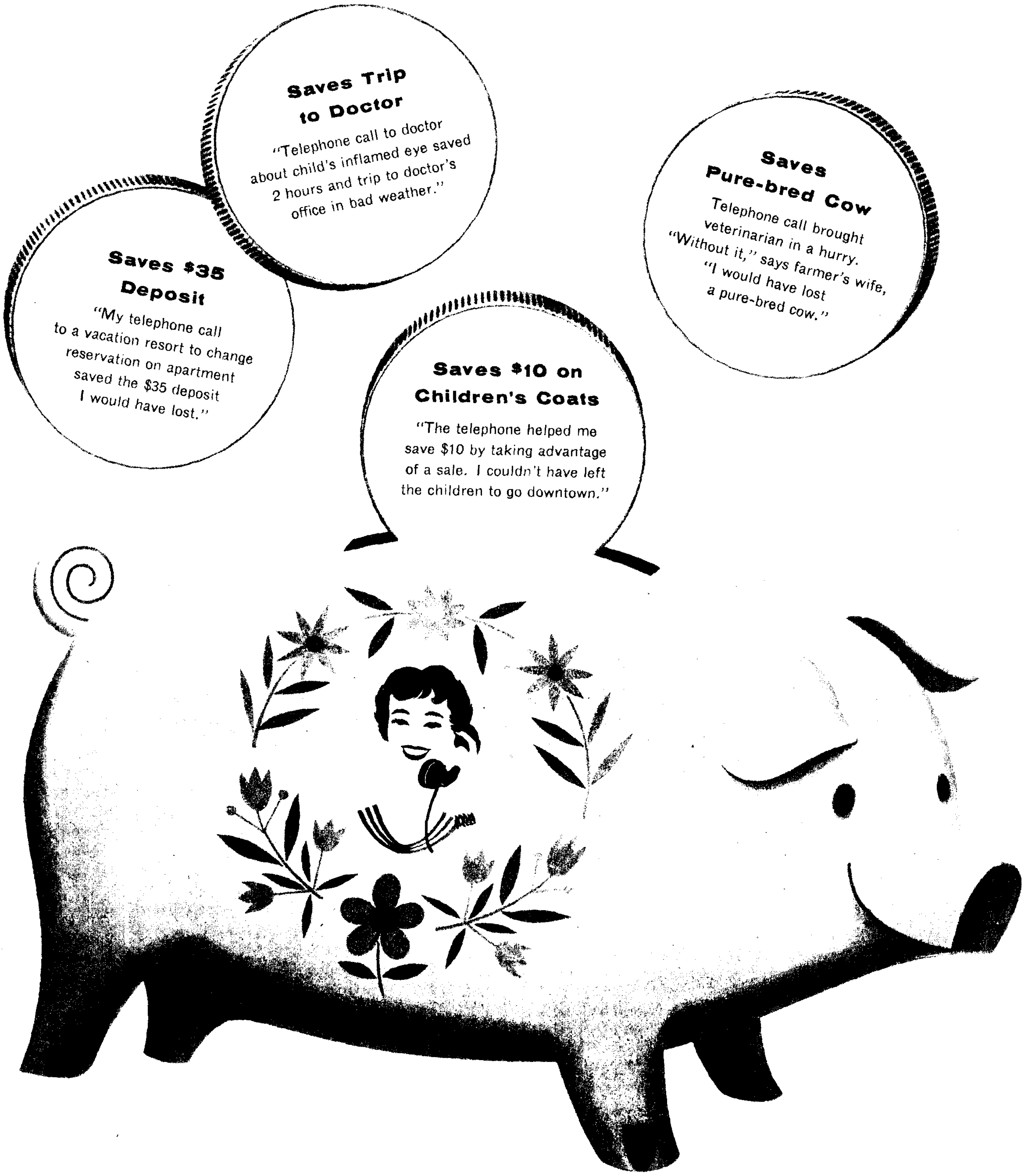

Saves Trip to Doctor

"Telephone call to doctor about child's inflamed eye saved 2 hours and trip to doctor's office in bad weather."

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"My telephone call to a vacation resort to change reservation on apartment saved the $35 deposit I would have lost."

Saves $10 on Children's Coats

"The telephone helped me save $10 by taking advantage of a sale. I couldn't have left the children to go downtown."

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Murine's seven tested ingredients blend perfectly with the natural fluids of the eye. So Murine is as gentle as a tear. And in a matter of seconds it floats away morning sleepiness—cools and soothes that feeling of tired eyes during the day—and comforts wakeful eyes at bedtime, so they can welcome sleep more readily.

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MURINE
For Your EYES

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Collier's

FEBRUARY 18, 1955

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The statue of the flag raising at Iwo Jima, done by sculptor Felix de Weldon after the famous photo by Joe Rosenthal, was dedicated last November near Arlington Cemetery, Virginia, as a memorial to all United States Marines. Photographer Rosenthal's own story of how the picture was taken is on page 62

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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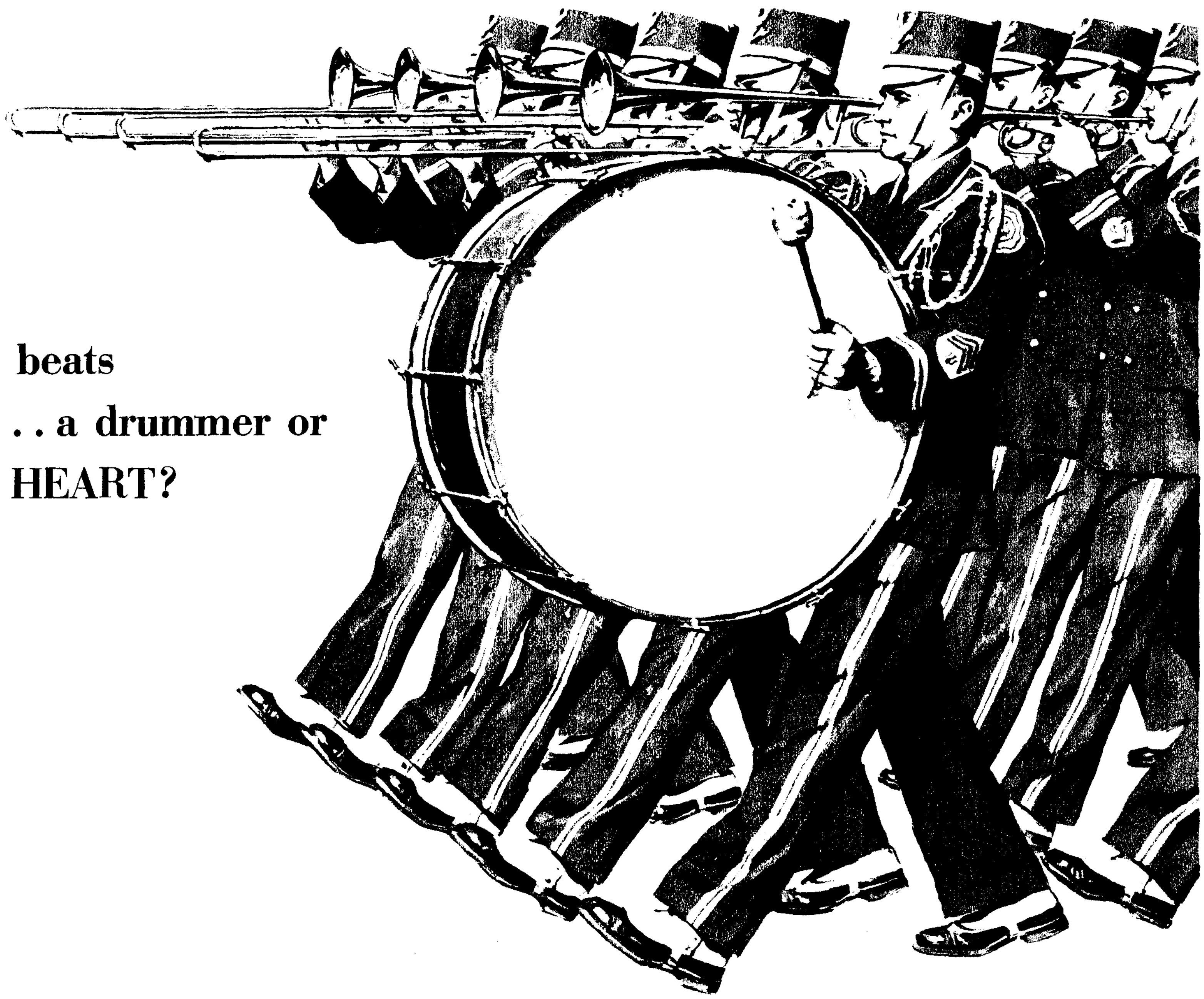

Which beats faster . . . a drummer or YOUR HEART?

When a march . . . such as "The Stars and Stripes Forever" . . . is played in standard marching time, the bass drummer beats his drum around 70 times a minute.

Your heart, however, beats even faster . . . about 72 times a minute or more than 4,000 times an hour. Moreover, your heart, unlike the drummer, never gets a chance to rest, save for a fraction of a second between beats. On and on it beats to pump about 240 gallons of blood throughout the body every hour, year in and year out.

Multiply the heart's hourly output of work by the days, months and years that it functions during an average lifetime, and you will realize how wonderfully sturdy and efficient the healthy heart is.

The heart also has remarkable reserves of strength and recuperative powers. Even after it has been seriously impaired, the heart is often capable of continuing its work for years . . . *if care and discretion are taken not to overburden it.*

Yet, despite the strength of the heart, diseases of this organ lead all other causes of death. There are many reasons why fatalities from heart disease have mounted. For example, more and more people are living to older ages when hearts naturally lose their ability to carry on. New methods of diagnosis have also brought to light certain heart disorders that were once erroneously regarded as "acute indigestion" or some other vague condition.

If you would keep your heart working efficiently throughout life, never wait for symptoms to jolt you into giving it the consideration it deserves. Indeed, if you are approaching middle age, *now* is the time to help your heart by following such safeguards as these:

1. **Have regular, thorough health examinations.** These are important not only for detecting heart trouble early, but also for detecting other diseases that could affect the heart.
2. **Slow down after 40.** Make a determined effort to eliminate hurry, bustle and overexertion from your daily life. If you want to continue sports, don't overdo them.
3. **Don't overeat.** Mortality from heart disease occurs one and one half times more often among overweight people than among those of normal weight. This is reason enough for keeping your weight down.
4. **Get the rest you need.** Plenty of sleep and relaxation contribute much to both your physical and mental health. When you relax, so does your heart.

Should heart disease occur, it should not necessarily mean the end of useful, rewarding activity. In fact, even a damaged heart may outlast a much stauncher heart that is abused, providing a person really takes care of his or her heart and protects it against undue strain.

To help advance knowledge of diseases of the heart and arteries, the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund was established in 1945. Since then, the Life Insurance companies supporting the Fund have contributed more than five and a half million dollars to carry forward the work of 205 research projects and 241 investigators. As a result of the Fund's program, a wealth of information of the greatest promise has been amassed.

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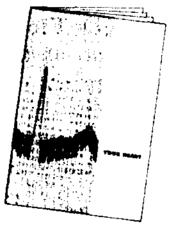

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Get rid of WINTERTIME DANDRUFF

A SINGLE SHAMPOO with new milder Fitch removes flaky dandruff . . . then your hair is up to 35% brighter too! And so much easier to manage!

Brighten hair up to 35% with first FITCH shampoo!

Remember! Dandruff not only sheds on your shoulders, it dulls hair too. So it's a real problem this time of year! Yes, dandruff is at its worst in winter.

Dry, overheated rooms make your scalp flake off more. Tight-fitting hats can interfere with circulation. Glands are also over-active.

So this is the season when you need Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo more than ever. The only shampoo especially made and guaranteed to remove every trace of dandruff with just *one* lathering—or your money back.

Reconditions hair too!

Most amazing, Fitch also brightens hair up to 35% when dulling dandruff is removed. Scientific "Reflectance" tests *prove* it! New milder Fitch helps recondition hair at the same time!

To get rid of flaky "Wintertime Dandruff"—and brighten hair beautifully too—get Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo at any drug counter today. If you're not delighted, return unused portion for full refund from Fitch. Also ask for a professional application of Fitch at any Barber or Beauty Shop.

Only new milder FITCH guarantees 35% brighter, dandruff-free hair . . . or your money back!

Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

TEN thousand dollars is a lot of money to pay anyone for being hostess at a cocktail party, but when the hostess is Joan Crawford it's a bargain.

Joan Crawford is, of course, one of the few authentic celebrities: an authentic celebrity is one whose name is recognized without further identification, whose face is recognized without further introduction, and who is known for her line of endeavor. You don't have to say Joan Crawford, the movie actress; you don't have to say *that's* Joan Crawford; and whether you're hearing her name or looking at her in person or on a photograph, you can supply the occupation. When all three qualifications are met, you have an authentic celebrity.

Behind all this there is Joan's fame as a motion-picture actress, but behind that fame is one of the best public-relations jobs in the public-relations field. A fan in a crowd will wave to her and she will remember the fan's name and his or her most recent letter. A magazine or newspaper writer will say something nice about Joan, and pretty soon a pleasant note or a small present will arrive for the writer. She knows by-lines that even I never heard of, and millions of people had been calling her Joan before they ever heard of Ike. Jim Farley is supposed to have the best memory for names and faces (although when I've put it to the test he doesn't know me from a Republican). I'll back Joan Crawford.

She is a remarkable woman with a remarkable gift for public relations. I think it was David Belasco who used to forbid his star actresses to appear in public restaurants. Oddly enough I think he would have approved of Joan Crawford, on the theory that she is always on, always dressed for glamor, always aware of her place in the public scrutiny. There are, of course, actors and actresses who would gladly supply the oil if they could be sure Joan would be boiled in it. But I am not an actor. I am very fond of her, and as a student of influences on mass reaction, I would have pegged her price for the hostess job at better than $10,000. She certainly doesn't need the dough, and by the time she has bought her costume and distributed largess she will be left with little take-home pay. The cocktail party she is being paid to attend is to be in Las Vegas, where they like a sure thing.

I AM NOT going to set myself up as an authority on nine-year-old daughters, although I have one. Let Spock and Gesell have the child-psychology field to themselves. At the same time I felt I owed it to myself, and possibly to my offspring, to take in the play by Maxwell Anderson that is based on the late William March's novel, The Bad Seed. (The purpose of the novel nowadays almost seems to be to provide playwrights with first drafts.) In The Bad Seed the villainess is a nine-year-old girl child. The villain is Heredity, that favorite antagonist of Environment in prep-school debating societies.

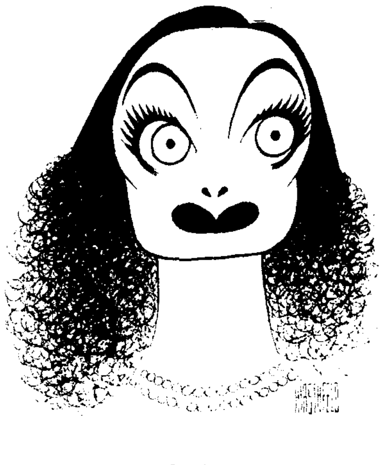
Little Rhoda Penmark, nine, no previous arrests, is good at curtsies and keeps her things neat and is outstanding in school, but in the contest for the penmanship medal she had lost out to the Daigle boy. He gets his. As the story is developed it also turns out that Rhoda has knocked off a lady in Baltimore, and before the enormously effective final curtain she has put Leroy, the handy man, in his fiery place.

Obviously the man to take to this play was my friend, Chas Addams, who has a complete understanding of the Rhoda Penmarks of this world. But I ended up taking a lady who had a daughter who got through that difficult nine-year-old stage without committing murder. My companion has as much understanding as Addams, and is prettier.

The project apparently supports the concept of the superiority of heredity over environmental influences. Or, Listen, Sport, it's how you're born. This is not at the moment a popular theory, but in the play it's slipped across while you're not looking. You are looking, as a matter of fact, at the performances of Patty McCormack as Rhoda and Nancy Kelly as her mother.

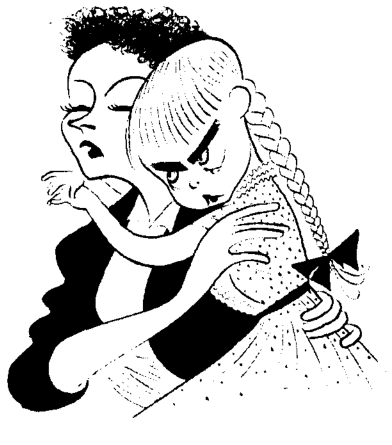
It is nice to be able to say something nice about a Kelly who isn't Grace. Gene Kelly got his big break in a musical show for which I wrote the libretto, but I never had any trouble restraining my enthusiasm for him. Not, at least, after he quit the show to go to Hollywood. Nancy Kelly, as you know, has been to Hollywood, so she isn't likely to walk out on The Bad Seed. If she did, she'd be making a mistake, for this is an actress' part that any self-respecting actress would love, and every woman who calls herself an actress is at the very least self-respecting. Actresses, and actors, *start* at self-respecting. If you were an actress, wouldn't you like to play a role in which you begin as a young mother, loving her child, and then have to proceed through suspicion to realization that the child is a murderess, on to protection of the child from the cruel outside world, finally to the big decision? All that, plus the personal discovery that your own mother was a murderess? Rather than hand her the usual nosegays, I will simply say that handsome Nancy Kelly earns your credibility and sympathy.

According to the anonymous author of the program notes, Patty McCormack, the villainess, wants to be a nun, preferably a nun who plays baseball. My own nine-year-old is at the moment a bit too worldly to consider a nunnery, but she does happen to be a pretty good first baseman, a Princeton University and New York Yankee fan. She has never been to Baltimore (although she has been to Wilmington a couple of times), and she is on reasonably good terms with the part-time gardener, who might correspond to a handy man. At her school, in her grade, there are no boys and they don't give prizes for penmanship. Furthermore, in her recent family history there have been no murderers; only a father who has had to restrain himself on several thousand occasions. So I am not unduly concerned.



AL HIRSCHFELD

I am very fond of Joan Crawford



Nancy Kelly & Patty McCormack

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FACED with the problem of explaining to Collier's readers the complicated workings of atomic reactors, Ronald Schiller dictated that part of his atomic-energy article to his wife, Lillian. "She had to understand each sentence before it went in, and I rewrote and rephrased until she did. I figured that if it was clear to her, then it would be to all."

Two weeks after completing this thankless task Mrs. Schiller journeyed to the hospital where she was delivered of a baby girl. As she came out of the anesthesia and they brought baby Carla Beth to her, she mumbled to her husband, "And to think I know how an atomic reactor works, too."

* * *

DAVID BRADLEY, who contributed to our report on the Echo Park dam controversy, comes from an outdoor family. His grandfather explored the Sierra Nevadas and was a founder of the Sierra Club. Dave's father is a mountaineer who saw to it that his family hiked and camped in nearly all the scenic national parks.

Dave was one of the country's best skiers when he was at Dartmouth in the thirties, and was on the Olympic ski team. Because of his medical training, an Army assignment took him to Bikini for the bomb tests in 1946. Out of this experience came his book, No Place to Hide. He now represents his home, Hanover, New Hampshire, in the state legislature.

* * *

WHEN Gene Trindl and Bob Goodman visited the Ragsdales in Long Beach, California, for the moving story about the blind couple and their baby, they were prepared for any contingency, almost, except two. Photographer Trindl tells about one:

"Peggy and Christina, the Ragsdales' guide dogs, were so protective of the baby that they wouldn't let me near her. They tugged at my clothes, growled a little, and once Peggy tore the sleeve of my jacket when I moved too quickly."

The other surprise was Goodman's. Tex Ragsdale dumped two dozen socks in his lap, saying, "There's one thing I can't do and that's match my socks. Would you do me the favor? So Bob rolled the socks into matching pairs, which the dogs didn't object to at all.

IN THE first installment of our new serial, Invasion of Privacy, someone takes a couple of pot shots at hero and heroine as they leave a steak house on Second Avenue in New York. You can see how artist Joe Bowler handled the scene on pages 28 and 29. There really is a steak house called Billy's, you know, and in the window is that ancient gaslit fixture.

"The minute I read the part about the steak house," Bowler tells us, "I thought of Billy's, although it's on First instead of Second Avenue. It's a colorful old restaurant with wonderful steaks and hamburgers, a sideboard loaded with ancient clocks, and parts of the place still lighted by gas. To tell the truth, I've been itching for years to use Billy's to illustrate a story."

The fellow who relieved Bowler's itch by writing our serial is Harry Kurnitz, not only a mystery writer but a prolific writer of screen plays and author of the recent Broadway comedy, Reclining Figure. Abe Burrows, who directed the show, reminds us that Kurnitz is a violin player, too. "He is a frustrated fiddler," Abe says. "And he ought to be frustrated. He is the worst violinist I ever heard."

Well, our mystery story came from Kurnitz' typewriter, not from his violin.

* * *

WHEN Melvin Durslag approached Ernie Shelton about a story, the high jumper was a bit wary. "I remember your article about Fortune Gordien in Collier's last spring. You predicted he'd throw the discus 200 feet before the end of the season, and he didn't. You'll jinx me and I'll never make seven feet."

Shelton finally let Durslag do the story, however. "Being a writer, I know something about mental blocks," Mel confides to us, "so I tried hard not to write a seven-foot jinx into the article. But here's my prediction: either Ernie or I will jump seven feet. Maybe Ernie doesn't know which of us will do it, but I know."

* * *

THE symbolic drawings behind Miss Hildegarde Neff (pages 84 and 85) were done ad libitum by a thirty-two-year-old cartoonist named Bernard Wiseman, who has never been to the Kremlin or to a German beer garden but is pretty good at depicting scenes like that, anyway. On page 44 is his latest cartoon.

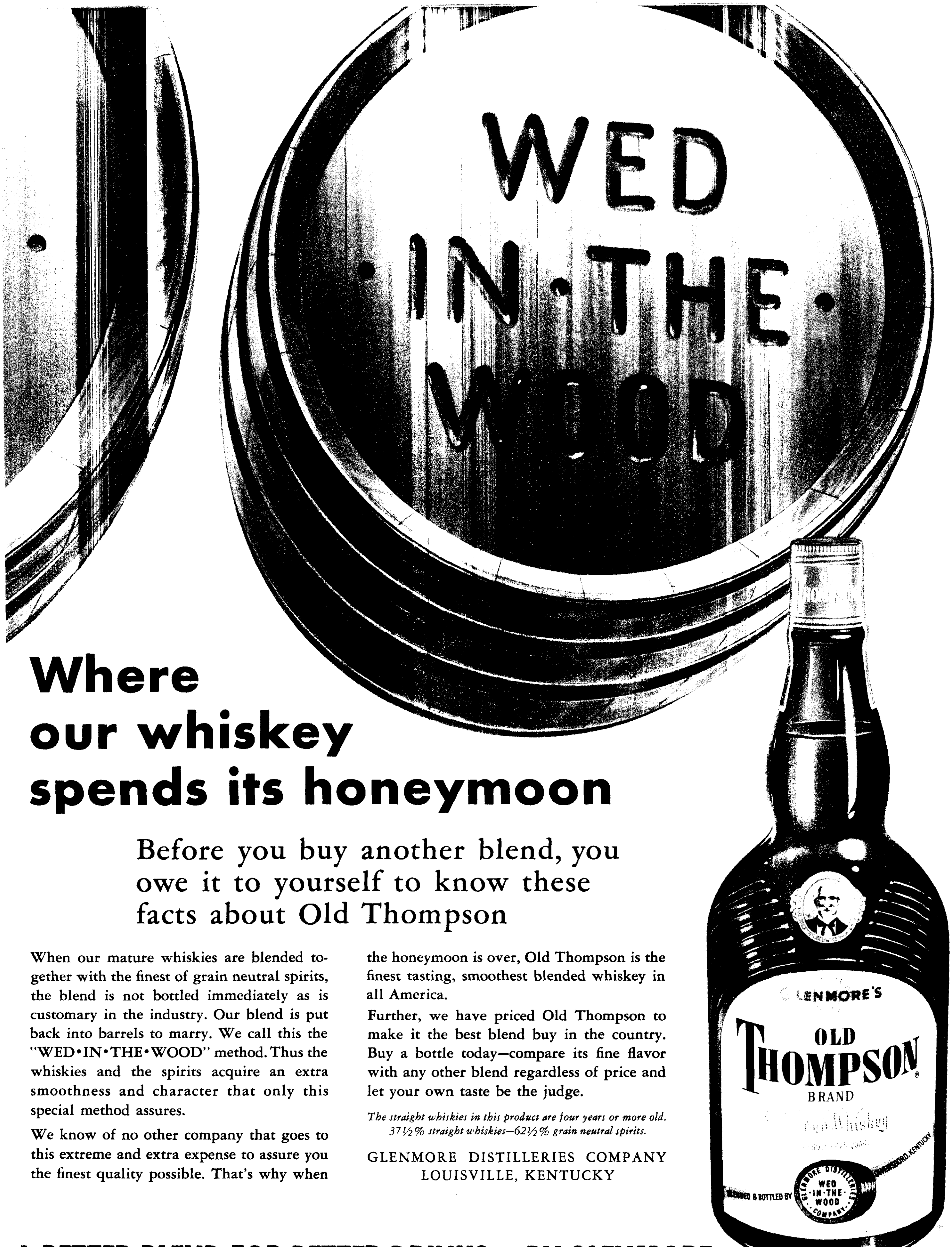
Apparently preparing for chaos in this atomic age, Wiseman has been studying jujitsu. "Not judo," he explains seriously. "Judo is a comparatively recent development and is more of a game, really. Jujitsu is a thousand years old and the object is to maim or kill. You don't quit until at least one bone is broken. Of course, things are simulated nowadays and that doesn't happen often.

"Right after they took this picture of Hildegarde and me, however, I did crack a pinkie skiing in Vermont."

Now *there's* a dangerous sport—kind of a modern jujitsu where you don't quit until at least one bone is broken. —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

ORMOND GIGLI

Neff and Wiseman discuss jujitsu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An Advertisement Presented in the Public Interest by New York Life

SHOULD YOUR CHILD BE A NURSE?

BY RUTH SLEEPER

Director of the School of Nursing and Nursing Service, Massachusetts General Hospital
President, National League for Nursing, Inc. (*As told to* **LLEWELLYN MILLER**)

The *need* for nursing is as old as pain itself.

The *profession* of modern nursing is very young.

The first schools for nurses in this country were opened less than 100 years ago—in 1873. Few people realize how enormous have been the changes in the education, income and working conditions of nurses in each decade since.

I remember the reaction of my family when I told them that I wanted to go into a nursing school.

"But we will hardly see you for three years!" they protested.

Even a short while ago student nurses lived under most rigid restrictions and had very little time they could really call their own before winning their diplomas.

Today many colleges and universities are offering degrees in nursing. Life in nursing schools grows continually more like life in any other school, and the life of the graduate nurse is changing rapidly also.

If your daughter wants a profession that will reward her all of her life, I advise a long look at the many absorbing fields of work opening for the modern nurse. I know of no other career that offers the girl of today so many increasing opportunities.

It is a career that puts her in stimulating contact with a busy world of interesting people, from the beginning of her studies.

It is a career that she can take with her from one town to another, if she needs to move or wants to travel.

It is a career that prepares her as nothing else can for success as a mother.

It is a career that she can return to, even deep in her middle years, and find warm welcome.

It is a career that takes her into every level of society, bringing endless new interests and drama.

It is a career that brings financial security. No graduate nurse need wait and worry about finding a post.

Best of all, it brings the reward of being useful to others.

Today we have 390,000 active registered nurses. We need 50,000 more to fill current needs.

Our population has more than doubled since 1900, due to fast rising birth rate and greatly lengthened life span. Health education programs and free clinics inspire more people each year to seek early aid for illness. The phenomenal growth of insurance plans makes it possible for more people to afford hospital care. Over 59 per cent of our population is now protected by some form of medical and hospital insurance.

Hospital admissions have doubled since 1935. Ten years ago the average stay was nearly 16 days. New drugs and medical technics have cut this average to about eight days, which means that more intensive nursing is needed—and more nurses than ever before.

All signs indicate that the need for nurses will become greater, rather than less. This is not because young women are finding other careers more tempting, as you might conclude. Each year more girls are recognizing the rewards in nursing and are enrolling, but the demand for nurses continues to outstrip the supply. There is no chance of over-supply in the foreseeable future, and the graduate can turn to any aspect of nursing that attracts her most.

If she joins the staff of a hospital, she can choose among absorbing specialties. She can concentrate on work with children, in obstetrics, in surgery, on the fascinating new technics of orthopedics such as the rehabilitation of polio victims which calls so heavily on the nurse's skill and imagination. Psychiatry is an intensely interesting field in which opportunities for the nurse are expanding fast. Or she can specialize in administration or teaching . . . to mention only a very few of the avenues open to her.

Since Florence Nightingale went to the Crimea 101 years ago, nurses have been an enormously mobile group. If your girl wants to travel, many posts are open to her, both in this country and abroad.

She can choose foreign service with the World Health Organization, with our own government's foreign operations, or with one of our armed services. Industry sends nurses abroad, and fast growing health programs are using nurses in factories, hotels, department stores, on planes, ships and in scores of other interesting backgrounds.

Schools need nurses. Many married nurses who want time in the afternoon with their own children find part-time positions ideal and easy to get. Nurses are needed in doctors' offices. Private practice brings its special rewards in choice of hours and cases.

Opportunities in community and public health programs are growing rapidly. Many bring the added security of Civil Service benefits. A visiting nurse has an absorbing career, moving through many homes each day and leaving order and aid behind her.

What does it cost to become a nurse?

Costs vary widely, but in all schools a student nurse pays for part of her expenses by the care she gives to patients while learning to nurse.

One of the finest rewards in nursing comes from helping the newborn get off to a good start in life. New technics in obstetrics and pediatrics have been a major factor in advancing the life expectancy of children born today.

There are two ways to become a registered nurse.

A girl can enter a hospital-conducted school of nursing for a three-year program leading to a diploma. Usually there is no charge for her room, food, laundry, uniforms and books. Tuition ranges from approximately $200 to $500 for her three-year course. Her classes and work with patients occupy no more than 44 hours a week, and she usually has one or two days a week free. About 90 per cent of our nurses are prepared in this fashion.

Courses offered by colleges and universities cost more and take longer, but they give a flying start toward top positions in nursing. Such plans combine college courses at regular tuition rates (though some scholarships are available to those with outstanding qualifications) and several years of nursing study and practical experience in the clinical field, hospitals, or other health agencies where, again, the student's contribution to patient care may reduce her expenses. Graduation after four or five years brings a degree—Bachelor of Science—as well as a nurse's diploma.

In all cases, the graduate takes an examination with the nurses' licensing board of her state which gives her the right to use R. N. (Registered Nurse) after her name.

What does a nurse earn?

No one goes into nursing to make a fortune, but substantial incomes as well as security are available to the ambitious.

The average beginning salary for a staff nurse, nationwide, is from $2,800 to $3,500 a year. Promotion can be rapid. Top salaries in administrative posts range from $12,000 to $14,000 a year. A graduate nurse without experience can enter the Army Nurse Corps or the Air Force Nurse Corps with rank and pay of Second Lieutenant. In the Navy she starts as an Ensign. The Armed Services give full pension privileges as do jobs under Civil Service. Other positions in nursing are covered by Social Security, and many provide retirement benefits.

How can you tell if your daughter will be successful and happy as a nurse? Ask yourself these questions about her to see if she shows promise of developing the characteristics needed in nursing:

1. Is she reliable? A patient's life may depend on the nurse's faithfulness in carrying out orders in the doctor's absence. Does your girl rinse the dishes even when you are not there to check? Does she admit a mistake rather than evade responsibility?

2. Does she reach out for responsibility? The girl who volunteers to help at home shows the willingness and capacity for teamwork that a nurse must have.

3. Is she a good student? A nurse must learn many complicated technics and skills. Many schools want only girls who stand in top third of high school classes.

4. Has she an inquiring mind? A good nurse constantly asks "Why?" Is a crying child in pain? Or is he terrified, as was one little boy told by his sister that if he were bad the doctor would cut off his toes? A nurse must soothe worries as well as wounds.

5. Is she adaptable? A nurse must have the out-going friendliness that comes from understanding and liking other people.

6. Has she a good sense of humor? Humor is like an air cushion. It eases the jolts. A nurse must be able to see the ridiculous and not laugh; see the heart-breaking and still smile for the patient's sake.

7. Is she tolerant? Pain does not recognize personalities, creed, or color.

8. Is she generous? A nurse must often put the needs of her patient before her own pleasures.

9. Is she discreet? A nurse is trusted with many secrets and must have a high sense of honor about keeping them.

10. Is she in good health, physically and emotionally?

Does your daughter have these qualifications? I say "daughter," because, while about four per cent of nurses today are men, the profession is one in which women shine predominantly.

If your girl brings the qualities of mind and heart and spirit that nursing demands, it will give her, in return, rewards far beyond wealth—rewards that never can be lost or stolen: a life of stimulating contacts, honor and respect in her community, and the priceless satisfaction of knowing that every hour of her working life has been of use to others.

Observing and charting a patient's progress from day to day is an important responsibility. Here a nurse puts to practical use one of the many skills she has gained to help others get well.

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD PREPARE FOR ANY CAREER

Whether your child is a toddler or in his teens, you are the keystone to whatever career he is to build. Your task is to inspire, guide and make possible. *In the course of building his career many people will make contributions: teachers, researchers, specialists of many kinds.*

One specialist—and his training and devotion to duty earn that title for him—is your New York Life agent. It is never too soon to enlist his aid—for he can help you *to make sure that the future you plan for your child will become a reality.*

Booklets available on other careers

This article on Nursing is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry *and* Selling. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just write:*

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COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

Scandal in St. Louis

By FREDERICK NEBEL

EVERY year my nephew Harry Covernant sent me a Christmas card, and he never failed to write that the latchstring was always out, drop in any time, don't bother wiring. So late in January I took him at his word. Delaport was a convenient stopover on my trip, I was fond of Harry, and it would be nice to meet his bride-to-be.

I did not meet her; nor did I find Harry in his office in the building across the station plaza—he'd been gone a month. But I did meet the president of the Enduro Tool Company, and got an earful. Wilson Endurott looked me grimly in the eye and spoke in bitter accents. When he finished, I was stunned. I had always thought of Harry as a man who bent over backward to avoid hurting anyone. Bewildered, I shook my head.

"But he admitted it," Endurott said. "Here he was, only thirty, with a top position in our company, to say nothing of an excellent future. Here he was, engaged to my daughter, Agnes, the very soul of decency. Then what?" He glared. "Some girl—some girl in a hotel room. Some girl whose name he couldn't even remember. Why?"

Upset, I went on to St. Louis, where Harry was staying, and went directly to the hotel that Endurott had mentioned. Sure enough, Harry was registered; but when I rang his room there was no answer. I felt the need of a bracing drink and went into the cocktail lounge. It was a quiet place, softly lighted, and the sudden rasping of a chair being pushed back drew my attention.

There was Harry, motioning for me to join him. He looked cheerful and as handsome as ever. His cheeks were ruddy and his eyes shone with delight. He couldn't wait to shake my hand.

"Of all people—Uncle Stu! Wonderful, wonderful! How are you? How's Aunt Floss? But say, isn't this a coincidence?"

"Not exactly," I told him as we sat down. "I'm on my way to join your aunt in Phoenix. I stopped off in Delaport to say hello. Mr. Endurott said I might find you at this hotel."

"Yes, I always stopped here when I came on business for Enduro. It's handy, I know the manager and they take good care of you. Did you meet Agnes?"

"That hardly seemed necessary—after all Mr. Endurott told me."

Harry shook his head. "Yes, it was quite a mess." But then he grinned. "But here you are, my favorite uncle, and what are you drinking? You look fine."

"So do you. Bourbon and water. I don't know why, but I expected to find you conscience-stricken, haggard and pounds off your weight."

He held up his hand. "You should have seen me a month ago. I was a nervous wreck. But I've gained back fifteen pounds. I sleep like a log, and I've landed a good job. I suppose you think it's odd."

"Very. Who was the girl in the room?"

He glanced at his watch. "Bea ought to be along soon now. I'd like you to meet her."

"Are you a complete fool, Harry?"

"No, I think I'm very lucky. You see, Agnes was a fine girl in many respects, but she asked too many questions."

She could not, Harry went on, let well enough alone. Otherwise she had everything. She looked as stunning in a bathing suit as she did in tweeds. Her tennis game was fast, her golf certain. She read a great deal, gave freely of her time to welfare work, and during fund drives went all out to bring in the largest contributions. She would settle for nothing less than excellence in herself and sought it diligently in others.

And she was sensitive. If, in excitement, you raised your voice to her she would lower her eyes, sit very still and say nothing, not one word, for at least a minute. It made you feel like a brute.

"It's just that it brings back that ghastly experience," she would say.

She meant that other time she'd been engaged

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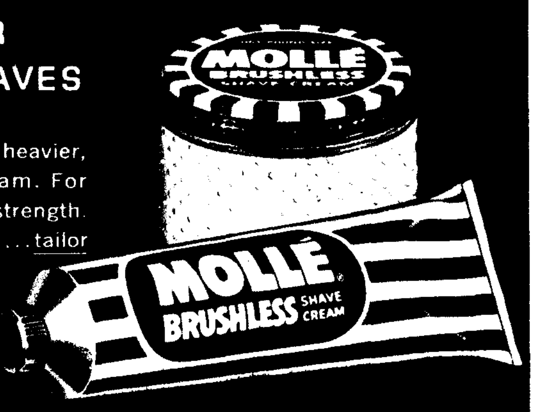

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*Pronounced Mō-Lay

—not the first time, the second. The first fellow hadn't yelled at all, ever; he'd just taken to drink and more or less folded up and wandered off. But the second had yelled at her for half an hour, like a madman, before stalking out.

So Harry always made a special effort to keep his voice down. If he discovered something that hurt her feelings, he tried his best not to repeat it. Because she gave him a pensive look when he took a third Martini, he stopped at two. At parties he made it a point never to dance with the same girl more than twice; for if he did, Agnes for the next hour would speak only in wan monosyllables and study her hands. In a couple of days she might ask, right out of the blue, what he and so-and-so were laughing so hard about while they were dancing.

Harry traveled a lot, and every evening at six, when he was away, he'd telephone Agnes and she'd ask him what he'd done that day, whom he'd seen, what he'd eaten and where, what his plans for the night were—countless questions. And she would always end up saying, "Well, be a good boy now."

RUNNING into Josie Lomand was just one of those things. It happened outside the Arena, in St. Louis, after the fights. She was a commercial artist and had done some sketches of the bouts. They went to a night club for a late snack and she did a sketch of Harry on the back of the menu. He thought it such a good likeness that he took it back to Agnes.

"It's cute," she said, put it aside, and they went out to a party Agnes had wanted to attend. But later, on the drive home, she asked him if he ran into Miss Lomand often. No, he said, he hadn't seen her in three years; and she was not Miss Lomand, she was Mrs. Albert Lomand.

"Oh," Agnes said. "Then he was along."

"No, he wasn't. He's in the Army, in Japan."

"Does she live alone?"

"No, she lives with his family and works to make ends meet there. Al's father is laid up."

"And do you think she's happily married?"

"Well, I don't know; I suppose so, sure. I never asked her."

He thought that was the end of it, but a week later at the country club while he was dancing with Agnes, she said, "Do I dance as well as Josie Lomand?"

"Now look," he said, "can't we get off Josie Lomand? I'm sorry I mentioned her. Sure, I used to date her once in a while, but she's married now, and I forgot about her the day after I bumped into her. All I was thinking about was getting back to you. The only pleasure I get while I am away is calling you every evening."

She seemed contrite. "You're sweet to do it, too. And I never call you, do I? Well, from now on I will—every night just before I turn out my light."

He was touched by the thought of hearing her voice just before she went to sleep. He didn't think at the time of the way she read till all hours. But for a while it was wonderful to hear her voice, warm and intimate, even though he always found it difficult to fall asleep afterward. Sometimes she called well after midnight, or even later, and it would be fifteen or twenty minutes before she hung up. Harry tried sleeping pills but they made him feel groggy next morning. He lost weight. He became tense. He wanted to ask her to call him at a set time, ten at the latest, but he knew how sensitive she was and he didn't want to hurt her feelings.

Then he made the trip to St. Louis that ended everything. It was to be only for overnight, and so he had told Agnes not to bother calling; he planned to get to bed early and catch a six-o'clock train back the next morning. His head ached and his throat felt raw and he was doubtless preoccupied and inattentive. He remembered that when he left her she gave him a curious look. By the time he reached St. Louis his throat was afire.

He did not catch the six-o'clock back next morning. He didn't get in until three in the afternoon. He had slept twelve hours and felt wonderful, but when he saw Agnes he knew instantly that something was wrong. Her eyelids were down, her face was still and she sat gazing at her hands.

Her voice was a low, muffled whisper: "Who was she?"

"Who was who?"

"The girl who answered the telephone in your room last night. The girl who said you were all in and she wouldn't wake you for anything in the world. Didn't she tell you some girl telephoned?"

He felt the skin on the back of his neck crawl. He stared at her. She raised her eyes slowly and he saw the cold disdain in them. He watched the thin, suspicious smile twist her mouth to one side. Now he understood why she had called him at all hours. He turned away.

"Was she Josie Lomand?" Agnes said. "Didn't she say I hung up?"

He stood with his back to her. He wanted to shout, to tell her, to make her understand. But all at once he didn't give a hang what she thought of him. He was through.

"I can't remember her name," he said, and walked out.

HARRY glanced at his watch and peered past me toward the entryway. "At the time," he said, "I couldn't remember her name, but that's not the point. It came to me on the train, headed here—that day I left Delaport for good. I needed her. I was a bundle of nerves, like the time before, and she'd been a godsend then. Ah, here she comes now."

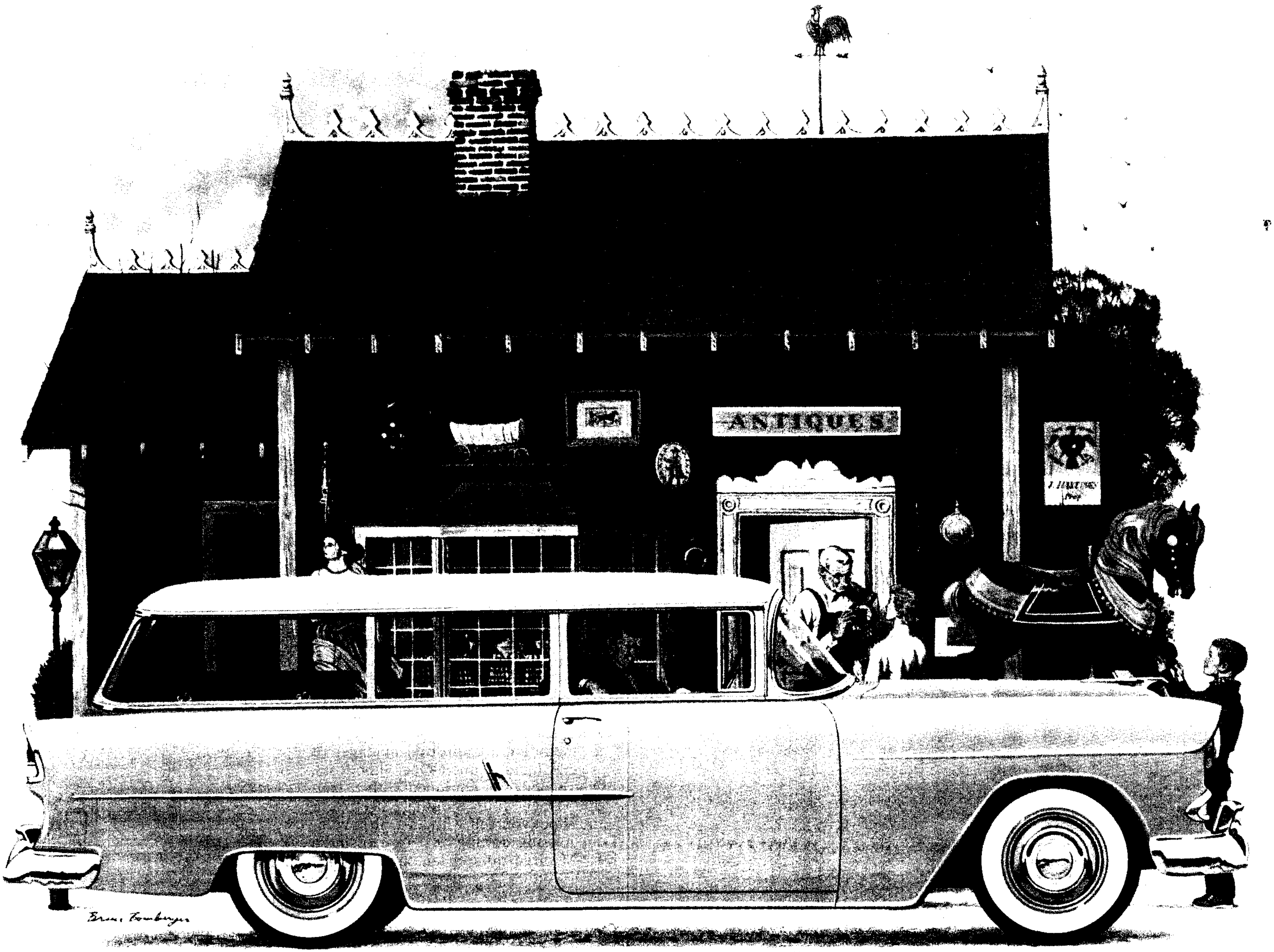
I turned and saw a trim young woman coming through the entryway. She had an erect posture and a quick, straightforward walk. Her head was up, her smile happy. There was a glow of joyous expectation in her eyes.

Harry said to me, "My throat was on fire that night—nerves—and the hotel physician wasn't available. But the manager said there was another who was living in the hotel and if I had no objections to a—" He stood up. "Bea, dear, this is my favorite uncle. Uncle Stu, this is Bea—Dr. Bea Wallace."

I was on the point of asking them to dine with me when I saw how their fingers were linked together, loosely, the way happy lovers hold hands.

"Did Harry tell you," she said, "how I lost a patient and gained a beau?"

—FREDERICK NEBEL



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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

That recent trouble at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, fell somewhat short of insurrection. The mechanical potato peeler struck—quit cold. GIs had to skin spuds by hand until the machine patriotically and sympathetically started peeling again. But in the meantime the Pentagon was pretty worried.

★ ★ ★

Old 48 had his own headache recently. We announced that a Mississippi gentleman was inventing a pencil with a built-in aspirin holder, for editors and others with throbbing noggins. Like the Mississippi gentleman, we were a couple of years late. Thick as our skull is, it was almost fractured by a downpour of aspirin-loaded pencils from readers. They came from advertising men, politicians, football coaches, political forecasters, Internal Revenue agents, income-tax payers, Agriculture Department statisticians, actors, schoolteachers and we don't know who all, including a California manager of prize fighters, named One Shot Ross. One pencil was equipped with a trigger. Open your mouth, pull trigger and shoot yourself with an aspirin without missing dotting an I or crossing a T. Misfired quite a lot, though.

★ ★ ★

Someday, says Mr. Joe Inke, of Spokane, Washington, some scientific egghead is going to figure out how girls stick to the rumble seats of motorcycles traveling fifty miles an hour around curves. "And," says Mr. Inke, "that will be the day when Inke will admit scientists can do something besides scaring him stiff."

★ ★ ★

It's next to impossible to know just what emergency you'll run into at a party in Oklahoma. For example, there was the one where a can opener was called for—to unlid a can of champagne or maybe caviar. One of the ladies present fished one out of her handbag and tossed it to her hostess. It was a brilliantly jeweled can opener. Not the new pearl-and-platinum one she got on her anniversary. Just little old last year's.

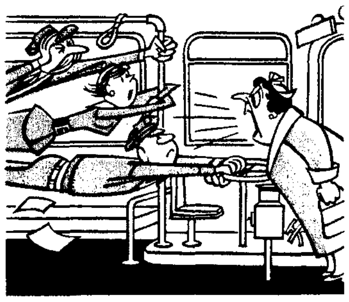
IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

But here's a fellow with an idea. Name of Carlos Fettle. Lives in New Orleans, Louisiana. Anyway he's working on a machine which will automatically serve you tickets and summonses for traffic violations. You discover to your chagrin that you've been speeding, parking illegally, passing the guy in front in a manner condemned by law or some such. All you do is speak to yourself sternly, step up to the machine and press a button. Out comes the ticket or summons. Then you drive yourself to the nearest judge and take your rap. A great saving in traffic cops.

★ ★ ★

The driver of this bus in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, heard her come storming down the street demanding that he wait for her. So he waited. She got on. As soon as she had got her breath she gave him, the bus company and the city government a terrific going over. Driver waited for her to pause. When she did, he said: "What are you trying to do, lady? Get a hurricane named after you?"



★ ★ ★

This one's from a Mr. Sam Switchnee, an Albuquerque, New Mexico, druggist. Gives twelve rules telling how to live to a ripe old age. We toss it aside with a superior smirk. We passed that age long ago.

★ ★ ★

To help old 48 in his eagerness to find out what's going on in the world, a reader sends us anonymously a copy of the McLean County (Kentucky) News. First thing we read was a finger shake from the editor: "This is another of those weeks when we didn't publish nearly all we knew. For which many may be thankful."

★ ★ ★

Let's say you're a Texan. (No offense intended.) You live in Houston. Naturally you have three dollars and ninety cents. (Otherwise you wouldn't be a Texan.) You clump into one restaurant down there and announce that you want a Texas Breakfast. This, says Mr. Stan Redding, is what you get for your three ninety: one dozen eggs, any style; one pound of bacon, ham or sausage; one pound of grits; one pint of jelly; half pound of butter; two dozen hot biscuits and one gallon of coffee. A couple of damyankees with three ninety each (a likely story) tried it, Mr. Redding says, and were given a quiet funeral on the house. ▲▲▲

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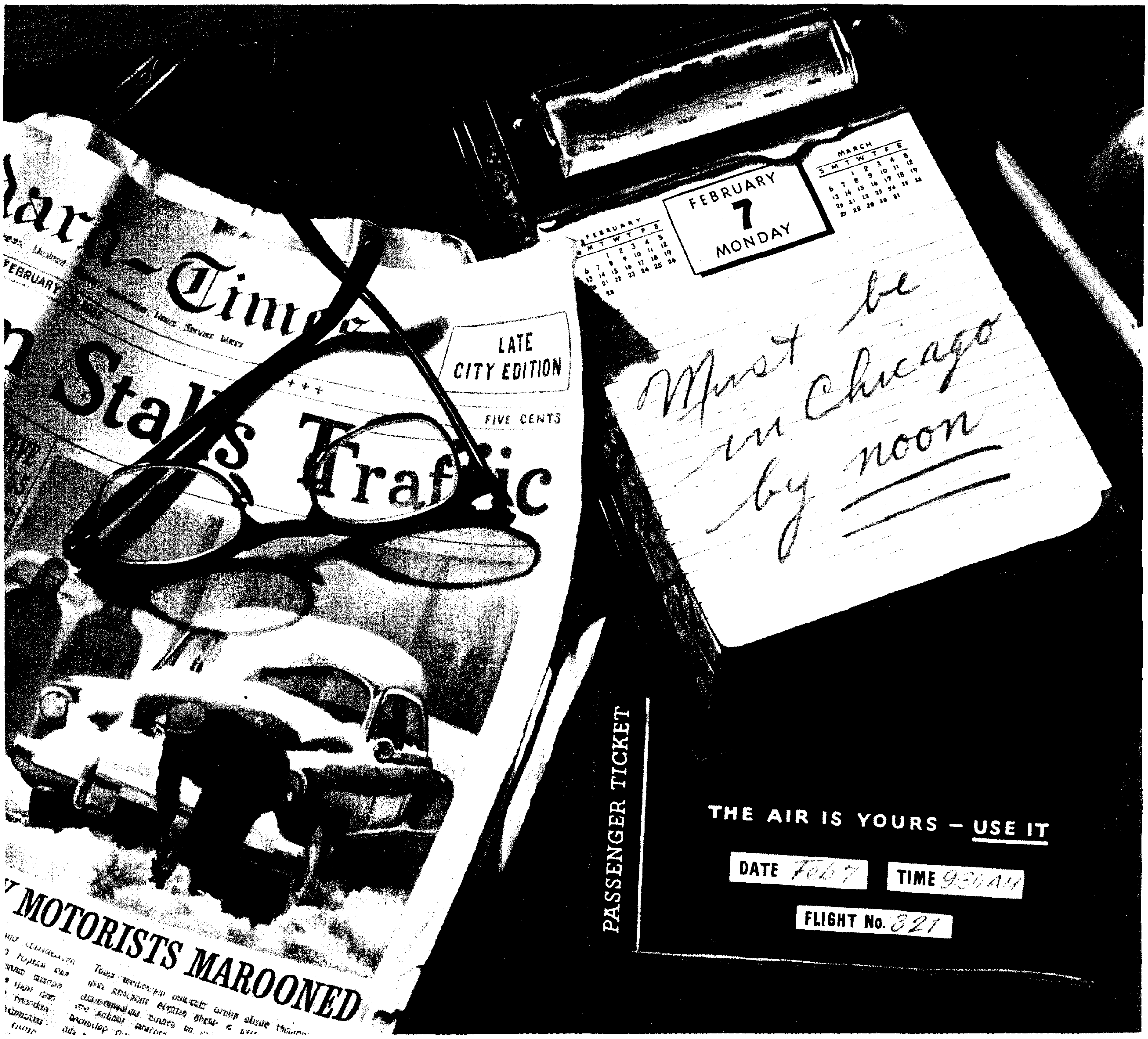
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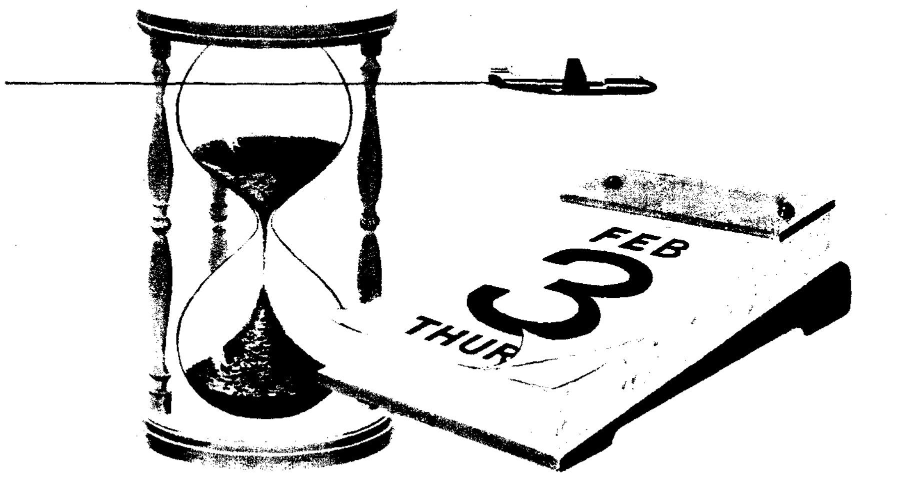

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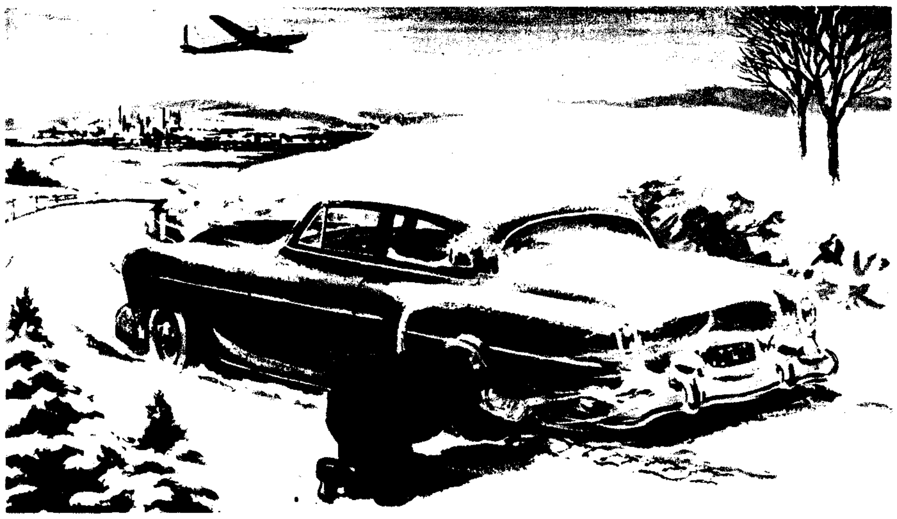

2. FIVE TIMES SAFER—Why risk icy roads when you're five times safer traveling by airliner than when you go by automobile. Safe, dependable American-built air transports have set all-time safety records. At the same time, air travel has increased by *billions* of passenger miles, with scheduled airliner landings and takeoffs averaging one every 5½ seconds.

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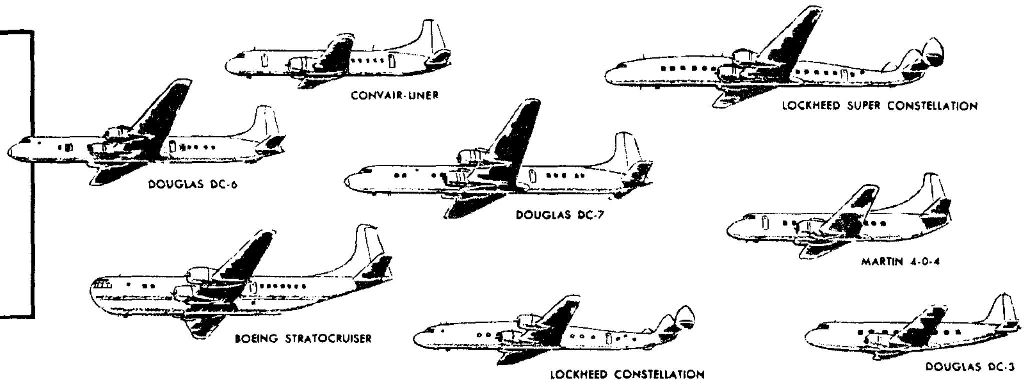

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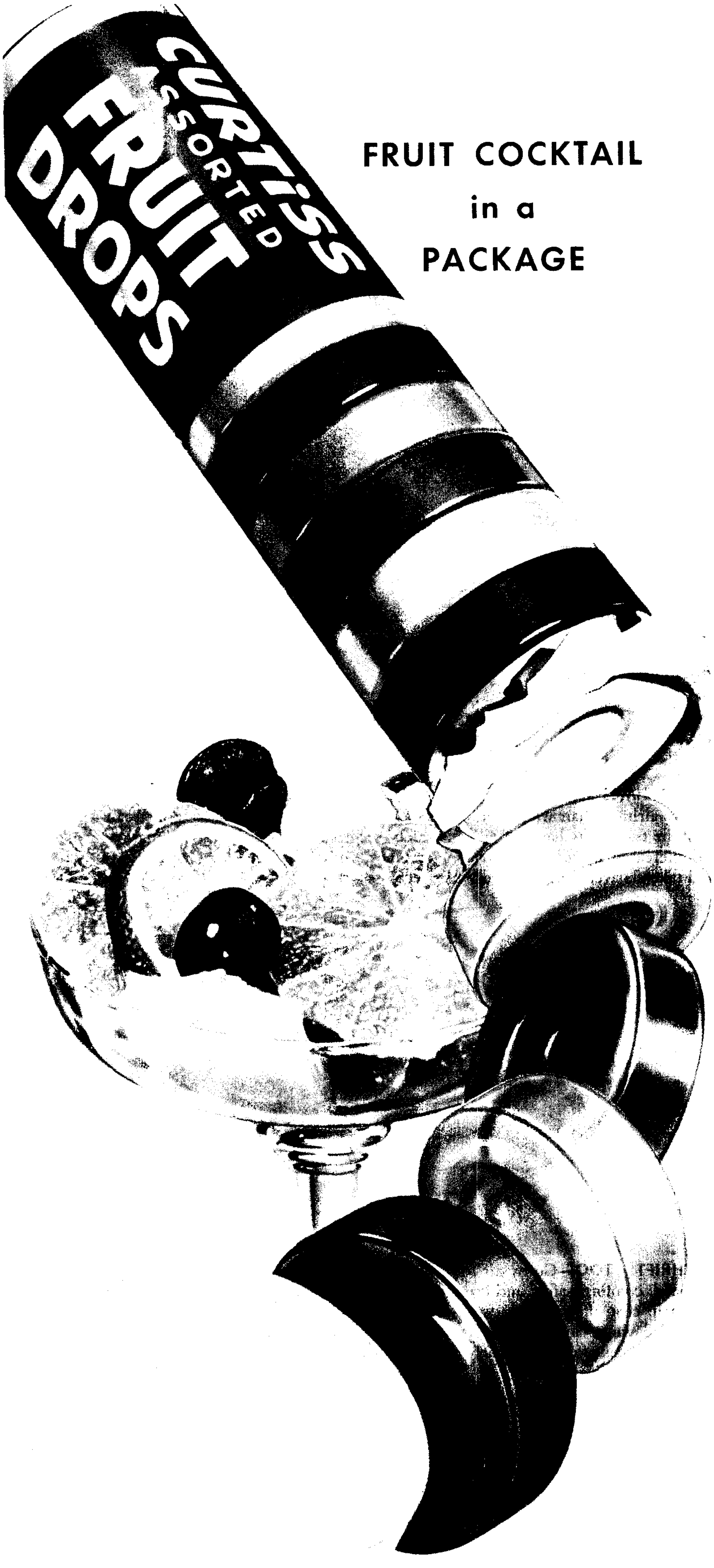

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LETTERS

Too Old at 45?

EDITOR: It gives a man encouragement to read your fine article After 45—Are You Too Old to Work?, by Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell (Jan. 7th). After nearly 20 years of selling, I was laid off. For months, I hiked the streets looking for work and it was always the same story: "You're over forty and we can't use you, the insurance rates are too high." It's a sorrowful situation when the only blemish on a man's record is that he's grown older on the job. W. O. THOMPSON, Dayton, Ohio

. . . A healthy man is still in the prime of life at sixty, and his judgment is better by experience. A neighbor of mine, past ninety, saddles a horse and rides. Where do we get the idea of being old at forty-five?
M. S. DAILY, Anselmo, Nebr.

. . . If forty-five is the age at which people are considered "through," why not begin paying out social security at forty-five instead of sixty-five?
R. WILSON, Philadelphia, Pa.

Let 'Em Eat Cake

EDITOR: I am forever grateful to Mr. Martin Lederman for his article, Slim Down with Your Favorite Foods (Dec. 24th). I have tried to diet so many times but always quit, thinking it wasn't worth giving up all the foods I like.

With Mr. Lederman's diet, however, I have lost two pounds already, and will keep counting my calories since I now can have my cake and eat it too.
MRS. FORREST B. HEINTZELMAN,
Breinigsville, Pa.

. . . Following a regimen similar to that Mr. Lederman outlines and without eliminating any food I enjoy, I dropped my weight from 215 to 165.
CHARLES BARR, West Haven, Conn.

. . . Excellent . . .
GEORGE N. GRAF, General Manager,
Quality Bakers of America,
New York, N.Y.

Lights Out

EDITOR: As a sportsman, I read your article on bear hunting, You Don't Hunt Bears—They Hunt You (Dec. 10th), with regret. The "jacking" or headlight hunting described is illegal in almost all our states. The condoning of this far too prevalent practice and your classification of it as "sport" reflect the unhealthy attitude of a majority of our citizens toward the greatest of all sports.
CAPT. FRANCIS J. GRAMLICH,
New York, N.Y.

Reader Gramlich is rightfully disturbed over the practice of hunting at night with a "jack," or headlight, which so fascinates an animal that it forgets its instinctive caution and stands transfixed—a perfect target. However, the hunters in Collier's article did not jacklight their bear. They let him approach in complete darkness and didn't snap on the headlights—which were used for illumination purposes only—until the last possible moment. The lights far from transfixed the bear: at the sudden brightness he spurted off and nearly got away.

Christmas Greeting

EDITOR: I considered Collier's Comment, A Day of Bright and Reasoned Hope (Dec. 24th), a masterpiece . . .
STAN WHITE, Newfoundland, Canada

. . . The most beautiful article I have ever read in my life . . .
MRS. GEORGE E. O'BRIEN,
Rhinelander, Wis.

. . . It read like a beautiful poem. Inspirational . . .
A. R. JAMIESON, Royal Oak, Mich.

Boo!

EDITOR: Author Jack Finney holds you spellbound like a Hitchcock. I began his serial The Body Snatchers (Nov. 26th, Dec. 10th, Dec. 24th) one dark rainy night. Shades of witchcraft! I couldn't go to bed for fear the seed pods would get me. I just stayed up; in fact I'm still up. I'm getting sleepy.
NADINE M. EDWARDS,
Hollywood, Cal.

. . . One of the finest science fiction stories of our time. The plot is tremendous.
MRS. HOWARD D. REED, Reseda, Cal.

. . . Please send me some "seed pods" of the stuff your fiction editor smokes. Oh, brother! ART DE DESROCHERS,
Wenatchee, Wash.

Strong America

EDITOR: As one of the contributors to Cornelius Ryan's series of articles about space flight which appeared in Collier's last year, I am happy to pass on an impression I received during a recent trip to Europe. The newspapers here in the United States write articles saying how much more advanced Russia is than the United States, with more and better planes, more rockets, etc. These articles are picked up by the pro-Soviet circles in Europe and used for political propaganda.

On the other hand, I have heard many encouraging comments in Europe about the series of articles which have appeared in Collier's during the past few years, especially those concerning the advancement made in the United States with reference to rockets, space, atomic energy, etc. Collier's articles have counteracted much of the unfavorable publicity created by the newspapers. Collier's has really done some good toward building the prestige of the United States and promoting the cause of the free world.
DR. HUBERTUS STRUGHOLD,
Space Medicine Dept., U.S.A.F.
School of Aviation Medicine,
Randolph Field, Tex.

"LET'S SEE...

LET'S DRIVE ON CONCRETE TONIGHT!"

"Let's see—we could take a much shorter route, but the gas station man says this one is concrete all the way. We'll make better time too because we can see where we're going on concrete. Yes, *let's see!* Let's take the concrete road tonight!"

Millions of motorists make this decision—and with good reason, too. Separate tests by the Illuminating Engineering Society and by a prominent illuminating engineer prove that concrete pavement reflects up to *four times more light* than dark-colored pavements.

This better visibility means you can see danger ahead sooner, have more time to slow down or stop. Did you ever pass from light-colored concrete to dark pavement at night and wonder what happened to your lights? *You can't be safe if you can't see!*

Good visibility is only one reason concrete roads are safer. You can *stop quicker* too because the gritty, skid-resistant surface grips tires tighter.

The skid resistance of pavements can be measured. One nationally-recognized authority measured the wet and dry skid resistance of 19 representative concrete roads and dark pavements in California, Wyoming, Missouri and Kansas. Averages at 40 miles an hour showed that wet concrete retained more than three-fourths its dry skid resistance. Dark pavements when wet lost nearly one-half of theirs!

Did you ever slam on your brakes on a dark pavement when it was wet and go into a sickening skid? *Concrete cooperates with your tires and your brakes.*

Accident records correlated with the type of pavement are proof that concrete roads are much safer. For example, an analysis of accidents due to road conditions on nine federal routes in Georgia for two billion miles of travel in 1952 showed that for equal traffic there were 3.49 times more accidents, 4.62 times more deaths and 3.34 times more property damage on dark pavements than on concrete. *The pavement can be the difference between life and death!*

The money that pays for roads comes from your gas taxes, license fees and tolls. When this money is invested in concrete you get the most economical as well as the safest highways. Concrete usually costs less to build than other pavements designed for the same traffic. It costs far less to maintain and lasts at least twice as long. Low first cost + low maintenance cost ÷ long life = *low annual cost.*

Make sure your money buys safe, low-annual-cost roads. Ask your governor and state highway department to pave all main roads with concrete. Urge your friends and neighbors to write too. Your lives and money are at stake, and they're your roads.

For more information send for a free, illustrated booklet, "Save Lives, Save Dollars with Concrete," which is distributed only in the U. S. and Canada.

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Dept. A2c-92, 33 W. Grand Ave., Chicago 10, Ill.
A national organization to improve and extend the uses of portland cement and concrete . . . through scientific research and engineering field work

Because concrete is light colored it has a high light reflectance factor that helps your car headlights illuminate the road a maximum distance ahead. The result is safer driving at night.

This photo shows what happens when your car's headlights try to illuminate a dark pavement. Most of the light is absorbed by the dark pavement. To be safe, you must see.

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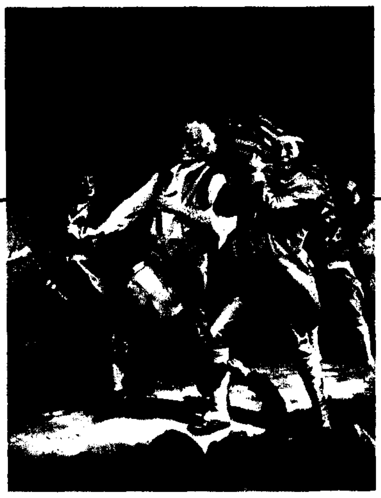
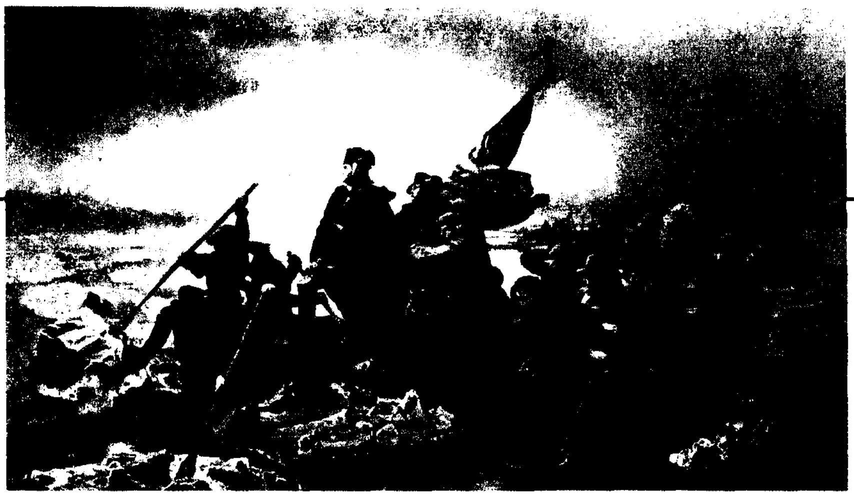
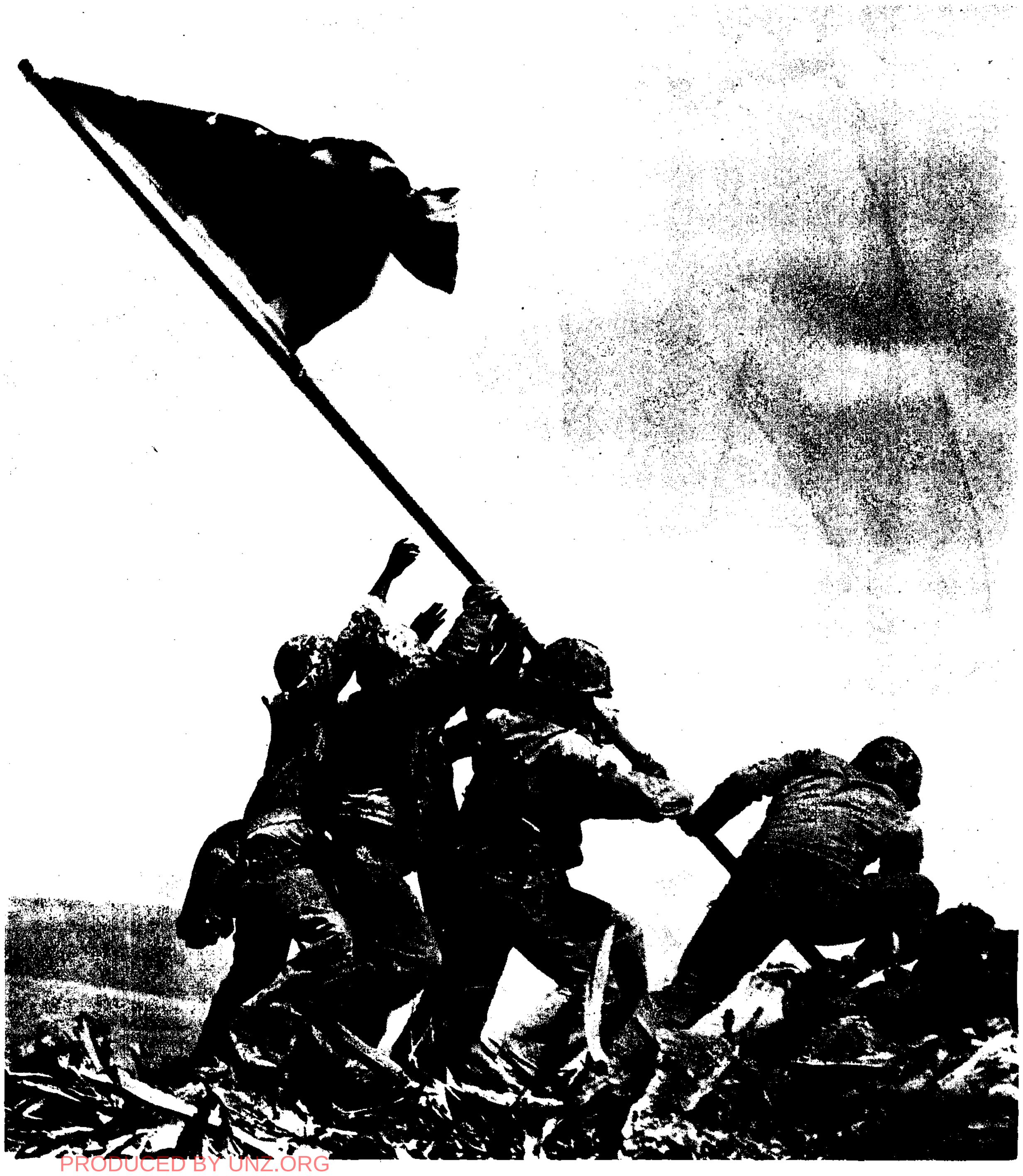




IN ALL UNITED STATES HISTORY up to World War II, only two pictures ever became classics: The Spirit of '76 and Washington Crossing the Delaware, both dating back to the Revolution. Then photographer Joe Rosenthal, covering the Marines in the Pacific, took the Flag Raising on Iwo Jima . . .

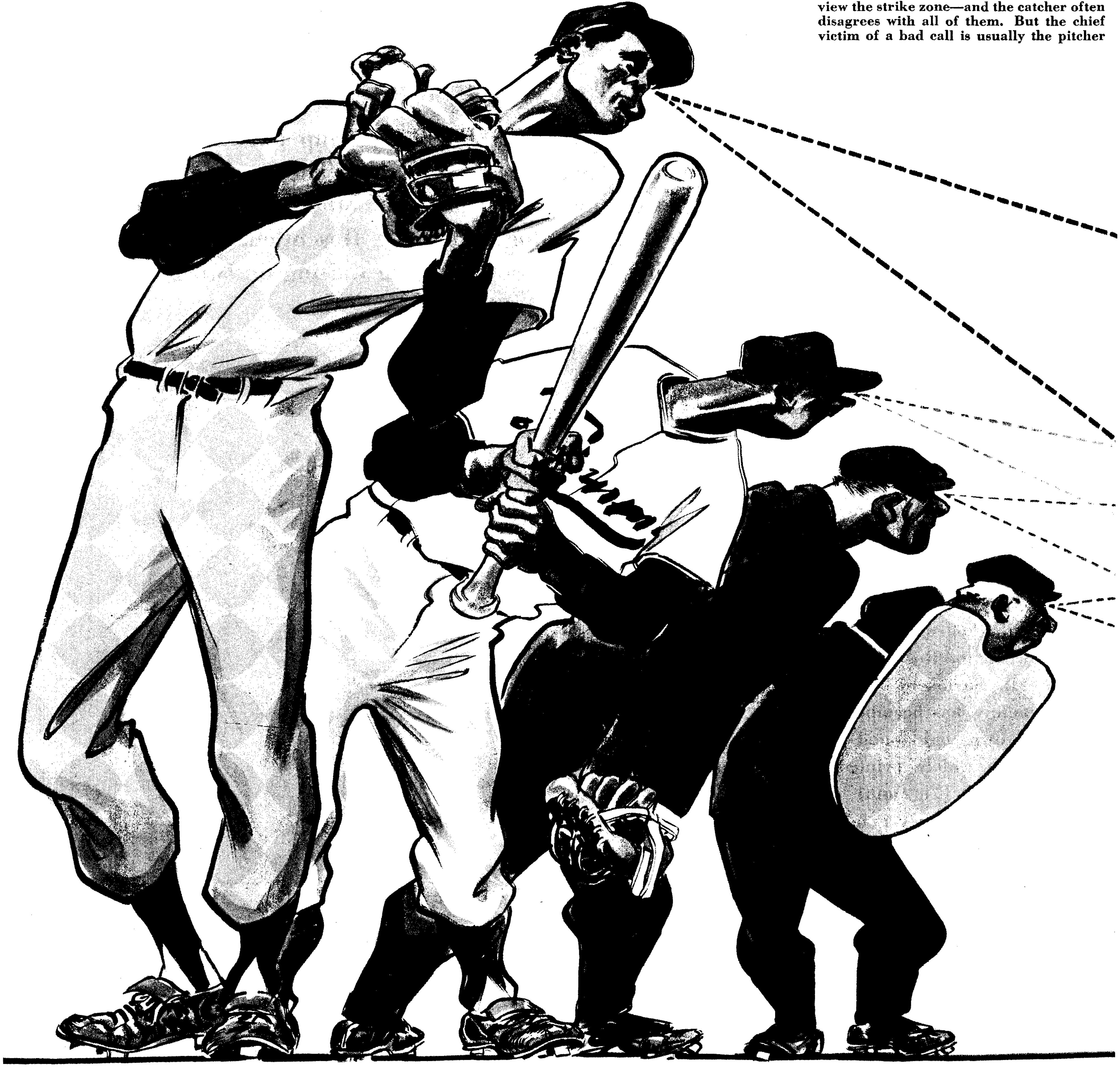


Since the February day 10 years ago when Joe Rosenthal snapped the Mt. Suribachi flag raising, his picture has become a classic in its own right—and perhaps the most widely printed photo ever made. Yet until now its full story has never been told. On page 62, for the first time, Rosenthal gives his account of the Flag Raising on Iwo Jima

Baseball's SHRINKING

It's getting smaller all the time. Why? The rule book is clear on what make

Here's how the pitcher, batter and umpires (National League on left; American, right) view the strike zone—and the catcher often disagrees with all of them. But the chief victim of a bad call is usually the pitcher



STRIKE ZONE

By
TOM MEANY

a strike. But even umpires—let alone players—don't always agree on the call

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN: One strike zone. When last seen it was safely locked in black and white in the Official Baseball Rules, 2.67. Finder will please return immediately to nearest league president in organized baseball or to Commissioner Ford C. Frick, RCA Building, West, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y. No reward.

FORTUNATELY, there is a comprehensive description of the missing article. It says right in the rule book: "The strike zone is that space over home plate which is between the batter's armpits and the top of his knees when he assumes his natural stance." That's certainly plain enough for anybody who can read. And umpires certainly can read—most of them without glasses, too.

The hunt for the missing strike zone started innocently enough in the course of a recent conversation with Paul Richards. It seems Paul can't get enough work. Not only is he signed to manage the Baltimore Orioles on both the field and in the front office—either task formidable enough to give pause to a baseball Hercules—but apparently he has time enough left over to help out the umpires. It is Richards' contention that the entire strike zone has shrunk like a $17 suit in a thunderstorm.

"Practically every call an umpire misses is at the expense of the pitcher," he declares. "I don't expect umpires to be perfect, even though sometimes I act as though I do. But I do think it's an injustice to the pitchers to shade the strike zone as they're doing today.

"Here's the point: suppose a pitch is an inch or two above the batter's knees and the umpire calls it a ball. You can't tell from a distance whether it's a strike or a ball. Now, let's take a pitch that's below the batter's knees. If the umpire should call *that* a strike, everybody in the park would know he missed it. It's the same way with the high strike. If the umpire calls a pitch a ball which is an inch or two below the batter's armpits, nobody notices it except the catcher and the pitcher. If the umpire were to call a pitch a strike which was higher than the batter's armpits, say around his Adam's apple, he'd have everybody on him.

"I don't say umpires are consciously favoring the batters," continues Paul, "but the rule seems to be: when in doubt, call it a ball. That keeps everybody happy except the pitcher, the poor sucker who's trying to get the hitter out."

Richards there put his finger on the first cause of the strike zone shrinkage—the very human desire to avoid trouble. Other causes are the influence a top hitter unconsciously may exert on an umpire, the fact that batters have become accustomed to getting the benefit of close pitches and kick like steers when such calls go to the pitcher, the physical difficulties of determining low pitches on the corners, and the fact that control pitchers in the majors—and far more so in the bushes—are in the minority.

Eddie Dyer, who in his freshman year (1946) managed the St. Louis Cardinals to a world championship and now operates a successful insurance business in Houston, feels that he can speak his mind freely about the controversial strike zone.

"There isn't any question that the strike zone is shrinking," he says. "Not only is it hard for the pitcher to get the so-called 'low strike' but the 'high strike' has practically disappeared. In some of the games I've seen since I quit managing I've heard batters beef about legitimate strikes which were called against them on high pitches. 'Why, it was up around my letters,' they holler. That's still a strike, of course, because the rule says 'armpits,' but they're so used to having that type of pitch called a ball that they honestly believe the umpire has missed it."

Brooklyn's Walter Alston is a manager who shuns public utterance as he would public bathing. Yet even the silent Alston last summer found himself intrigued by the mystery of the shrinking strike zone—although from another angle.

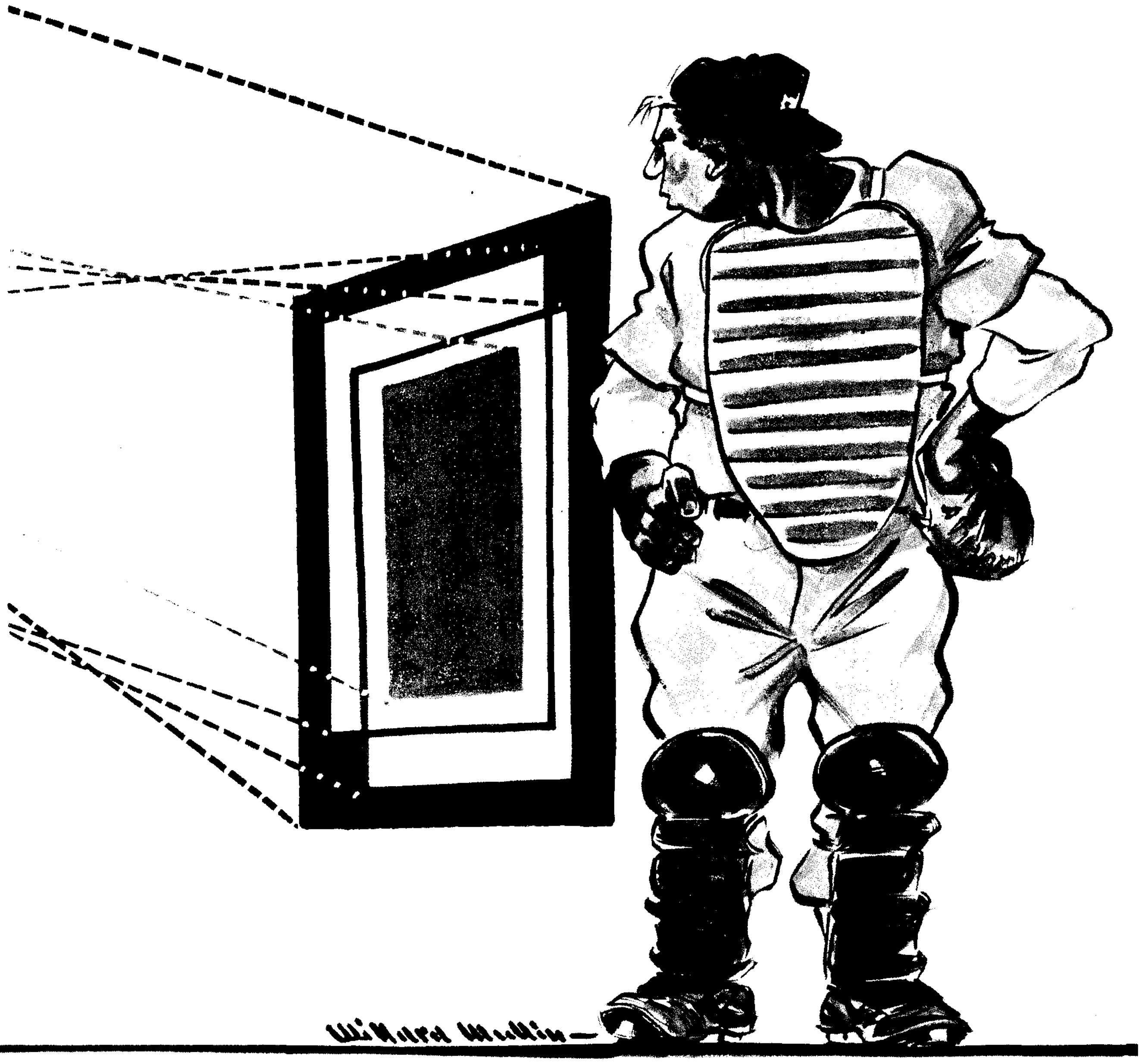
"What happens to the strike zone when a batter crouches?" Alston wanted to know. "Take Stan Lopata of the Phils or Ernie Banks of the Cubs. They bend 'way over at the plate. That compresses the strike zone against them to about two thirds of what it would be if they took a normal stance."

Larry Goetz, a veteran National League umpire and one of the best in baseball, contends that the accordion-stances of Lopata and Banks entitle them to a shortened strike zone. "They can't be penalized for batting the way they do," argues Larry. "It's their natural stance."

Buzzy Bavasi, vice-president of the Dodgers, takes exception to the Goetz theory. Buzzy once fancied himself as a catcher, but not for long; he soon discovered that his administrative talents far outweighed his physical skills.

"Lopata and Banks both straighten up to hit," claims Bavasi, "so I say that a crouch is not their natural stance and the strike zone on them should be the same as it would be if they were batting erect."

The problem of a crouching batter always has been thorny, even in the days of the preshrunk strike zone. There was a rip-roaring rhubarb over it near the close of the 1952 season when Philadelphia was playing in Yankee Stadium in a game which had an important bearing on the American League pennant race—important, that is, for the Yankees. The A's had only an academic, dog-in-



Umpire Bill Stewart has no patience with batters who crouch deliberatel

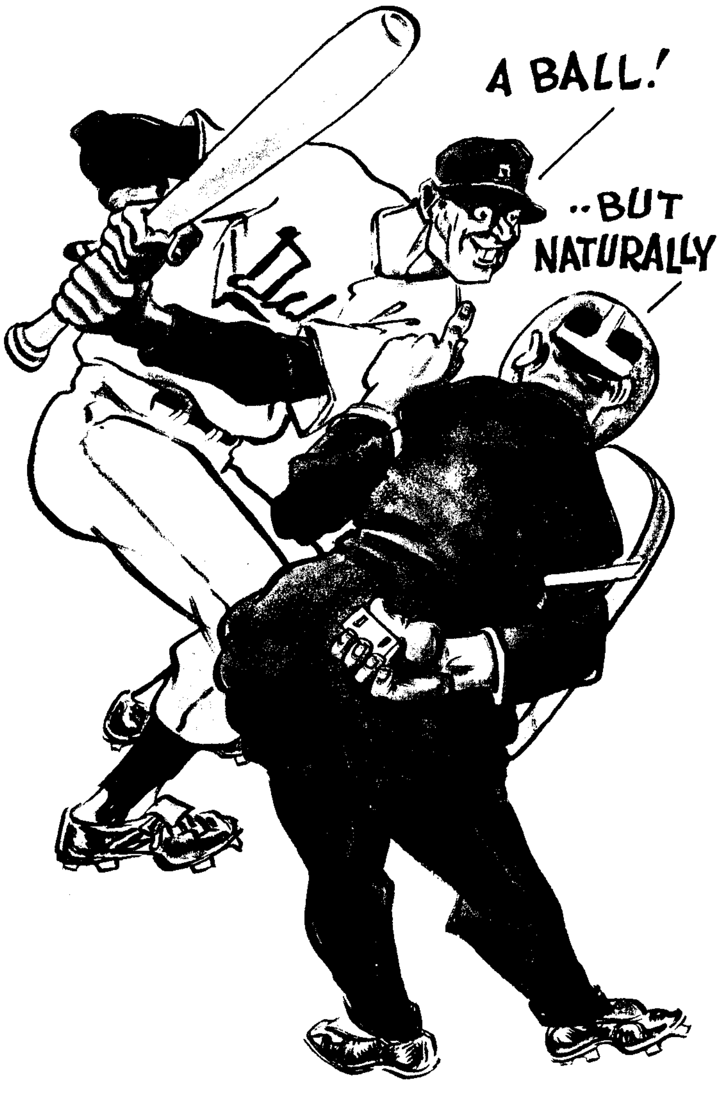
the-manger interest in the race. New York had a one-run lead in the top of the ninth. Philadelphia had filled the bases with two out and catcher Joe Astroth was the hitter. The count was three and one, and Jimmy Dykes, then managing the A's, gave Astroth the "take" sign, meaning to ignore the next pitch, since a fourth ball would force over the tying run.

An alert Yankee caught Dykes's sign and tipped off pitcher Allie Reynolds that Astroth wouldn't be swinging. The Chief wound up and threw one right down the middle. Astroth, seeking the pass that would tie up the game, bent down practically double as he took the pitch, which, although over the plate, was also over his head.

"Strike two!" called the capable Ed Hurley from behind the plate. Then the storm broke. Dykes, Astroth and assorted Athletics crowded around Hurley as though he'd been caught with his hand in somebody's pocket.

"You'd have thought somebody stabbed Connie Mack," grinned Yankee manager Casey Stengel in recalling the uproar. "And then, on the next pitch, when Astroth popped out and the game was over, it busted out all over again." The storm, in fact, lasted for days, and it was thought by some that Hurley lost a World Series umpiring assignment that fall because of it. Ed worked in the 1953 Series, however.

Bill Stewart, ranking National League umpire, probably would have made the same call as Hurley. He has no patience when batters crouch deliberately to draw a walk. "Stand up there like a man and hit," Stewart barks.



Some players believe that umpires have tendency to string along with judgment of top hitters on whether pitch is ball or strike

When Cardinal manager Eddie Stanky was a player, he was one of the worst offenders. He and Stewart had many a brush over the exaggerated crouch Eddie adopted when he got ahead of the pitcher. Once when Stewart told Stanky to get off his knees, Eddie dropped his bat and indignantly demanded, "Are you trying to take the bread and butter out of my mouth?" The question was rhetorical, but Stewart's reaction was practical. He gave Eddie the rest of the day off.

Bill McGowan Wanted to Be a Columnist

Bill McGowan, who died last December, umpired in the American League for 30 years. He was so highly regarded that the players and, more to the point, his brother umpires called him "Mr. No. 1." I remember Bill on his first assignment, coming north from Florida on a barnstorming trip in 1925 with the Yankees and the Dodgers. Bill was the only umpire I ever saw who carried a portable typewriter, and he confided that his ambition was to be an umpire *and* a sports columnist, like one of his predecessors, Billy Evans, who had been a ranking American League umpire until his retirement.

Bill did write, and sell, occasional pieces. In one of them he stated that the strike zone was mostly guesswork, that an umpire, working behind the catcher, couldn't really see some of the pitches but had to rely on his judgment and experience.

That may have been the last time an umpire revealed in print the tricks of the trade. Bill Klem, then dean of the National League umpires, leaped on the statement like Liberace pouncing on a keyboard. Bill Klem long had contended, and without any undue modesty, that his system of umpiring was the best. Bill insisted that NL plate umpires wear their chest protectors under their jackets so as not to obscure their vision, and crouch over the shoulder of the catcher nearest the batter. The American League system, advocated by Tommy Connolly, was for umpires to wear their protectors outside their jackets and to stand directly behind the catcher, looking over his head.

It may surprise many fans to learn that there is a difference between the systems, a difference so marked that some National League pitchers consider it a distinct disadvantage to work when an AL umpire is behind the plate. "They don't give you the low strikes," they complain, "because they can't see 'em."

Giant fans with long memories are convinced that the only reason Carl Hubbell lost two World Series games—to the Yankees in 1936 and 1937—was that both times an American Leaguer was working behind the plate.

"Hub's screwball was catching the corners, low, on the Yankee hitters, but the pitches were called balls," says Gus Mancuso, Hub's battery mate in 1936 and 1937 and now a Cardinal scout. "The result was that Carl was getting behind the batters and had to come in with the pitch the Yankees were waiting for. It wasn't a case of favoritism, but simply that what were strikes in our league weren't considered strikes in the American."

Stengel is not convinced that there's a tendency in the American League to call low pitches balls. In fact, he thinks exactly the opposite is true—that low pitches too often are called strikes. "Maybe it's because most of the managers we got now grew up in the other league," explains Casey. "The new fellow in Washington; the guy in Chicago; that fellow with the two jobs in Baltimore; Lopez, who used to work for me, and myself all started in the other league."

Having thus established that five AL pilots—Chuck Dressen, Marty Marion, Richards, Lopez and himself—all had almost exclusively National League backgrounds, Casey proceeded to expound his point:

"The American League used to be the fast-ball league and we were the curve-ball league. Now the American League's the curve-ball league and the National's the fast-ball league. As far as calling low pitches in the American is concerned, we've got some umpires who think anything between the batter's knees and the ground is a strike, for criminy sakes! Got so last summer, I went out to one of 'em and said, 'Waddaya want my boys to do? Get down on their bellies like a snake and hit at it?' Got sore, too, the feller did, and wanted to put me out of the game."

The point of the shrinking strike zone—and whether an umpire gives low strikes or doesn't, or whether he calls high strikes or doesn't—is that certain pitchers are being done an injustice, unconsciously perhaps, but an injustice nevertheless. The pitcher who is a craftsman, like Sal Maglie of the Giants, suffers more than a fire-baller like Bob Turley, the recent Yankee acquisition from Baltimore. Bob just blows the ball by without trying to be cute, but a Maglie (or an Eddie Lopat or a Carl Erskine) has to pitch to a pattern.

Tight Pitching Needs Tight Umpiring

Maglie needs both the high inside strike and the low outside strike. It is the high, tight pitch which the Barber uses to drive the batter back from the plate and set him up for the curve on the outside corner. Unless Sal—and his fellow craftsmen—get umpiring as tight and as calculating as their pitching, they're in trouble.

Nearly all breaking pitches break down. Consequently, the curve-ball pitcher is a low-ball pitcher. Lopat is an example. The chunky Yankee southpaw is as leery of criticizing umpires as he is of giving a batter a fat pitch. Steady Eddie doesn't believe there is any difference in umpiring between the two leagues, only among individual umpires.

"We have 'high-ball' umpires and 'low-ball' umpires in the American League," hedges Eddie. "Naturally, because I try to keep my stuff low, I hate to have to pitch with a 'high-ball' umpire. However, you work when Casey tells you to. If I draw a 'high-ball' umpire I may give him a couple of hollers in the early innings, just to remind him that low pitches are in the strike zone, too."

That there should be a variance in umpiring is understandable. After all, no matter what the fans may think, umpires are human. Just as Lopat contends, some umpires are more prone to call the "low strike" than others, and Yankee coach Bill Dickey, who caught nearly 1,800 games for the Yanks, sees other differences.

"When I was catching—and it's still true today—some umpires would give you a strike if an edge of the ball was over the corner of the plate," says Bill. "Others wouldn't give you a strike unless the entire surface of the ball was over the corner. Since a baseball is almost three inches wide, you can see what a difference this made with corner pitches."

Yogi Berra, the American League's Most Valuable Player for 1954, could also be its most voluble

to draw a walk. "Stand up there like a man and hit," Bill barks at them

player, too, when you get him started on the subject of the strike zone. He contends that an umpire couldn't tell a strike if he saw one—because quite often he doesn't see them. If that sounds as though the Yankee catcher has been taking elocution lessons from Manager Stengel, let Yogi elaborate:

"Only a catcher and no one else—umpire, pitcher, batter or spectator—can tell whether a pitch has caught the outside corner of the strike zone. I'm not saying umpires are incompetent. In fact, some of my best friends are umpires. I'm simply stating a fact, and I'll prove it.

"Everybody will agree that Johnny Mize had one of the sharpest eyes for the strike zone of anybody in the business. Remember how he used to guard that dish? He'd lean 'way over the plate and practically follow the pitch into the catcher's glove—if he didn't swing at it.

"One day a couple of years ago in St. Pete, when Mize was with us, we were playing an intrasquad game at Miller Huggins Field. A pitch caught about four inches of the outside corner and the umpire called it a strike. Johnny claimed it was about four inches outside the plate. Now I caught the ball and I know exactly where it was, yet here's a man with a sharp eye making a mistake of eight inches in a pitched ball. And the plate is only seventeen inches wide!

"When a man with an eye like Mize, standing right there at the plate, can misjudge a pitch like that, you can see how hard it is for an umpire to know if the pitch caught the outside corner or not. Yet when you're squatted down there catching you know whether it got the corner."

Al Lopez, who managed Cleveland to the American League pennant last season and who caught more major-league games (1,918) than anybody else in baseball history, was queried on the point Berra raised.

"I don't know if I can entirely agree with Yogi, although when I was catching I used to umpire a pretty good game myself," said Al with a grin. "In fact, I don't think I ever missed a strike. Of course, I may have been influenced by the fact that, as a catcher, it was strikes I was looking for. Maybe I saw a couple where they weren't.

"However, Berra is right when he says nobody is in a better position to judge a strike than a catcher. And I do think that a strike on the outside corner is the toughest of all for an umpire to judge."

Gil Hodges, the Dodgers' slugging first baseman, swings his evidence toward Berra. "Yogi may have something about that outside corner at that," says Gil. "When I was in that horrible slump early in 1953, I was convinced that the umpires were calling strikes against me on pitches that were a foot outside. Then Chuck Dressen, who was managing Brooklyn, had movies taken to convince me I should change my stance. When I saw the pictures, I discovered that the pitches I thought were balls were actually getting the outside corner and that the umpires had been right all along."

Have Umpiring Skills Shrunk?

Nevertheless there is a widespread belief in baseball circles that umpiring skills have shrunk along with the strike zone. This theory received a boost last September 10th when Ted Williams, playing a night game with the Red Sox in Cleveland's Municipal Stadium, made the first protest of his career to an umpire. Hank Soar, working behind the plate, called Ted out on a third strike, pitched by Mike Garcia. Williams angrily flung his bat away and growled at Soar.

When the inning ended, Williams trotted past base-umpire Hurley on his way to his position in the outfield, and mumbled what might pass for an apology. "Heck, Ed," said Ted, "Hank thought it was a strike and I thought it was a ball. What difference does it make?"

The fact that the Cleveland incident was Williams' first squawk points up another fact of umpiring. Pitchers have long contended that the known good hitters, the Williamses and the Stan Musials, get a "fourth strike" from the umpires. In the days of playing-managers, it sometimes was called "the manager's strike."

Tom Sheehan, Giant scout who once was a pitcher and therefore might be a bit prejudiced, thinks umpires have an unconscious tendency to string along with the judgment of a top hitter. If he lays off a close pitch, the umpire, Tom believes, may be inclined to give him the benefit of the doubt.

"Back in 1925," recalled Sheehan, "I was pitching for the Pirates and we were fighting for the pennant. Rogers Hornsby, playing-manager of the Cardinals, was batting, Earl Smith was our catcher and Uncle Charley Moran was the plate umpire. I got Rog two strikes and no balls. Don't ask me how I did it—probably two screaming foul-line drives. Then I threw him a curve which got a good two inches of the outside corner.

" 'Ball one,' said Moran.

"I tried another curve and caught the inside corner with it. 'Ball two,' said Charley.

"Then I tried Hornsby with a change of pace. It was risky, but at least he'd have to supply his own power. He swung, missed and turned for the bench. Smith ran after him. 'Thank you, Mr. Hornsby,' said Smitty, 'for swinging at the fifth strike.' "

To all such testimony, Umpire Stewart sniffs. "Nonsense. No umpire is influenced by a batter's reputation. I called Musial out on strikes twice in one game in St. Louis last summer. Does that look as though the top hitters get special treatment?"

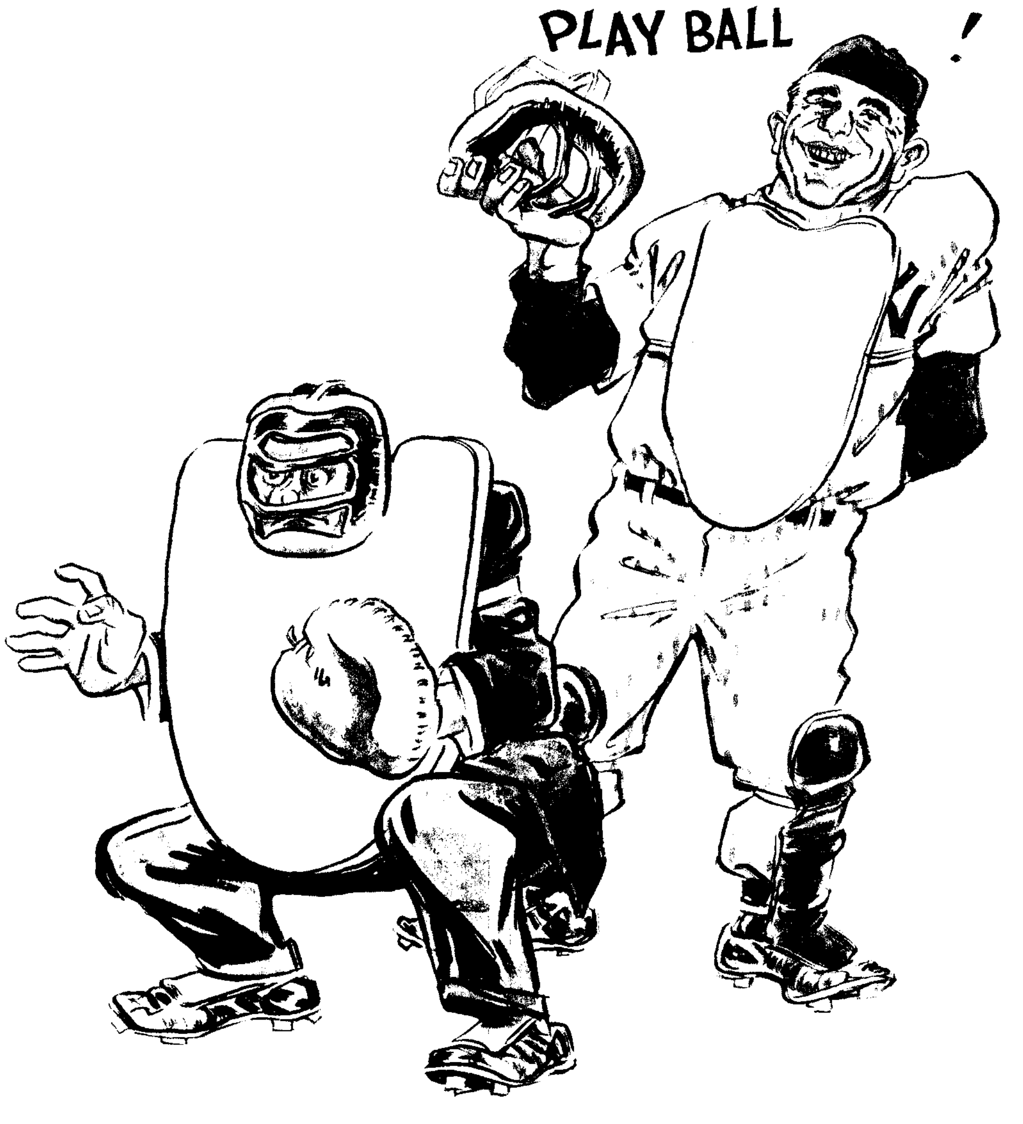
Actually, umpiring is the most exacting profession in all baseball. Many a retired big-leaguer has found the job more difficult than playing ball, although some ex-players have become exceptional umpires. Furthermore, umpiring is not a rewarding profession. A class-D-league arbiter may receive as little as $200 a month, plus five cents a mile for the use of his auto.

Umpires Learn Their Trade at School

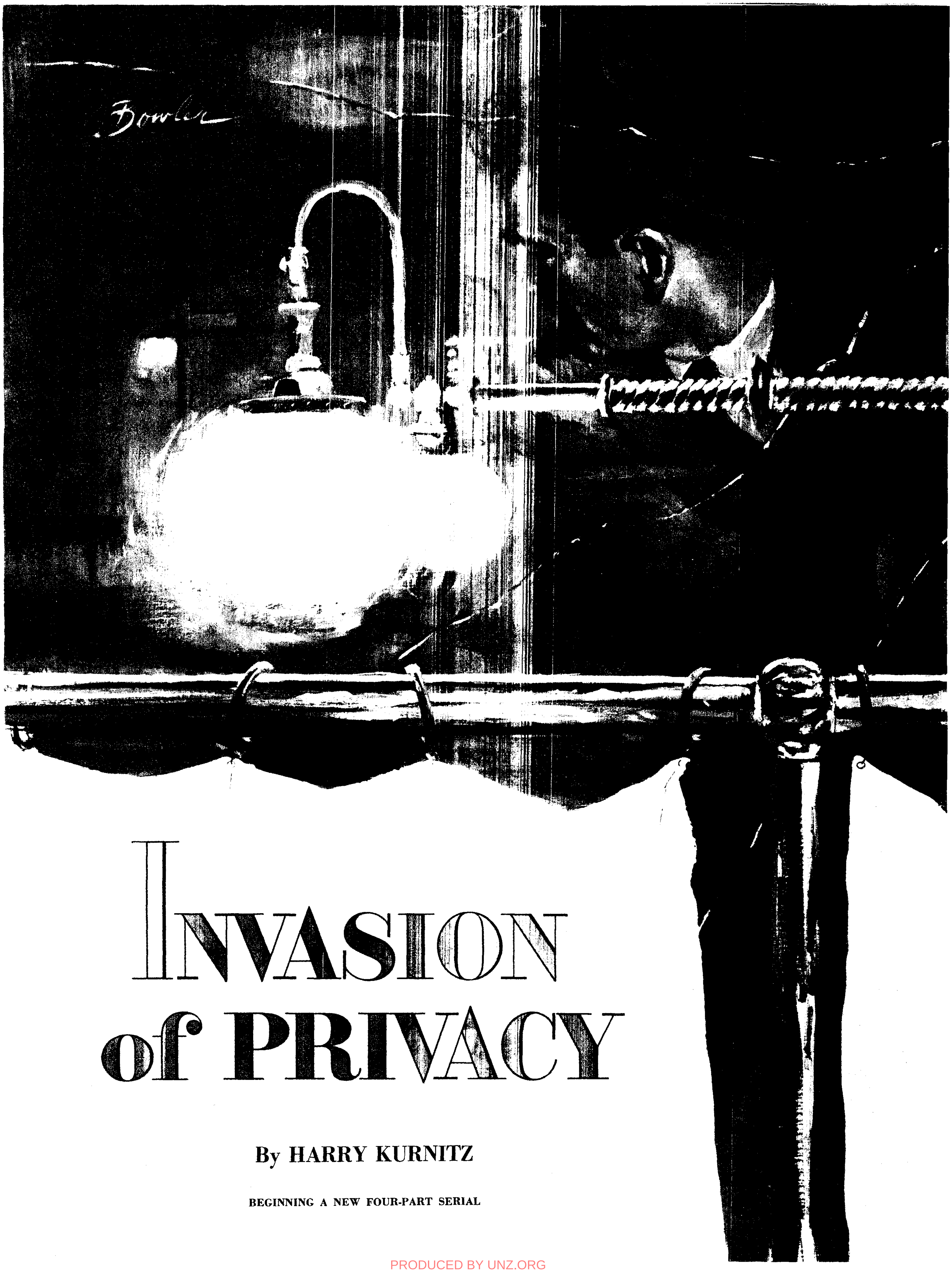
The majority of young umpires today come into baseball through the medium of umpiring schools, most of them run by retired umpires. Strangely enough some aspirants who enroll in the schools lack all essential requirements—good eyesight, good judgment and agility. They're just desperate to be in some part of baseball.

Such a youngster once badgered Klem when Bill was supervisor of National League umpires with offices in New York. Almost every time Klem looked up from his desk, the boy was there, seeking employment in some league, any league. He claimed he had 20-20 vision, that he could read car license tags a couple of blocks away. "He was," says Bill thoughtfully, "what you would call a nut."

Patiently Klem explained the facts of life. "The pay in the minors is so small, it wouldn't be worth your while," said Bill. "If your eyesight is as good as you say it is, you ought to be able to *find* that much money in a month just walking around the streets!"



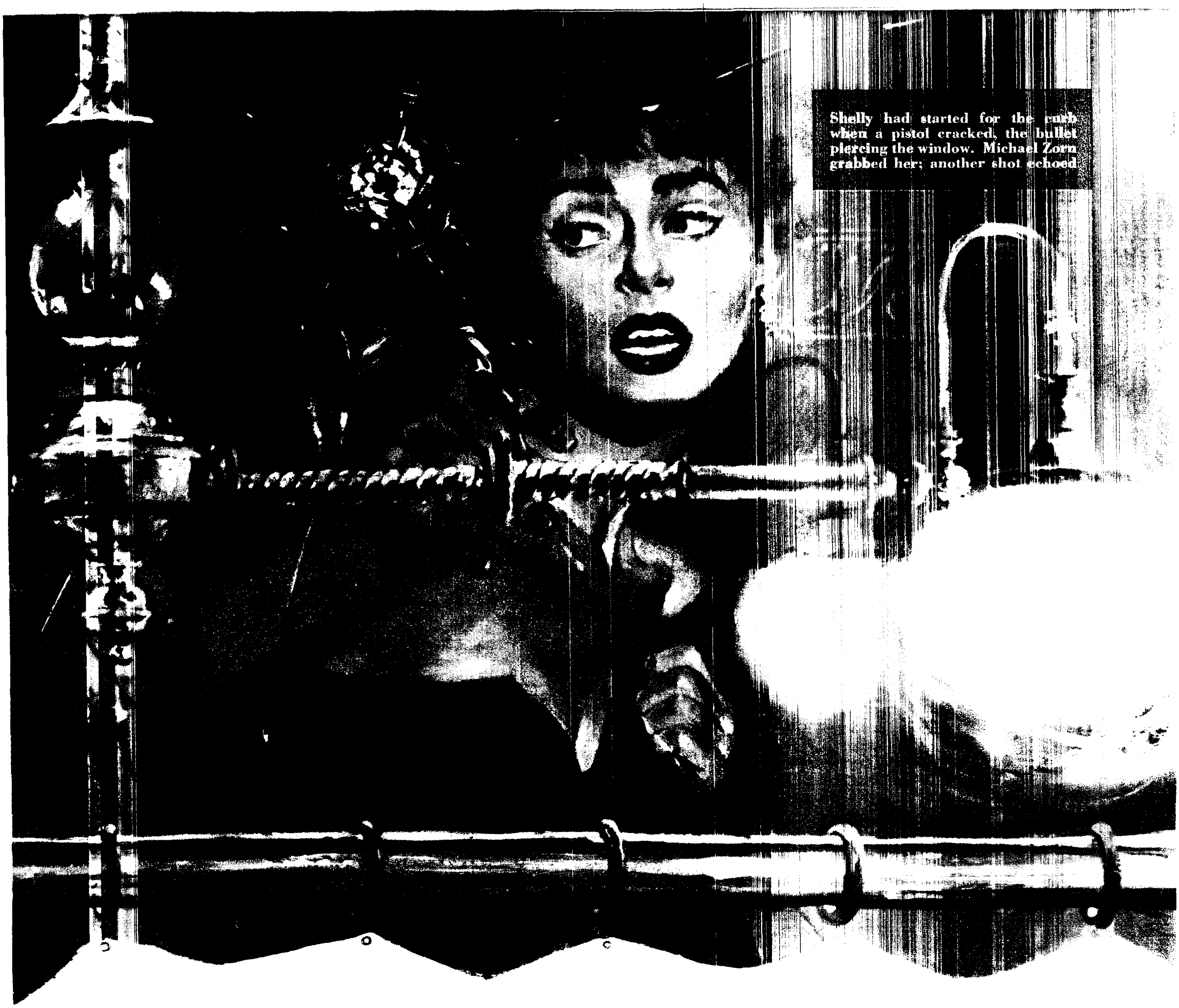
Yankee catcher Yogi Berra claims an umpire couldn't tell a strike if he saw one—because often he doesn't see 'em. Only a catcher, says Yogi, can see where the ball really goes



INVASION of PRIVACY

By HARRY KURNITZ

BEGINNING A NEW FOUR-PART SERIAL



Shelly had started for the curb when a pistol cracked, the bullet piercing the window. Michael Zorn grabbed her; another shot echoed

In the movie business Zorn had met plenty of girls, but none like Shelly. Suddenly he was head over heels—in love and libel and murder

AS HUSBANDS have paced since the dawn of time, Willard Morley paced up and down the generous length of the living room, his left wrist extended, his eyes fixed on his watch. The sixth time he passed the entrance hall, he shouted, "Susan! Susan, we have to drive nearly a hundred miles to get to this rat race."

He heard his wife's calm voice saying, "I'm coming, Will." He sighed and moved to the cocktails set out on a low table. When he bent over he was acutely aware that his dinner jacket was too tight. With a fresh drink in hand, he let his coat hang loosely unbuttoned, and when he heard his wife's footsteps on the stairs he made an effort to hold his stomach muscles flat.

Susan Morley made an entrance in a cloud of filmy black net. She took the glass from his hand. "My turn," she said. She presented her smooth back, bare to the waist. "Zip me, darling."

He pulled the zipper into place. "New dress?"

"Yes. Do you like it?"

"Does it have to swoop and dive like that in front?" Then came the masculine afterthought: "What did it cost?"

"Just under a thousand. Of course, I had to have a few things to go with it."

"Naturally," said Morley. Then he added, "Well, it's your money." He heard the bitterness in his voice and made an effort to smile.

Susan Morley put down the empty glass. "Is the car out front?"

"I'll get it," Morley said. "I gave Karl and Stephanie the night off to go to the movies." . . .

Morley drove the big car expertly and silently over the winding back roads to the parkway. There, at a steady sixty, he relaxed.

"Ought to be some housewarming," he grumbled pleasantly. "Black tie, thousand-dollar dress. Who the hell ever heard of a bachelor giving a housewarming? Ben ought to have more sense. And it's only an apartment."

"It's a very nice apartment."

After a moment, Morley asked, "What did that cost, Susan?"

"How would I know?"

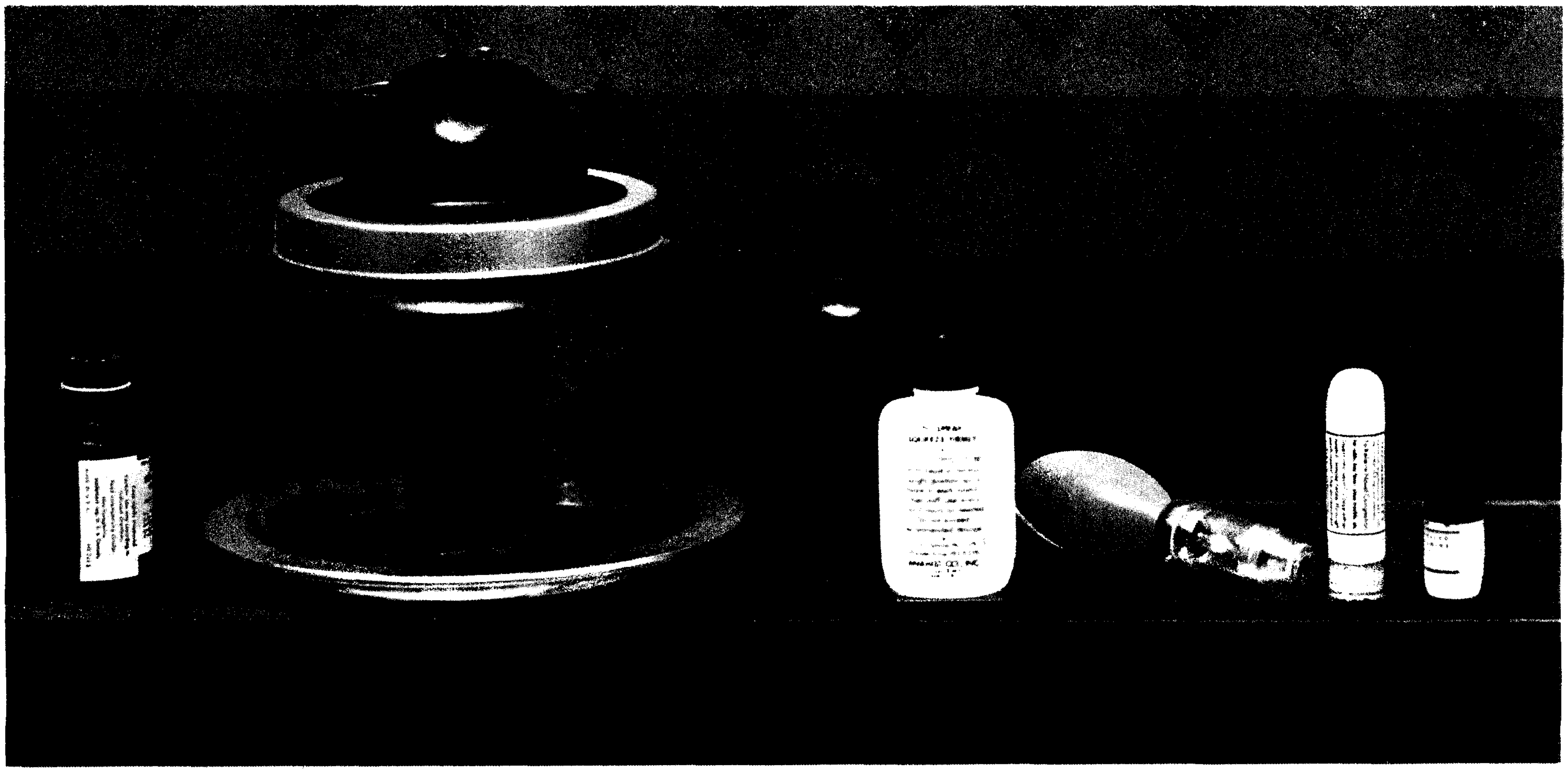
"I thought you might," said Morley.

"Ben Jarrold is my cousin," Susan Morley said. "I'm fond of him, as I think he is of me. Beyond that, darling, as you're so eager to point out, it's my money, isn't it?" She leaned forward to turn on the radio, glancing up at her husband. He was smiling pleasantly, his eyes fixed on the road ahead.

Ben Jarrold's housewarming was a great success. By 3:00 A.M. a dozen die-hard guests, including the Morleys, were still there. A dark, lovely girl was at the piano, playing old Gershwin and Cole Porter songs and singing in a small, true voice. By then they were all drinking champagne with ice from giant Swedish tumblers, *(Continued on page 86)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE BOWLER

What to Do about That



Over 20,000,000 Americans suffer from postnasal drip. It's not a disease, just a symptom—of anything from sinusitis to mother-in-law difficulties. Now most victims can get relief

By MARY HARRINGTON FELDMAN

MORE than 20,000,000 Americans gurgle and gargle and gag every day as they suffer from a national misery. Perhaps you are one of them. They are, you might say, a bunch of drips—postnasal drips.

These unfortunates are afflicted by an irritating flow of mucus to the back of the throat. Thousands of them tell the postnasal drip story to their doctors every month, in every city, all over the United States. But many more unfortunates diagnose their own ailment, take a pet cure-all, stay at home and go right on dripping, snuffing, hawking and grouching.

That's because they are saddled with more than an annoying and uncomfortable problem. They also are afflicted with a gross misconception. By the millions, postnasal drippers think they have some permanent condition or disease about which nothing can be done. They think of it as something one has to live with—for which one gets lots of sympathy, but no real help.

Ear, nose and throat specialists—the otolaryngologists—sniff at this view.

"Postnasal drip is not a disease," says Dr. James Milton Robb, of Detroit. "It's a symptom. And about three quarters of the millions annoyed by postnasal drip can be made comfortable."

Top specialists whom I interviewed agree with this estimate. They say that postnasal drip can be caused by everything from your psyche to your sinus trouble, from anger at your mother-in-law to the housewife's menace, allergy to house dust.

Dr. Robb, past president of the American Academy of Ophthalmology and Otolaryngology, explains the problem this way:

"The Lord put a chimney on your face in the form of a nose, and when for any reason it is regularly blocked, you are liable to have a postnasal drip. If such a condition lasts more than three weeks, you have something more than a cold. You should assume that you've developed sinusitis, or have nasal membranes which are upset for some reason."

Bearing up under this discomfort may be brave, but it isn't smart. Your nose is too important to you. Besides its obvious function in breathing, it is a personal air conditioner. Your nose warms, filters and moistens air going to your lungs. It cleanses itself of foreign material extracted from the air, and has a good deal to do with the regulation of air flow and vocal resonance. When it can't do its duty, you are in for trouble. It may be serious, or just plain uncomfortable.

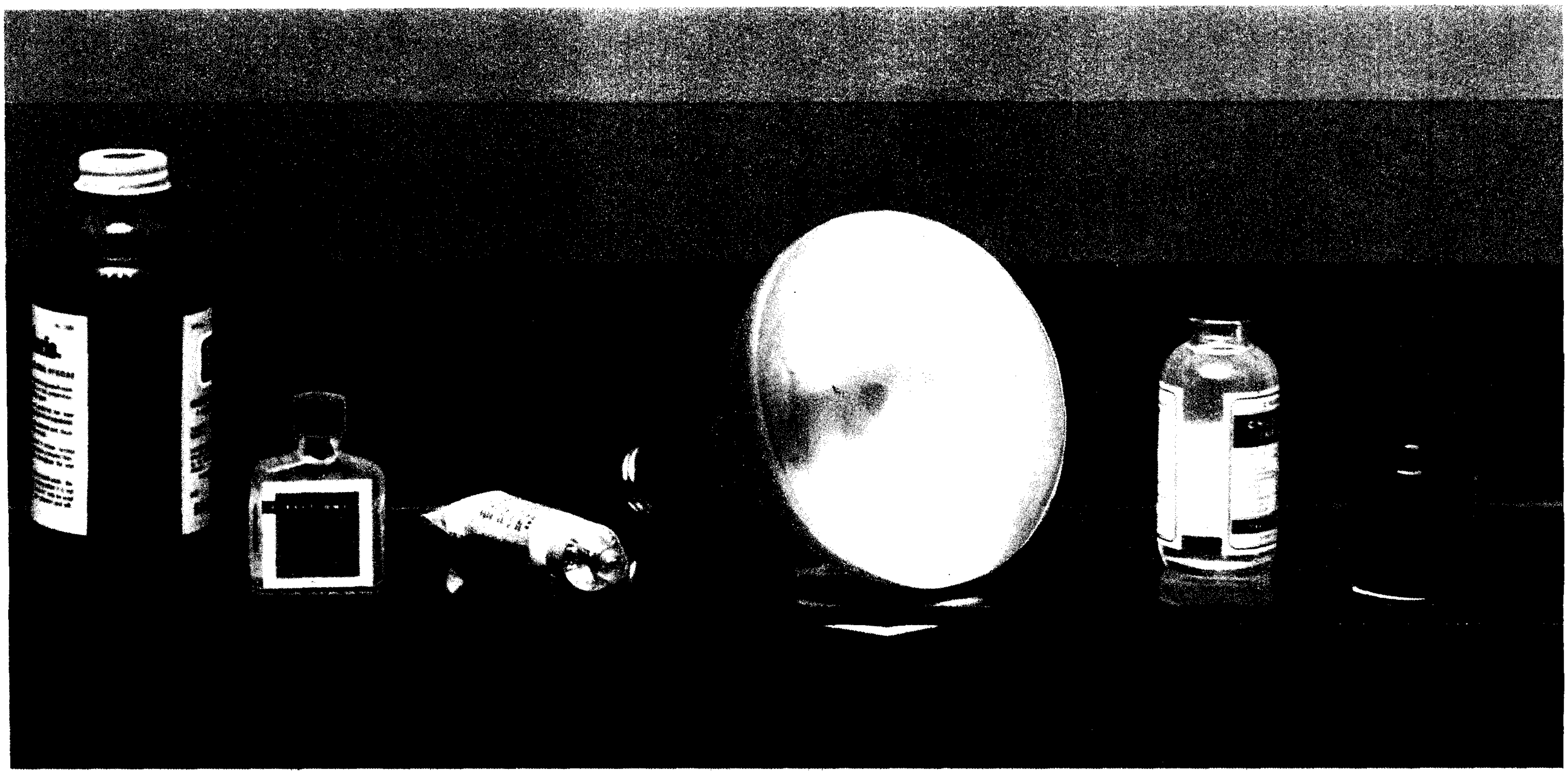
That's how it was for a haggard Chicago judge who asked his doctor for help recently. Here is how he described his plight:

"It's terrible. Every morning my throat is scratchy, my nose stopped up, and my tongue feels like leather.

"In court I have to clear my throat repeatedly during morning sessions to rid myself of that clogged-up feeling in the back of my throat. Attorneys think I am interrupting them. It's not only uncomfortable. It's downright embarrassing."

The judge's family physician referred him to an ear, nose and throat specialist, who gave him the benefit of one of the drugs developed during the past year to relieve postnasal drip suffering. Combinations of drugs—the vasoconstrictors, which decrease congestion of the blood vessels, hydrocortisone, antibiotics and antihistamines—now are used to ease the annoying drip symptoms. They are given as drops or by injection or are sprayed into the nose or swallowed.

MORNING MISERY



The specialist gave the judge a thorough going-over. Today, treatment for a postnasal drip involves examining the whole person, not just giving the old, stereotyped nose drops for temporary relief. The first step in solving the judge's problem was to take a complete case history. Next came examination of his nose for deformities, and a check on the condition of the membrane lining his nose and throat.

His nose was red, swollen and too dry inside, but there was no evidence of disease.

"There must be some disease, or something," the judge protested. "I have a terrific postnasal drip."

The "something" was fairly simple, and the cure was painless.

The judge had been roasting his nose. He kept his home heated to at least 78 degrees, and nagged the janitor into giving him a snug courtroom, too. Low humidity went with his central heating—and resulted in abuse of his nose.

When Heated Rooms Aren't Humid Enough

"When you close the windows and put on the heat, your nasal troubles may be accentuated," says Dr. Samuel Salinger, chairman of the Department of Otolaryngology at Chicago's Loyola University Medical School, and a veteran specialist. "There is a drying effect in city homes and offices where we live and work in low humidity. Normal mucus becomes sticky, dries more quickly and accumulates, and you get a postnasal drip."

That was the judge's problem. Of course, it isn't always that easy to find the reason for a postnasal drip. Tracking down the villain may involve laboratory examination of nasal secretion; X rays of the sinuses; skin tests for allergies; bacteriologic examination of the nose and throat; and even basal metabolism tests to determine the rate at which the body burns energy. Evaluation of the patient's physical well-being is an important part of the diagnosis.

To understand the nature of postnasal drip, you have to take a look at your nose.

Inside, the nose consists of two wedge-shaped passages leading back from your nostrils into the upper portion of the throat above the palate. The two nasal passages are separated by the septum, a bone and cartilage partition, and the passages are subdivided on each side by several scroll-shaped bones, called the turbinates. These also are called swell bodies, because they are coated with thick mucous membrane which can swell up. On either side of the face are four sinuses, air spaces which open into the nose by way of small windows. These sinus openings are located beneath the turbinates.

Your nose and sinuses are lined by microscopic hairlike projections which beat constantly in rhythm to move a thin, adhesive, invisible mucous blanket from the nose and sinuses into the throat. Bacteria and foreign matter get stuck in the mucus and thus removed from the nose. Normally, this harmless mucus is swallowed unnoticed.

But when your nose is blocked, when this natural secretion thickens for some reason and gets stuck, or becomes too profuse and watery, you may join the miserable millions. You become a postnasal drip.

Your trouble has nothing to do with climate, either. Dr. David Higbee, who has been an ear, nose and throat specialist for more than 25 years in San Diego, a city which claims the nation's most equable climate, says at least half his patients have had postnasal drip symptoms.

There are many drippers, however, for whom the road to comfort is easy, as it was for the judge. When you go to your doctor because your nose is blocked and you have a postnasal drip, he'll want to know if you have been dosing yourself with nose drops regularly for a long time.

Sinusitis and Allergy Major Causes

"Nose drops should be taken for a short time only," Dr. Salinger explains. "After that, they may make matters worse, cause new allergies, result in tissue losing its rebound ability."

Every physician I interviewed on postnasal drip problems cautioned that lengthy self-medication itself can cause postnasal symptoms. There even is a medical term for this kind of drip: rhinitis medicomentosa—nasal inflammation from too much medicine.

Occasionally postnasal drip results from too much smoking or drinking, or both. But the major causes for severe postnasal drip symptoms are sinusitis—inflammation of the sinuses—and nasal allergy. Only experts can solve these problems.

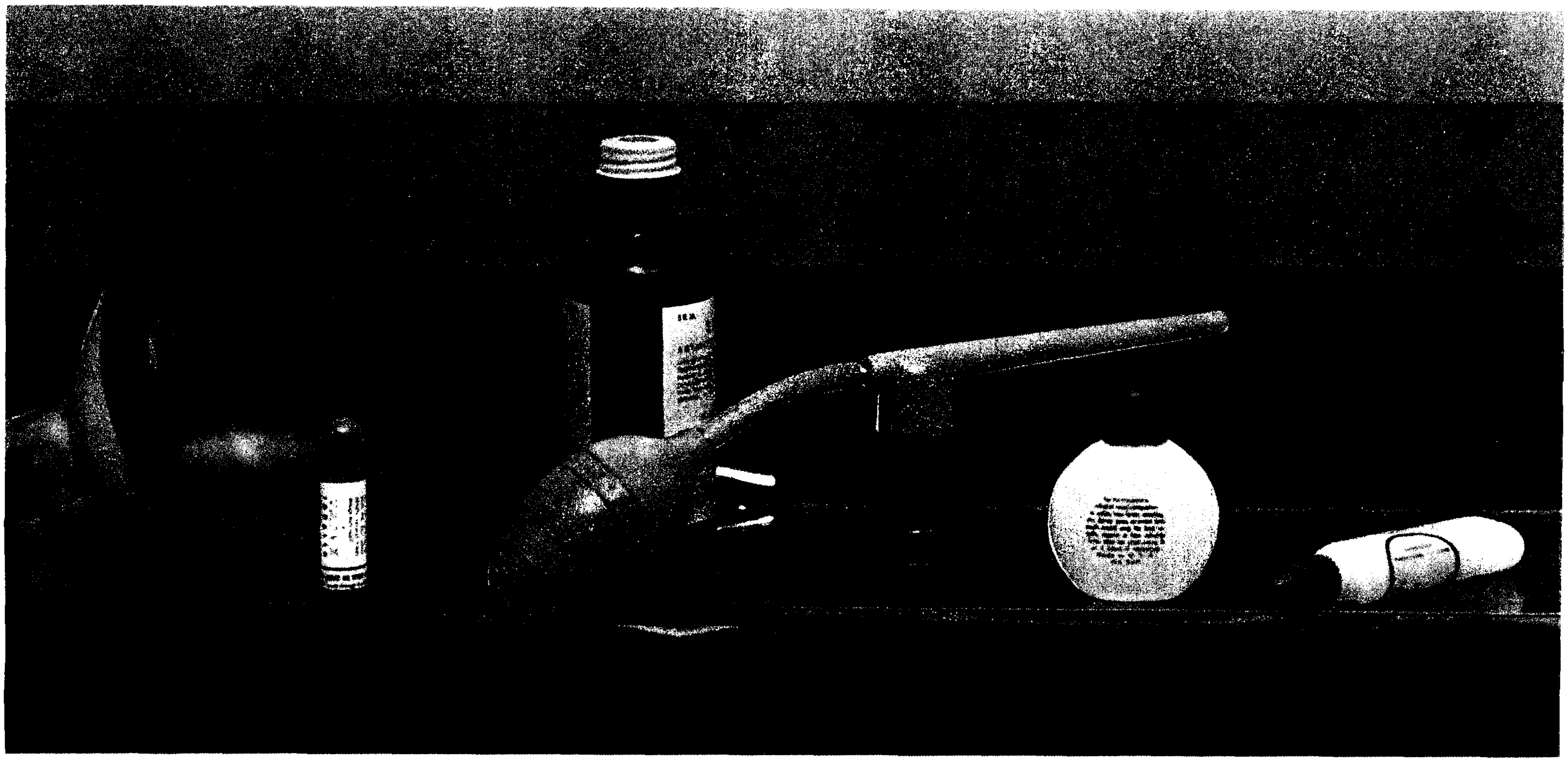
One Detroit mechanic said his wife had demanded that he see an otolaryngologist. His problem was typical.

"She says I'm driving her batty," he told the doctor. "I cough a lot at night. It wakes me sometimes, but it always wakes her up. My throat is clogged. At night, as soon as I lie down, I'm all stuffed up. I feel as though I can't swallow well, or breathe through my nose.

"Then, in the mornings," he said, "I often have

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HALLECK FINLEY

The most hapless postnasal drip sufferer of them all: the man who has a



a dull sort of headache, and always a frog in my throat. Lots of times after I drink my coffee I get an upset stomach."

Examination showed that the mechanic had chronic sinusitis, and the doctor talked things over with his patient.

"There is great misunderstanding about sinus trouble," he said. "Folks think it's hopeless, but it's not. Nobody knows for sure why we have those four air spaces on either side of our faces, but they are supposed to be filled with air. In your case, the sinuses at the root of your nose are filled with pus. The other sinuses are clear. We've got to get the sinuses drained out, make room for proper future drainage, and clear up the low-grade infection. That's why you are complaining of postnasal drip. You haven't been able to throw off the infection."

The mechanic had a narrow nose. As often is true of people with narrow noses, there was inadequate space for drainage from the sinuses. The specialist solved this problem and the discomfort by fracturing the turbinates, moving this bony framework from around the sinuses to make room for better drainage. This almost painless and bloodless procedure incidentally solved another of the patient's problems—halitosis, which sometimes accompanies postnasal drip caused by infection.

The Patient Reports—Three Years Later

The mechanic visited the doctor in 1951. Not long ago I called the man to see how he was getting along.

"It's been over three years now," he said, "and I haven't even had a cold. Postnasal drip? Not me. Not any more."

Dr. Jack A. Weiss, attending ear, nose and throat specialist at Michael Reese and Cook County Hospitals in Chicago, told me that those afflicted with sinusitis almost always suffer from postnasal drip.

"For almost every form of sinusitis there is a helpful treatment," said Dr. Weiss, "such as attention to general hygiene, correction of endocrine and dietary deficiencies, nasal washes, sinus irrigations and special attention to allergy when present. In about 5 per cent of cases, minor adjustments are necessary, such as removal of polyps, pushing over of a turbinate or occasionally correction of a deviated septum or the making of an intranasal window."

Dr. Weiss estimates that only one case in every 200 ever requires comprehensive sinus surgery.

Often, maxillary sinus inflammation may come from an infected tooth, and it takes a trip to the dentist to stop it.

Dr. Weiss and Dr. Noah D. Fabricant, assistant professor of otolaryngology at the University of Illinois College of Medicine, described to me the difference between postnasal drip caused by sinusitis and that caused by allergy. Sufferers from allergy have a watery drip, scratchy throats and sometimes itchy noses, which they may habitually rub. In the medical profession, this rubbing is known as the nasal salute.

Treatment for allergy involves skin tests to determine specific sensitivities and then desensitization through vaccines where the allergic cause cannot be eliminated from the patient's environment.

Both men and women often become postnasal drip sufferers because they are allergic to house dust.

Furriers, workers in flour mills and glass factories or in industry where fumes are present also may run into allergic nose problems, although industry more and more is working toward elimination of irritative dusts and fumes through proper ventilation.

(Packinghouse workers often get a nonallergic postnasal drip, called refrigerator nose by some specialists. The worker who goes in and out of a freezer locker constantly may end up with a nose tired out from swelling and contracting with temperature change. It will stay blocked.)

"Allergy invites infection," Dr. Fabricant explained to me, "because allergic reaction means swelling in the mucous membrane lining the nose. This swelling blocks exits from the sinuses, and interferes with drainage, which may produce chronic infection. There are all degrees of this kind of infection," he added; "and, as a rule, they all can be fought with good success."

Not Always a Nose or Throat Problem

All that drips is not sinus—nor allergy, either—physicians have found. Sometimes postnasal drip is not even vaguely related to nose and throat problems.

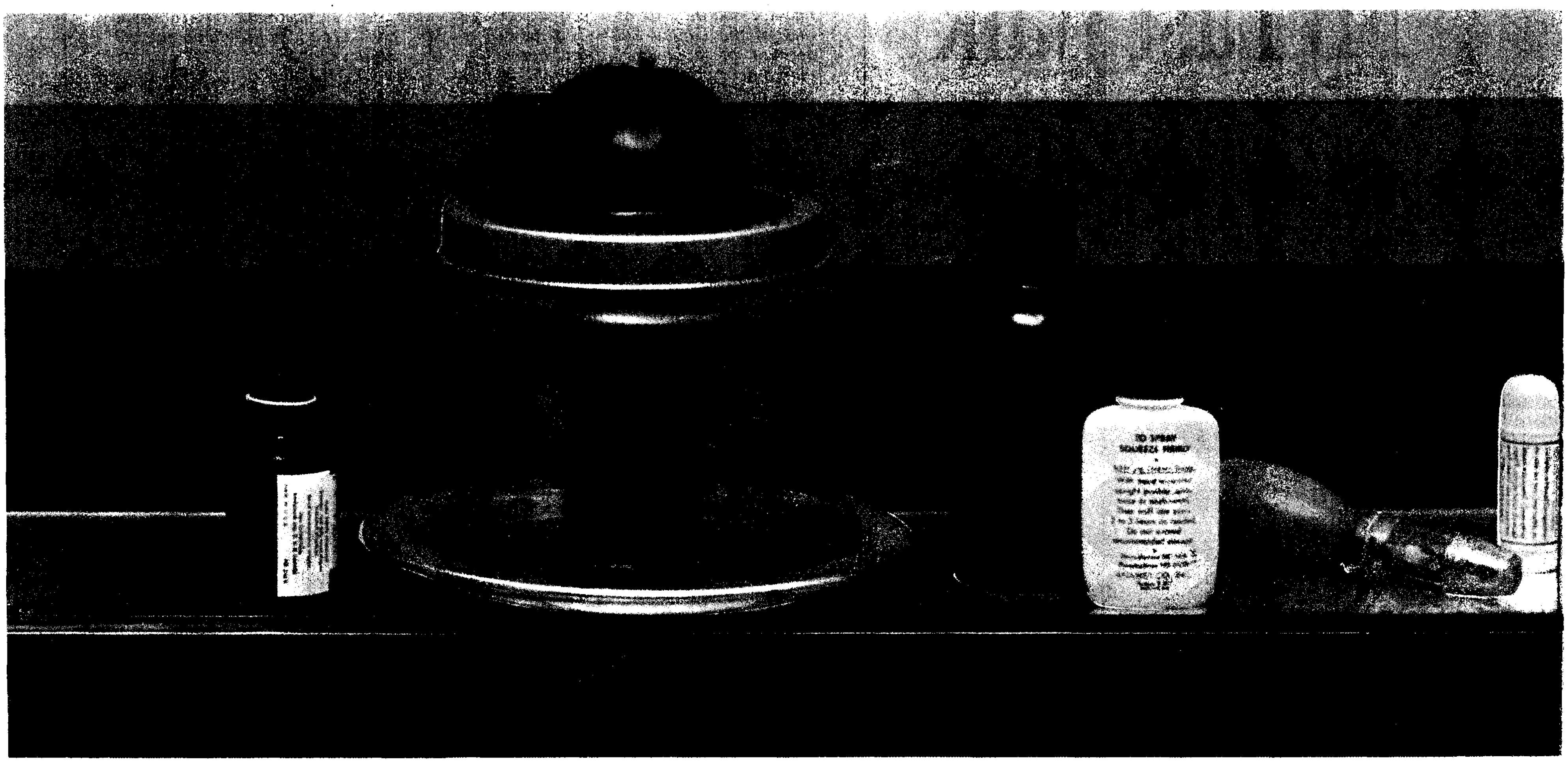
For example, a California coed told her doctor, "In the morning, I have a frog in my throat that I can't get rid of. The back of my throat tickles; I cough a little. Lots of times I feel kind of tired when I shouldn't."

Her doctor eliminated the possibility of nose and throat ailments, then checked other difficulties that might cause her drip. A basal metabolism test showed that she had a borderline hypothyroid condition, that she wasn't burning energy quite fast enough. Her metabolism rate was just low enough to produce nasal symptoms. This girl's drip disappeared when she was given pills for her thyroid trouble.

Sometimes a postnasal drip is a symptom of kidney ailment. Often it goes with changes in the endocrine glands, which regulate body function. Every year, thousands of pregnant women are annoyed by stuffy noses and that feeling of the frog in the throat—especially women who have feelings of anxiety about having a baby. This kind of drip usually clears up by itself after childbirth.

One large group of postnasal drippers can blame their problems entirely on emotional reactions—

Casanova nose. It stops up whenever he takes his sweetheart in his arms



anxiety, fear, resentment. Their ailment is known as psychosomatic nose. Specialists say that an affliction called vasomotor rhinitis, in which increased blood supply to the nose causes swelling, is commonly associated with the psychosomatic nose. Dr. H. Waldo Bird, Detroit psychiatrist, says that such sufferers are likely to be indecisive, long-suffering and inclined to smile bravely through their tears, the kind of people who keep things to themselves too much.

One specialist told me his prize example of the psychosomatic nose is a well-known tax expert who gets along just fine all year long, until about six weeks before the final day for filing tax returns.

"Then his nose is almost completely blocked, and he complains of a terrific postnasal drip," the specialist said. "His problem is that the nose, with its rich blood and nerve supply, is one of the most sensitive human organs. It reacts to unpleasant situations by trying to close out the unpleasantness."

The same specialist spoke of a young wife whose postnasal drip began when her mother-in-law came for a two-year visit. Never once had this bride talked over the irritations of this arrangement with her husband or his mother. When she finally broke down and talked it out with her doctor, he was able to help her toward a more mature family relationship. Understanding was the key to relief for that postnasal dripper.

"The patient whose nose is reacting to emotional problems," says Dr. Weiss, "has a swollen nose with increased mucus secretion and impaired function, and is fair game for virus and bacteria. Merely clearing up the infection isn't enough. He must be helped over his emotional hump, too."

Psychiatrists should be called in, of course, when the cause for unhappiness is deep.

There is one mystery about postnasal drip which no one in the medical profession yet has been able to solve: How did it get that name?

Dr. Albert C. Furstenberg, for 19 years dean of the University of Michigan Medical School, and also head of its Department of Otolaryngology, said, "When I started practice in 1918, there was no such term. Catarrh was the closest thing to it. I started hearing about postnasal drip around 1925—from patients. It is *not* a medical term. We don't know where it came from. Actually, drip is a very unprofessional description. Postnasal flow or current would be more accurate."

Dr. Furstenberg stresses the reasonable approach to the drip.

"I think everyone has a postnasal drip," he told me. "In most people, it is a normal physiological process. It is when the drip is a symptom of a chronic inflammation that it requires further study and treatment."

When it *does* need treatment, of course, a postnasal drip should not be ignored.

Danger in Neglecting Excessive Drip

"Neglected, excessive postnasal drip will predispose people to respiratory infections," said Dr. David B. Radner, one of Chicago's top chest specialists. "It might help bring about chronic bronchitis—inflammation of the bronchi, the tubes that supply air to the lungs; or bronchiectasis, in which the walls of the bronchi are weakened; or pneumonitis, inflammation of the lungs themselves.

"Thousands of people in Chicago suffer from these respiratory ailments," Dr. Radner added. "I don't say all of it comes from postnasal drip, but it's often a factor."

Dr. Radner has spent his professional life fighting chest diseases, and popular unconcern about postnasal drip annoys him. "I don't know why postnasal drip is so socially acceptable," he says. "It should not be viewed with a benign eye. The cough is an important defense against respiratory infections, because it gets rid of foreign substances. Postnasal drip helps break down this defense by constantly taxing the lower respiratory passages so that eventually the cough loses its effectiveness."

Adults are not the only postnasal drips. The symptom is far from rare in children. Adenoids, sinusitis and allergy are its main causes—and, sometimes, foreign objects.

What about the postnasal drip sufferers who cannot be relieved of their annoyance? Specialists estimate that from 10 to 15 per cent of adult postnasal drippers will just have to go on dripping. Some of the causes are not curable—like atrophic rhinitis, a condition in which irreversible physical changes take place in the nose. But atrophic rhinitis is not fatal, nor are most other causes of the drip. To be sure, postnasal drip may accompany cancer of the nose, sinuses or nasopharynx, but this situation is not common.

Sometimes the permanent postnasal drip is funny—at least, to everyone except the sufferer. There is, for example, one unfortunate type of dripper who has a sort of Casanova nose. He is bothered only when he grasps the light of his life in his arms. Passion causes his nose to stop up, and he becomes something less than a romantic figure. He turns into a postnasal drip. The frequency of his complaint depends upon how often he grasps a lady in his arms. Specialists say that his lady also may be troubled in the same way—a touching picture. There's no known solution.

But for more than 60 per cent of the sufferers there can be complete relief. For another 25 per cent, there is greater comfort. And for the remaining few—mainly those with emotional problems or allergic reactions to things they cannot eliminate from their lives—understanding will help them live with their problems.

Detroit's Dr. James Milton Robb, who has watched over patients for 44 years, sums it up:

"Today, there really isn't much excuse for being a drip, at least, not a postnasal drip." ▲▲▲

My Last Walk in Moscow

By BETTY JANE SOMMERLATTE

Last October, Moscow dispatches reported that the Soviet government had accused the wife of a second secretary of the United States Embassy in Moscow of "hooliganism" and had declared her persona non grata*—the first time in history that the wife of any diplomat has been declared unacceptable by a foreign government.*

The Russians charged that Mrs. Karl E. Sommerlatte had engaged in an altercation with a Soviet "worker" and a "schoolteacher" over an attempt to take a photograph, had slapped the face of the "worker" and had "rudely pushed" a woman bystander. U.S. Ambassador Charles E. Bohlen promptly denied the allegation and countercharged that Mrs. Sommerlatte had been molested and illegally detained by two Soviet secret police agents. The American protest was brushed off by the Soviet Foreign Ministry and—in accordance with diplomatic procedure—the State Department had to recall Mr. and Mrs. Sommerlatte to the United States.

Now, for the first time, Mrs. Sommerlatte tells the full story of what happened that October day. It is a shocking indictment of Russia's callous police methods, defiance of established diplomatic courtesies, and "Big Lie" propaganda techniques. Mrs. Sommerlatte, the former Betty Jane McCormick, is the daughter of Samuel Ferguson McCormick, president and owner of the McCormick Construction Company, in Wilmington, Delaware. She met Karl E. Sommerlatte while he was a midshipman at Annapolis, and they were married there during June Week in 1945. He entered the Foreign Service after resigning from the Navy

UNITED PRESS

What began as an innocent morning stroll suddenly erupted into—an international incident

MOSCOW was unusually sunny and bright on October 25, 1954. In the year and a half that I had been there I hadn't had much chance to sight-see in the city because until recently I had been working all day at the American Embassy commissary, inventorying supplies, keeping accounts and checking out purchases to the more than 100 Americans who make up the embassy staff. But on this last Monday in October, I decided that I should get out and see something of the Soviet capital before winter finally set in. I thought it would be "now or never" since my husband's tour of Russian duty was supposed to end a few months later—in February, 1955.

However, what started out as an innocent sight-seeing stroll became an international incident after I fell into the rough hands of the Soviet secret police. As a result, I was declared *persona non grata*—an unacceptable person—by the Soviet government. In diplomatic language that meant I had to leave the country.

Because American newspaper correspondents in Moscow are subject to strict Soviet censorship, they were unable to file the true facts of the story. Now, for the first time, I want to tell publicly the full and true account of what happened. Once I have done so, I hope I will never have to repeat the story since my only wish is to put the terrifying experience out of my memory.

I don't suppose that I am any different from thousands of other young American mothers when I speak of the doubts and fears I had for my young son and myself when I heard we were going to Moscow. But my husband, Karl E. Sommerlatte, is a career officer in the Foreign Service and I must go where his job takes him. When he entered the Foreign Service almost six years ago we had been sent to Singapore, where I had seen all that I cared to of Communist violence and terrorism. But when we returned from Singapore, my husband volunteered for Russian-language training and, after a year of study and an assignment for several months in Washington, at the Department of State, he was ordered to Moscow as a second secretary. His job was to read and report on developments as they appeared in the Soviet press.

Life in the Soviet capital can be dismal, and it is only through the joint efforts of the unusually congenial group of people assigned to the U.S. Embassy and to other free-world diplomatic missions that morale remains high. Although one hears much about Russian hospitality, the Soviet government exercises such great control over the people that they dare not be friendly with Americans.

All of the American Embassy families live in three separate wings of the 10-story embassy building. The life is so confining that we decided after we had been there for more than a year to send our seven-year-old son, Robert McCormick Sommerlatte, to school in England, and his departure made my last weeks in Moscow particularly lonely.

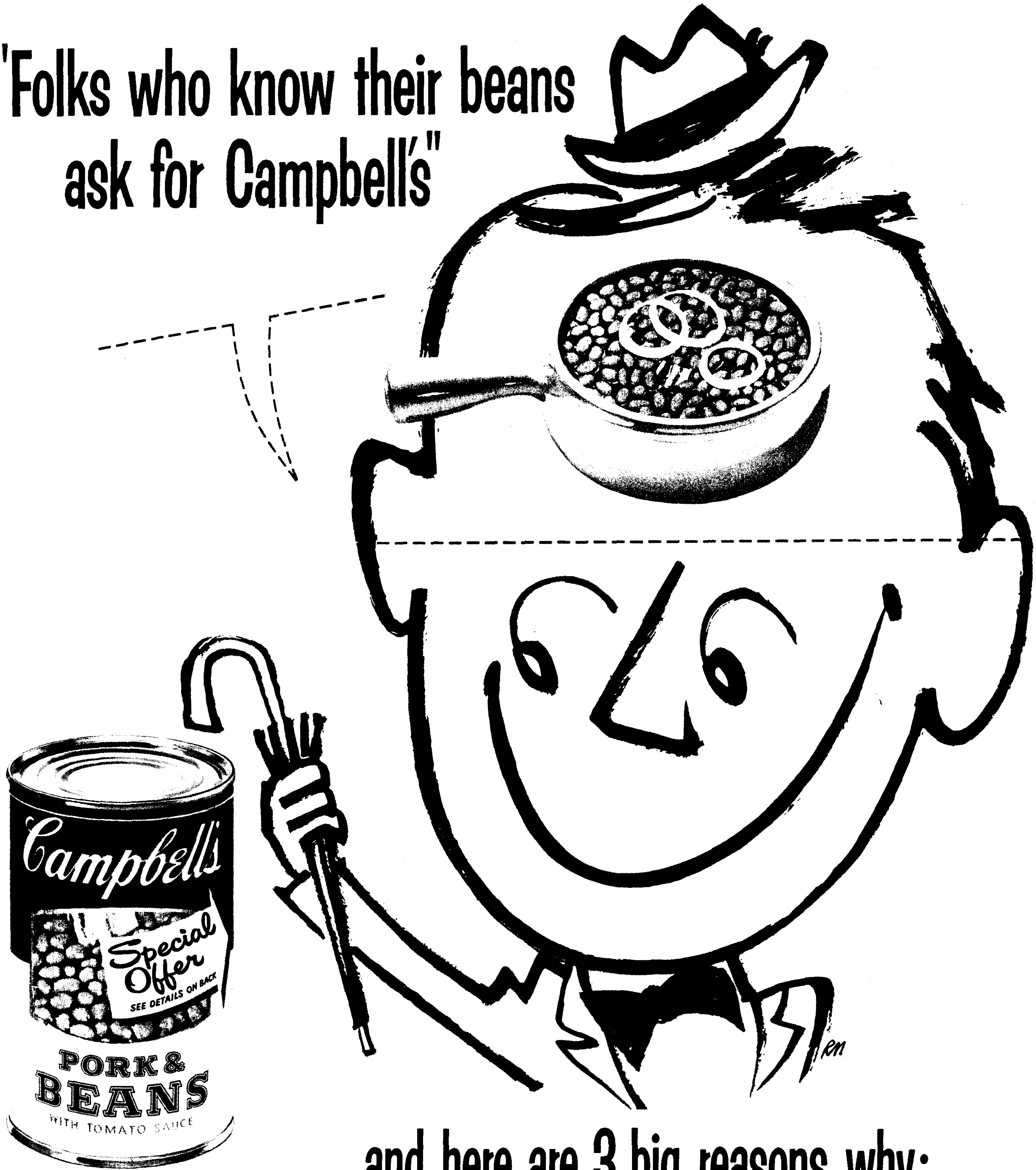
My next-door neighbor and good friend in Moscow was Billie Stiff, wife of Lieutenant Colonel Houston Stiff, a Marine serving as assistant naval attaché. Billie is attractive, blonde and vivacious. Neither she nor I think we look much alike, but we are about the same height and weight, and on one occasion an American who had visited in her home mistook me for her.

It was to Billie's apartment I went on that Monday morning—the day on which the Soviet government said that I, a five-foot four-inch, 110-pound American mother, attacked a Russian worker who must have weighed more than 180 pounds, and "rudely pushed" a Russian woman who looked as though she weighed as much as the man.

I asked Billie if she was interested in going for a walk. Billie took her camera, thinking we might have an opportunity to take some pictures on our way. I had no camera and didn't even carry my husband's. Billie, who always carefully observed the Soviet regulations on photography, had snapped some photographs of a Russian Orthodox church near the embassy about two months before. Some of the church attendants who had consented to have their pictures taken asked if she would bring them prints of the negatives after they were developed. Billie had just received the prints, so she suggested we walk past the church and drop them off.

We walked out the front entrance of the embassy, past two Russian policemen who, along with their reliefs, maintain a 24-hour-a-day, seven-day-a-week watch on all persons

"Folks who know their beans ask for Campbell's"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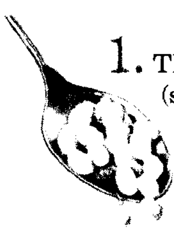

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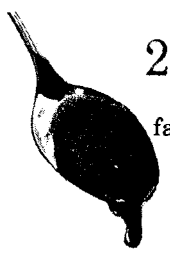

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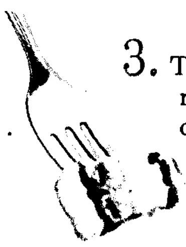

3. The leanest bacon pork money can buy (slow-cooked along with the beans and the sauce)

entering or leaving the building. At the corner, we turned down Devyatinski Pereulok, past the similarly guarded side entrance of the embassy.

A 10- or 15-minute walk brought us to the church. As we passed into the interior, a woman attendant whom Mrs. Stiff had seen on her previous visit approached us, and Billie gave her copies of the pictures she had taken. The Russian woman, obviously pleased, took the pictures over and showed them to two of her friends. We walked to the front of the church and stood quietly while a Russian Orthodox priest performed some religious ceremonies. I said a prayer as I always do whenever I enter a church of any faith.

THEN, about ten minutes later, the woman attendant to whom Billie had given the pictures approached us and indicated that she wanted to show us the rest of the church. She took us farther into the interior and showed us some beautiful murals on the walls. Then a young, black-haired man came up to us and said that he was the artist who was restoring the murals. He spent the next ten minutes pointing out the work he had done and was planning to do, using a lot of sign language. Neither of us could understand very much of what he said as it was all in Russian.

While the artist was talking, a little old man joined us and suggested that we might like to see some other pictures by the artist who had originally painted the murals. He said something about the pictures being in a museum, then pulled a piece of paper out of his pocket, wrote down the name and address of the museum, and gave the paper to Billie. We thanked him and the other Russians who had been so kind and hospitable and left the church.

A little farther along the street Mrs. Stiff took my picture in front of a residential building. Then we passed four workingmen sitting on a bench. One of them noticed the camera and asked Billie if she would take their picture. She agreed, but when she asked them to move so that the camera wouldn't face the sun, some of the men objected. Billie, of course, did not take the picture and we continued our walk.

A short distance on, we turned up a street which we later found out was called Trekhgorni Val. We passed a group of women who were mixing some concrete and close by them saw two cute little Russian children. We asked one of the women for permission to photograph the children. She hesitated and looked toward two men who we had not known were behind us. The two men, we were to find out later, were Soviet police agents who no doubt had been following us since we left the embassy. One of them stepped up and said, *"Nyet."* Billie made no effort even to touch her camera, which was in a leather case, and I, of course, had no camera.

We still did not know what was objectionable about photographing two children, but we were to find out later that the Soviet government said there was trash in the background. Although neither of us noticed any trash at the time, there may well have been some, since when one leaves the few broad main thoroughfares of Moscow one invariably finds what in America we would describe as slum conditions. In any event Billie was interested only in a picture of two cute children, and it did not occur to either of us that the background was unusual. It is perhaps of some interest that the Soviet government never charged either of us with having photographed the scene—no doubt because we still had the roll of film, to prove that no picture had been taken.

A crowd began to gather, and the two plain-clothes agents insisted that we go to a building at the top of the hill. They said they would show us something more interesting. (We understood this because the Russian word *interresno* is very like the English "interesting," and the men repeated it a number of times.) Neither Billie nor I wanted to go, but we did not want to offend these people, particularly since the other Russians had been so pleasant to us in the church only a few minutes earlier. I also thought that the building might be the museum the man in the church had told us about. At any rate, we seemed to have no choice. We were herded by a group of people up the hill and had no chance to get away.

I became uneasy and said to Billie, "I hope we get back to the embassy in time for lunch." When we saw the building they wished us to enter, it seemed most unlikely that there was anything of interest in it. We stopped at the door and indicated we didn't wish to go any farther. But one of the plain-clothes men held open the door and said in a harsh, intimidating manner, *"Pachemu, pachemu?"* ("Why, why?")

I realized now that this might be a trap but also saw that we had practically no chance of getting away since we were surrounded by a group of men and women. I still hoped, however, that these people wanted to be friendly like those we had met in the church, and felt that perhaps I was afraid only because I didn't understand what they were saying. Furthermore, I knew that neither of us had done anything wrong even by Soviet law.

AS SOON as we stepped through the doorway, we could see that there was nothing of interest in the place. There were 15 or 20 people, mostly women, sitting in chairs along the wall and most of them had suitcases or packages in front of them. I had noticed a bus parked in front of the building and I assumed the people were waiting to go somewhere. There was also a desk in the far corner of the room with a telephone on it and a woman sitting behind it. On two of the walls there were bulletin boards with some notices in Russian posted on them. Someone in the room said that this was a *klub* (club), and I realized that we had probably been brought to a workers' club.

Now a workers' club in the Soviet Union is quite unlike any club in the Western World. There is no snack bar, no drinking, no dancing. Workers go there to absorb "culture" by reading Communist party and government publications, listening to Soviet radio broadcasts, and listening to records and music officially approved by the Soviet authorities. Many clubs have libraries or reading rooms and some have dormitories where workers may live.

One of the two plain-clothes men asked us to go to a room at the rear saying we would find something there still "more interesting," but we did not move more than five or ten feet from the door. We both were now certain that this was a trap of some sort. After a brief look around, we said, *"Spasibo"* ("Thank you"), and started to leave. We found the door blocked by three people, including one of the Russian agents. They refused to move and, when we asked to leave, simply said, *"Nyet, nyet."*

We immediately pulled from our purses our diplomatic cards (identity cards issued by the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs, which say in Russian that the individual is not to be held or detained) and showed them to the people blocking our way. One of the men tried to keep my card but I pulled it back from him.

WE STOOD there a moment, realizing now that we were going to be held against our will. Suddenly I saw the door start to open as a man tried to enter the building from the outside. I made a dash for the door and succeeded in getting my foot and fingers in it. But the two Russian agents seized me. The larger stood behind me and placed two burly arms around my chest, holding me tightly and painfully. The shorter man roughly held my arms to prevent any further movement, and a heavy Russian woman standing by slowly pushed the door shut on my hand. The only thing that saved my fingers from being seriously injured was the unusual construction of Russian doors, most of which have gaps between the door and the door frame. In addition, this door had an overlapping strip of wood at the edge so that my fingers were slowly pressed back against the flat frame of the door.

While the two men were manhandling me to prevent me from leaving, Billie dashed to the desk and dialed the embassy number. By a stroke of luck the embassy telephone operator answered on the first ring. (Telephone service is notoriously bad in Moscow and frequently one must dial three or four times to get the proper number.) Billie asked the operator for my husband since, unlike her husband, he speaks Russian, and she hoped that the Russian woman sitting behind the desk would give him the name and address of the building we were in. (Billie's asking for my husband may have been the reason that the Russians subsequently confused our identities; they no doubt believed that a woman would call her own husband.)

Billie told my husband that we were being held "in a club near the church behind the embassy." She quickly turned over the phone to the Russian woman by the desk, who she hoped would tell him the address, and then rushed to my aid. I was calling for help since one of my fingers was still caught in the door and the men holding me were hurting me.

Billie rushed up to the men and said, *"Nyet, nyet."* When they did nothing she told them in English to let me go and tried to pull the larger man's arms away from me, but she couldn't budge them. Seeing that I was in considerable pain, she courageously struck him a resounding whack on the cheek with the palm of her hand and stood back, looking him in the eye, waiting for the blow she was certain he would give her in return.

The secret policemen let go of me, and the larger started toward Billie as though he was going to strike her. Apparently, however, he decided that he had done enough mauling of women for that day, for he did not attack her and did not return to hold me. I made no further effort to escape from the room since I realized that resistance was useless. I refused, however, to leave the vicinity of the door and after a few minutes one of the women in the room brought me a chair and told me to sit down.

Soon Billie tried to telephone the embassy again, but this time she couldn't get through. We were afraid that the Russian woman by the telephone had not given my husband the address of the place. (We found out later that she hadn't, that the only information my husband had was that given him by Mrs. Stiff.)

During the next ten minutes we continued to ask our captors why we were being held. The two police agents simply shrugged their shoulders, while the other persons in the room looked at us with stolid, impassive faces. We now had a good opportunity to look closely at the men who had railroaded us into the building. One agent was about five feet seven, the other five nine, and both were of a hefty build. They were probably about forty or forty-five years old. Both wore dark-colored shirts and dark business suits with the excessively wide, bell-bottomed trousers which are the fashion in the Soviet Union today. The main memory I have of their faces was that they were expressionless except for the cold, hard eyes of the taller man.

We asked that someone be sent for who could speak English. With that the woman who had spoken briefly to my husband on the telephone came up to me and asked me if I worked. When I told her no, she indicated that I then had no need to hurry and that I should sit and wait. She said that someone who spoke English would be there soon, but no English-speaking Russian ever appeared.

SHORTLY afterward a militiaman arrived. (A militiaman is a policeman, but the Soviet authorities prefer the other designation because, they say, police are used in capitalist countries to suppress the workers.) We immediately showed him our diplomatic cards and said we wished to leave. Instead, he insisted that we accompany him to a room at the side of the building. At first we refused, pointing out that we were diplomatic personnel and that he had no right to hold us. He paid no attention to this argument, and again demanded that we accompany him. Not only was this man a uniformed official of the Soviet government, but he was armed with a pistol, so we had no choice but to accede.

We entered the other room and found it small, ill-ventilated and furnished only with a davenport, a chair, a desk with a telephone on it, and a large picture of Premier Malenkov. The two plain-clothes men followed us into the room, closed the door and stood in front of it.

We asked again for permission to use the telephone but the militiaman refused. I then said that I was very warm and asked that the small, upper window be opened. The militiaman repeated the request to the two agents but they refused.

During the next half hour, the militiaman telephoned and the two secret policemen went in and out of the room conferring with each other and giving instructions to the militiaman. I repeated my request that the window be opened so that we could have a little fresh air, and finally one of the plain-clothes men grudgingly complied.

At one time when I got up to walk around the room to stretch my legs the militiaman rapped on the desk and called out to me sharply. Billie quickly told him that his action was very *"nikulturni"* (in Russian this means "uncultured," and it is generally a very effective word since most Russians like to think of themselves as cultured). The

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The Russians had a word for it: "hooliganism"

Billie Stiff risked Russian beating in trying to free Mrs. Sommerlatte

militiaman smiled and said, *"Izvinite"* ("Excuse me").

Somewhat later I said I must have more air. One of the plain-clothes agents replied roughly that if I was warm I should take off my coat. I refused to do so. Then I said that they would either have to get me a doctor or let me go outside, since I was afraid that I would faint. The militiaman answered that he could not stay there any longer because he had to return to work. I replied that I did not wish to stay alone with the two men who had mistreated me, but would go outside with him and wait there.

The militiaman led us outside and told me to sit on a wooden bench in front of the building. After a few minutes a crowd began to gather and suddenly an American car drove up. Before it stopped, my husband had opened the door and was running toward us. He had spent the hour after receiving Mrs. Stiff's telephone call scouring the area around the embassy. Since the only information he had about our whereabouts was that which Billie had given him, he had asked numerous people and had gone to a number of clubs in the vicinity looking for a "club near a church."

Arrest Demand Is Refused

We told him briefly what had happened, and he immediately demanded that the militiaman arrest the two men who had manhandled me. These two men then smilingly denied to my face that they had ever laid a hand on me, and the militiaman said that he could do nothing. My husband next asked that the militiaman and the two plain-clothes agents go along with us in the car to a place where the charges could be properly investigated. They refused.

The two police agents then said that we had been walking in a "factory district." My husband said that so far as any of us knew it was a church district, and that if there were any factories in the area none of us knew about it. Even if there were, he said, it was not prohibited, since the Ministry of Foreign Affairs had not advised us that any of the areas in the immediate vicinity of the American Embassy were off limits to foreigners.

The two men shifted their attack and said that we had wanted to photograph trash. My husband told them that we had only been interested in photographing two children, but even if there had been trash in the background of which we were not aware, photographing it was not prohibited by the Soviet regulations on photography and, in any event, they had no right to detain us once we had identified ourselves.

At this point, a well-dressed but hard-looking woman made a hysterical speech denouncing imperialist warmongers, Americans who live in a police state and American women who slap Soviet police. (Her remarks were a clear admission that she knew the two men who had held me were agents of the Soviet secret police.) My husband replied briefly that he would not comment on life in the Soviet Union but that in America we did not attack defenseless women. If by some mischance an attack did occur, he said, any American policeman would immediately arrest the persons responsible.

My husband asked for the names of the two men who had manhandled me, but the militiaman refused to give them. He said that the men were known to him and their names would be given to the proper authorities. Seeing that nothing more could be accomplished, my husband helped us into the car and we returned to the embassy.

Reds Resort to Big Lie

But the Soviet government still had not finished with me. They now set out to prove the innocent guilty and the guilty innocent, and they used the standard Communist technique of the Big Lie. First they tried to weave a completely false story around a few facts in an effort to justify the outrageous behavior of their police agents, whom they now called a "worker" named Andrianov and a "schoolteacher" named Diomidov. A story distributed by Tass, the official Soviet news agency, said that Mrs. Stiff and I "had begun to group children living there [around Trekhgorni Val] for the purpose of photographing them on the background of a pile of rubble."

Although we neither knew of nor were interested in the rubble, we couldn't expect the Soviet account to give us the benefit of the doubt on this point. What we did have a right to expect was that the report would state that permission was asked to take a picture of the children, and when it was refused, Mrs. Stiff made no effort to take her camera from its carrying case. But, of course, had the Russians made this admission there would have been no pretext for an incident.

A second obviously false part of the Tass story was the following paragraph: "Arriving at the club, one of the said women, who, it was established later, is the wife of a second secretary of the United States Embassy, Sommerlatte, telephoned the embassy and made for the exit. At the exit, having met the worker Andrianov, who tried to draw her attention to the fact that what she had done was wrong, Sommerlatte struck Andrianov in the face and rudely pushed a woman worker of the Trekhgornaya Manufaktura, D. I. Sinelnikova, who was standing near."

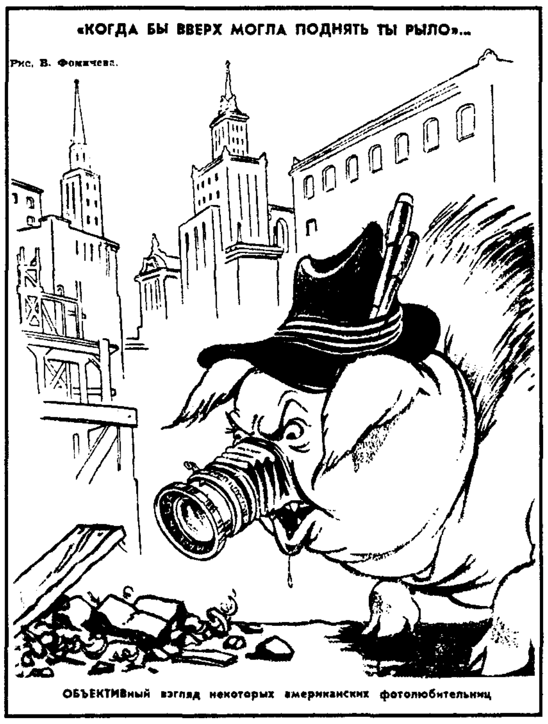
Aside from the confusion of identities by the Russians, the story is so patently fabricated here that a number of questions arise in the mind of any intelligent person: Why would a woman telephone and "make for the exit" if she weren't afraid? What was wrong about wanting to telephone? And why would a slightly built American woman strike a much larger Russian man unless she (or her friend, as was actually the case) was being forcibly held or mistreated by him?

Cartoon Ridicules Her

The Soviet government's next step was to make low and vicious attacks on me personally, accusing me of "hooliganism" and "behavior unworthy of a civilized person." This was followed by a particularly nasty cartoon in the Soviet workers' newspaper Trud. Then at the Moscow circus, a one-ring affair where animal and variety acts are interspersed with numerous political and propaganda skits, there appeared an act in which a fat and slovenly Russian woman (who was called Mrs. Sommerlatte) came on the stage with a bag of trash and started to photograph it. For some reason which remains a mystery to me, this act was taken off after one or two performances.

The reason the Soviet government attacked me so violently in the press was entirely clear. The Soviet authorities realized that they had been completely in the wrong. But since they could never admit that a Russian could be wrong and an American right, and since they realized from our embassy's note of protest, which was delivered shortly after the incident, that the American government was most indignant over the Soviet authorities' treatment of two American women, they employed the smear technique.

The reason that the two Soviet agents decided to pick on Mrs. Stiff and me at the time is not quite so clear. The most plausible explanation seems to be that the two men, who were secret police agents assigned to follow embassy personnel, followed us into the church and saw Mrs. Stiff give something to the Russian woman attendant and then receive a note from a Russian man there. In the mind of a Russian secret police agent, these perfectly harmless and friendly gestures could mean only one thing—that we were Mata Haris engaged in espionage work for the American Embassy. We, therefore, had to be held while an investigation was made at the church. When the police learned that the pictures given the Russian woman were perfectly harmless photographs and that the old man had only written down the address of a museum, they were willing to release us. But not, of course, until they had made up a story to attempt to justify their own highhanded and illegal actions.


«КОГДА БЫ ВВЕРХ МОГЛА ПОДНЯТЬ ТЫ РЫЛО»...
Рис. В. Фомичева.
ОБЪЕКТИВный взгляд некоторых американских фотолюбительниц

Soviet newspaper, Trud, ran ugly cartoon of Sommerlatte affair. Caption says: "*Objective* view of certain American photography fans"

Stick to Fabrication

During the next few days Ambassador Bohlen did everything in his power to prove to the highest officials in the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs the complete falsity of their charges. The same day that the incident occurred he tried to send one of the senior officers of the embassy to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs to make a verbal protest, but the Soviet officials were "too busy" to receive him.

The next day the embassy sent a note of protest to the Soviet government. A few hours after it was delivered the Soviet Foreign Office gave us the fabricated Soviet version of the incident, which ended by declaring me *persona non grata.* Although Ambassador Bohlen later talked with both Foreign Minister Molotov and Deputy Foreign Minister Gromyko, neither would admit that the Soviet version of the incident was in any way incorrect.

Our friends in the American and foreign diplomatic community thought the whole affair most outrageous. Not only had we been treated in a manner unheard of in the Western World, but the Soviet government's own account of events was so improbable that any intelligent person would have some difficulty believing it.

On Friday, October 29th, I began packing our belongings, and one week later—on the morning of November 5th—my husband and I said good-by to our American and foreign friends at Moscow's Vnukovo airport. At noon we landed in Leningrad and ate our last meal in the Soviet Union. We then continued our flight to Helsinki.

A wave of relief and happiness overcame me when we arrived in the Finnish capital and thus brought to an end the most harrowing experience of my life. As of this writing, our plans are uncertain, but I hope that my husband's next assignment will take him to a country where women may walk along the street without fear of being molested by the secret police. I have no scars to show, but I still have nightmares of that frightening experience which I hope will leave me in time. ▲▲▲

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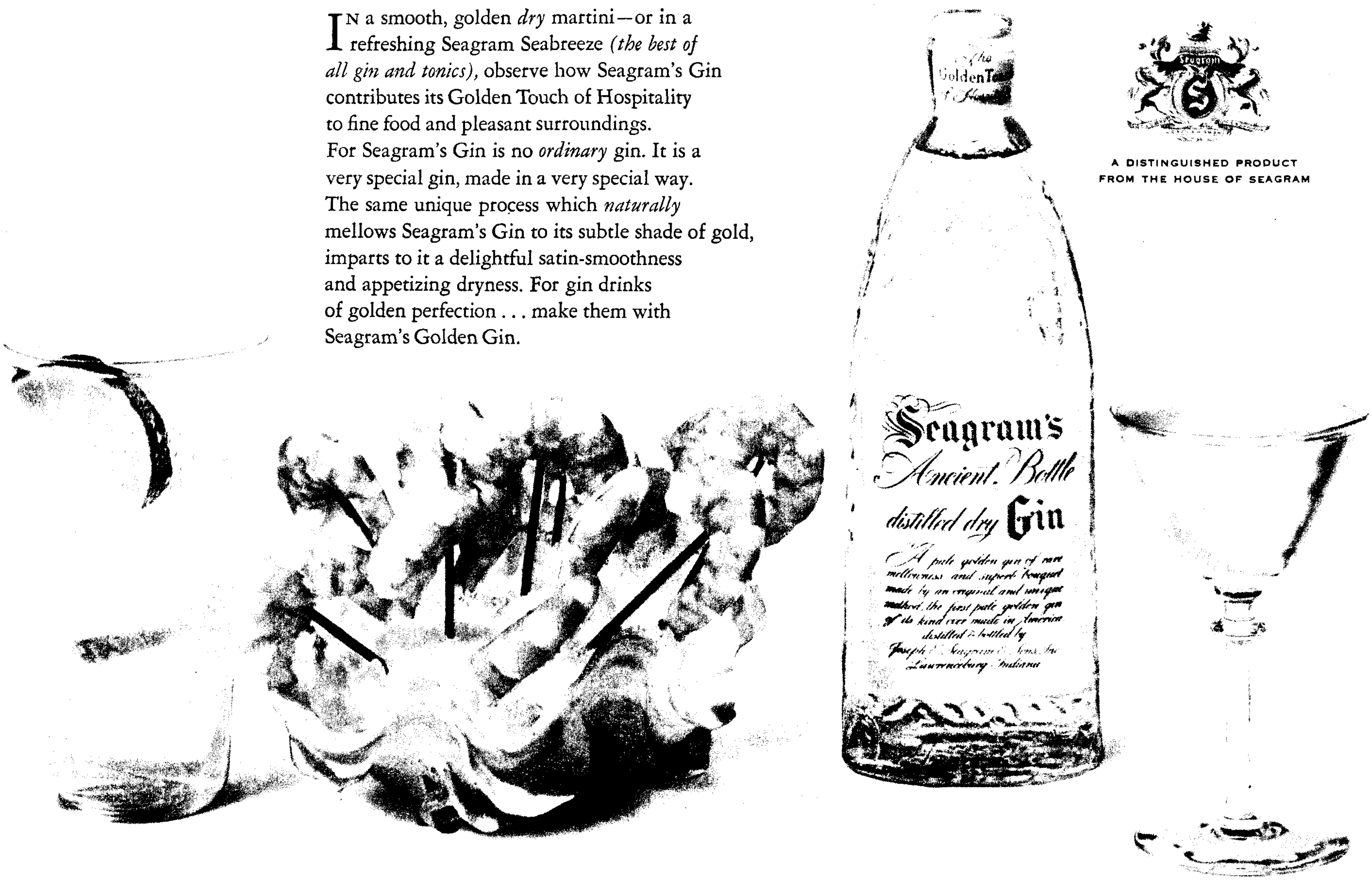
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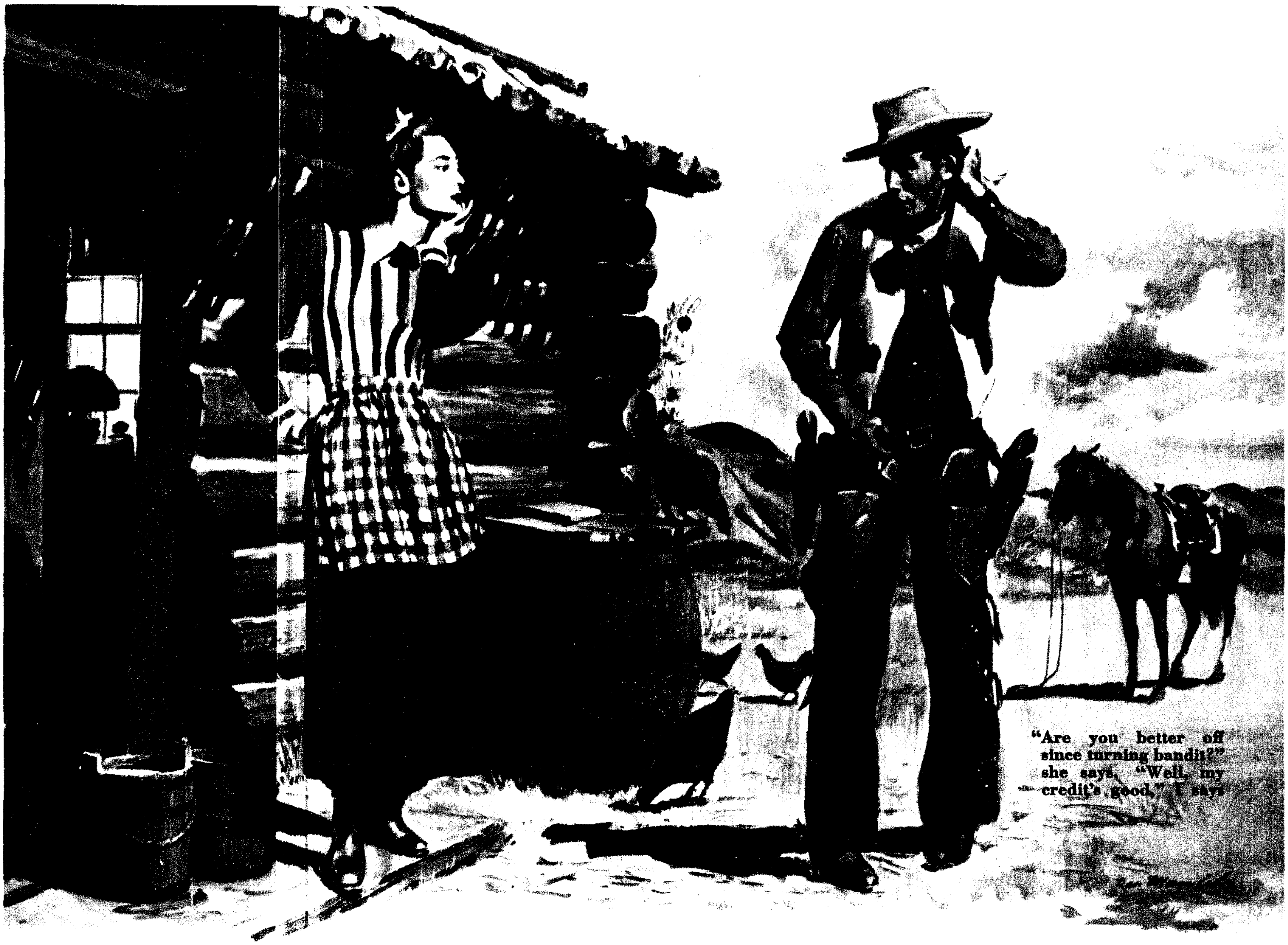

"Are you better off since turning bandit?" she says. "Well, my credit's good," I says

I Woke Up Wicked

By DOROTHY M. JOHNSON

I was wrestlin' with my virtue, and had it about licked. Then I met this Miz Pickett

I USED to ride with the Rough String, but not any more. They were tough outlaws, the Rough String; and the lawmen that chased them—from a safe distance—were hard cases too. In fact, everybody around was plumb dangerous except me.

I was just a poor innocent cowboy, broke but not otherwise wicked. I didn't want to join them outlaws, but I was running away from justice—the crookedest justice a man ever did see.

I was twenty-two years old when I rode into Durkee, a cow town in Montana, after helping eight other fellows deliver a trail herd of steers.

"Meet me at the bank in an hour, boys," says the wagon boss. "I'll pay you off there."

We scattered and started strutting the streets, all ragged and dusty. We was too broke to do anything but strut. Anyhow, while I was strutting, I see this fellow behind a lawman's badge; he's leaning against a wall and looking at me with his eyes narrow. It made me kind of mad, and my heart was pure, so I says, "See anything green? Well, by gosh, if it ain't Cousin Cuthbert! Cuthbert, you shouldn't of ever run off. Your ma's been real upset . . ."

This fellow's eyes got so narrow I doubt if he could see out of 'em. "I am Buck Sanderson, deputy sheriff of this county, stranger," he says. And then, looking around, he whispers, "How are you, Willie?"

"My name is Duke Jackson," I says, huffy. "Seems like I made a mistake."

"You are a likely-looking young fellow," he says, "and you remind me of somebody." He grinned, and I knew that he had got the idea—when I mentioned a mistake—that I meant I was on the run. But I wasn't, not then.

"You got any plans?" he says.

"The crew is gonna get paid off at the bank pretty quick," I says. "After that, I don't know what I'm going to do."

"Well, come have a drink," Cuthbert says. I should have known better than to drink with Cuthbert; he'd been a mean one as far back as anyone could remember. But I had a beer and he had redeye, and then he says, "I'll mosey along with you to the bank."

"I can find it," I says, but he come anyway.

On the way, he stopped by a hitch rack and squinted at a sorrel gelding with a fancy saddle on it. "Now what's the sheriff's horse doing there?" Cuthbert says. "It was supposed to be took to the livery stable, but I guess the hostler forgot. Here, you lead him. I got to keep my gun hand free. This is a tough town."

So I led the sheriff's horse, rather than argue

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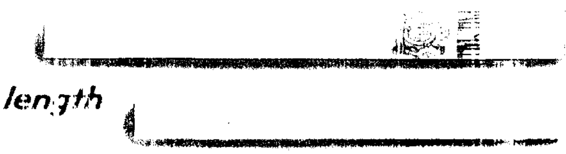

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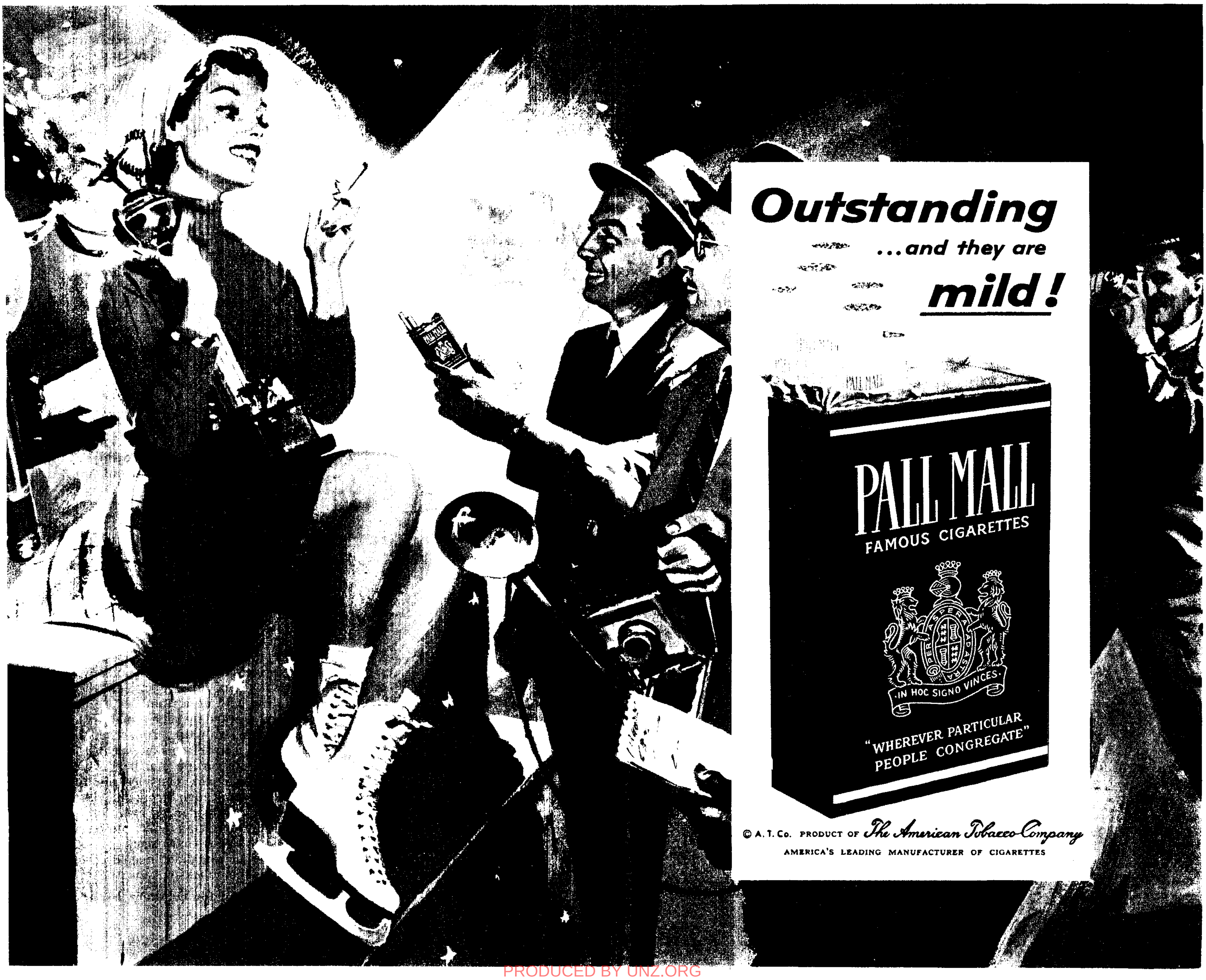

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with him. There were some fellers standing in front of the bank, but none of them was from our crew, and there were some standing around.

"I'll go see if they're paying off yet," Cuthbert says. "You hold the horse."

"You hold him," I says. "It's me that's getting paid off."

"Hold the horse," he says, and walked into the bank.

So I was standing there, getting mad, when three or four shots blasted out. And then men came boiling out of the bank like hornets and leaped onto those horses that were waiting. Cuthbert came running out with them and after he'd let the men get a start, he began shooting after them but up in the air. Well, I saw that Cuthbert hadn't changed any, and so I did the obvious thing. I jumped on the sheriff's horse and galloped him out of town.

Ten miles out, I stopped to see if any bullets had hit me. They hadn't.

There I was, a refugee from justice. I'd stolen the sheriff's horse and the bank had been robbed with me standing there looking like I was part of the gang; and I was a witness to the fact that Cuthbert was in on the holdup.

I sat down in some bushes and wished for a smoke and thought what a perfidious villain Cuthbert was. I decided to go back and tell the sheriff so, but not just then. Some other year would do. If I went riding back to Durkee that day, on the sheriff's horse, people might misunderstand.

So I rode another ten miles farther away. It was getting dark then, so I unsaddled and went to bed in the brush, wishing I could eat grass like the sorrel.

I WOKE up in the dark, only it wasn't as dark as it should have been. Somebody had a fire going, and I could hear voices. Couldn't even get a good night's sleep. I sat up, and somebody says, "That you, Larry?"

"Never heard of him," I says, "and can't you guys shut up?" That just goes to show what a pure heart I had, and how little brains. All of a sudden I recalled that I was a wanted man.

"Got a rifle on you, mister," a man says. "Come into the light with your hands up."

Well, I didn't even stop to pull my boots on.

"How long you been there?" says a man with a black mustache. There was four of them, all with guns.

"How long don't matter," says a man with a beard. "Either he's on our side or he's dead."

"I'm on your side," I says. "Which side is it?"

The man with the beard scowled. "You ever drive cattle on shares?"

"Just for wages," I says. "I'm a hard-working cowpuncher looking for opportunity."

"It has found you," he says. "What name do you go by?"

"Duke," I says.

"No you don't," he says. "I'm Duke." He glared at me in the firelight and says, "You're Leather."

"Why, no such thing," I says. "I'm just ordinary skin like anybody else." Then it dawned on me who Duke was. Everybody knew the name Duke—he was one of the head men of the Rough String. Fact was, I took the name Duke not long before just because a reputation went with it. "If you say so," I says politely, "I'm Leather."

"Go bring Leather his boots," says Duke. "Give Leather a cup of coffee."

So that was how my name changed to Leather. And that was how I turned outlaw. No trouble at all. Went to bed honest and broke, woke up wicked and still broke, and misunderstood by everybody.

"We'll use you in our cattle business," Duke says. I didn't have to make any decisions at all. Seemed like I was cut out to be an outlaw.

YOU might think driving stolen cattle was exciting, but it wasn't. They didn't look any different, viewed from the dust of the drags, than they had when I pushed 'em along as a law-abiding citizen. Why should they look any different? They were some of the very same cattle.

After they became rustled cattle, they were easier to move. When they were an honest herd, the trail crew was always running into officious lawmen and nesters that said, "You can't bring that herd through here," or "You can't cross this line." But when the Rough String moved them steers, the lawmen were somewheres else on urgent business, and the nesters waited for the Rough String with open arms.

This is the life, I began to think. It's safer and quieter than being an honest cowboy. Nobody gets close enough to point a gun at you.

I could even have enjoyed it, if all them outlaws hadn't made me so nervous. Duke and the boys looked like cowboys anywhere, dusty and needing a shave and red-eyed because with a trail herd you never get enough sleep. But just knowing they were the Rough String made me shiver. I tried being real polite and they glared at me. So I glared back and showed my teeth, and after that we got along pretty good. Being an outlaw is awful tiring on your facial muscles.

We moved them cattle right along because the former owner had men on our trail. When the men got too close, they slowed up and waited for a prudent length of time. Their boss was even safer—he was home on the ranch.

One day we pushed them cattle up to the top of a ridge of rimrock, and Duke says with a happy sigh, "Well, there it is. Eagle Nest."

The boys sat their horses and we looked down into the prettiest green valley I ever saw. The steers went snorting down the trail to water and that good green grass, and most of the boys went "Yippee!" and spurred their horses down that way too.

"Got girls waiting down there," says Duke, explaining to me. "Now there is a settlement no lawman ever laid eyes on, boy. Eagle Nest. Not that they don't know where it is." He chuckled fondly. "We got a nice layout there. Families, kids. Even had a school till the teacher got married."

Then he yelled, "Yippee!" and off he went.

"I am Leather Jackson," I says out loud to myself. "One of the Rough String. I am a real bad fellow." But I wished my teeth wouldn't chatter.

I yelled, "Yippee!" and spurred my horse down the trail to Eagle Nest. Down there they would protect me. I flung out of the saddle in front of a log building with a hitch rack. I started to swagger in. A dark-skinned girl with long earrings came out, grinned at me.

"You are Leath-air Jackson," she says to me.

I swept off my hat and says, "Yes, ma'am, I sure am, and what might your name be?" Not that I gave a hang, but it occurred to me that the Rough String's womenfolks might be even more dangerous than the outlaws themselves, and one thing you can always do when you meet a strange woman, dangerous or not, is be awful polite.

"My name ees Carmen," she says. She would have been kind of pretty if she hadn't had a front tooth missing.

Just then Duke came out, glaring at me and her, so I says, "Pleased to meet you, ma'am," and, "Boss, where do I bunk? Because it's a long, long time since I had a solid night's sleep."

"The big cabin is for the single men," Duke says. "The little shacks is for those of us that's got our own housekeeping arrangements. Carmen, you git along home and don't dally."

She dallied long enough to wave her eyelashes at me, and that raised a chill along the back of my neck.

"Your credit's good at the store here," Duke says, motioning.

That was a relief, because being an outlaw hadn't made me any more prosperous than I was while honest.

The storekeeper squinted at me and says, "I reckon you're Leather Jackson. What'll you have?"

"Soap to get the dust off the outside," I says. "And a can of peaches to cut it on the inside, and some smoking tobacco to relax with before I go to sleep for four or five days." I was a real tough rustler, I was. Still wanted the same old comforts.

While I was drinking the peach juice, my eyes got used to the dim light and I see there was a woman about ten feet away. I put a little more distance between us, and she says in a ladylike voice, "Mr. Frasier, would you introduce us?"

"Oh, gosh, excuse me," the storekeeper says. "Miz Pickett, meet Leather Jackson, the new man."

I grabbed off my hat and bowed, and she says, "How do you do."

She was a pretty lady, real young, had all her teeth too, but she looked prim and wore a black dress. Now if there was anything you didn't expect to see in Eagle Nest, it was a prim lady.

"I hope we shall become better acquainted," she says, and went out.

"Yes, sir," I says, baffled. "Yes, ma'am, I do too."

Mr. Frasier leaned on the counter and says, "The widow there, she came in here to teach school and married Ed Pickett. He got shot a while back. The other women say she's a snob because she keeps her marriage certificate up on the wall. They're just jealous."

"A very nice lady," I says.

"You bet she is," says Mr. Frasier. "And if you ever find out whether she really did ride with the String when they took the express car at Middle Fork, I sure wish you'd tell me."

I didn't say anything. My teeth were chattering on the rim of the peach can.

Then I could see it all—the poor orphan girl with no folks, lured into that nest of thieves to teach school, falling in love with this bandit, Pickett, then widowed when he was shot. Poor girl.

I put down the empty peach can and throwed my shoulders back and says, "If you want trouble with Leather Jackson, mister, just let me hear you say one evil word about that little lady."

He cringed. "I wouldn't, Leather, I sure wouldn't! I bet it's all a vicious rumor, about her riding with the—"

"That's the kind of evil word I mean," I grated at him, getting my gun out after only one fumble.

He backed off with his hands hovering level with his shoulders. "Just a vicious rumor," he repeated, "and to show you my heart's in the right place, I won't even charge you for that merchandise you just bought."

"I'll let the slander pass this time," I says through my teeth.

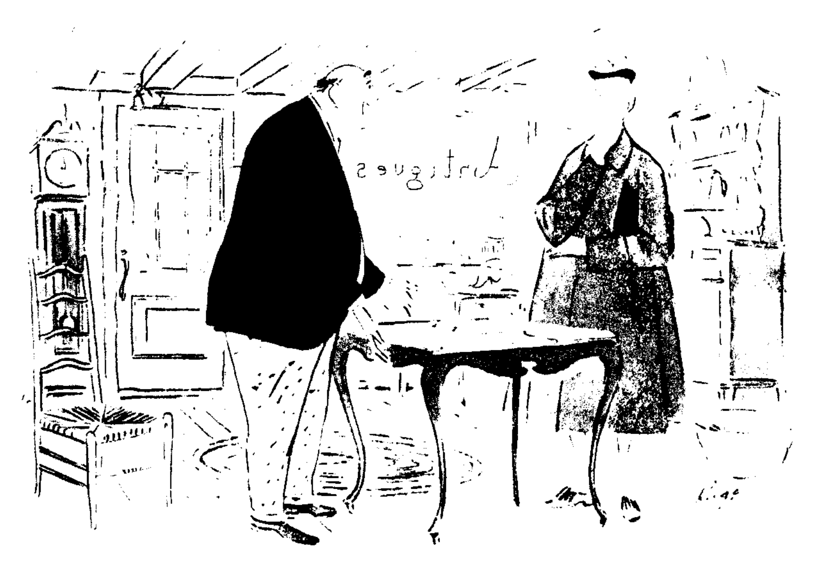
I FOUND the bunkhouse, swaggered in like I owned it, growled at the boys, and laid down in a bunk. I slept thirty-six hours and would have stretched it longer except I got hungry.

I woke up mad—and scared—and laid there with my eyes shut, figuring. William Jackson, I says to myself. Duke Jackson. Leather Jackson—now I know you, boy. What you going to do about the jam you're in? You're not the best shot in the world, and your hide's not made of cast iron.

Then I figured out why I was mad, and I was ashamed of being so selfish when there was that unprotected little widow marooned among that bunch of outlaws.

She dassent leave, I figured, because probably the hardhearted lawmen would get her on account of her associations. She wouldn't have no money to live on if she could escape. And them saying she held up a train!

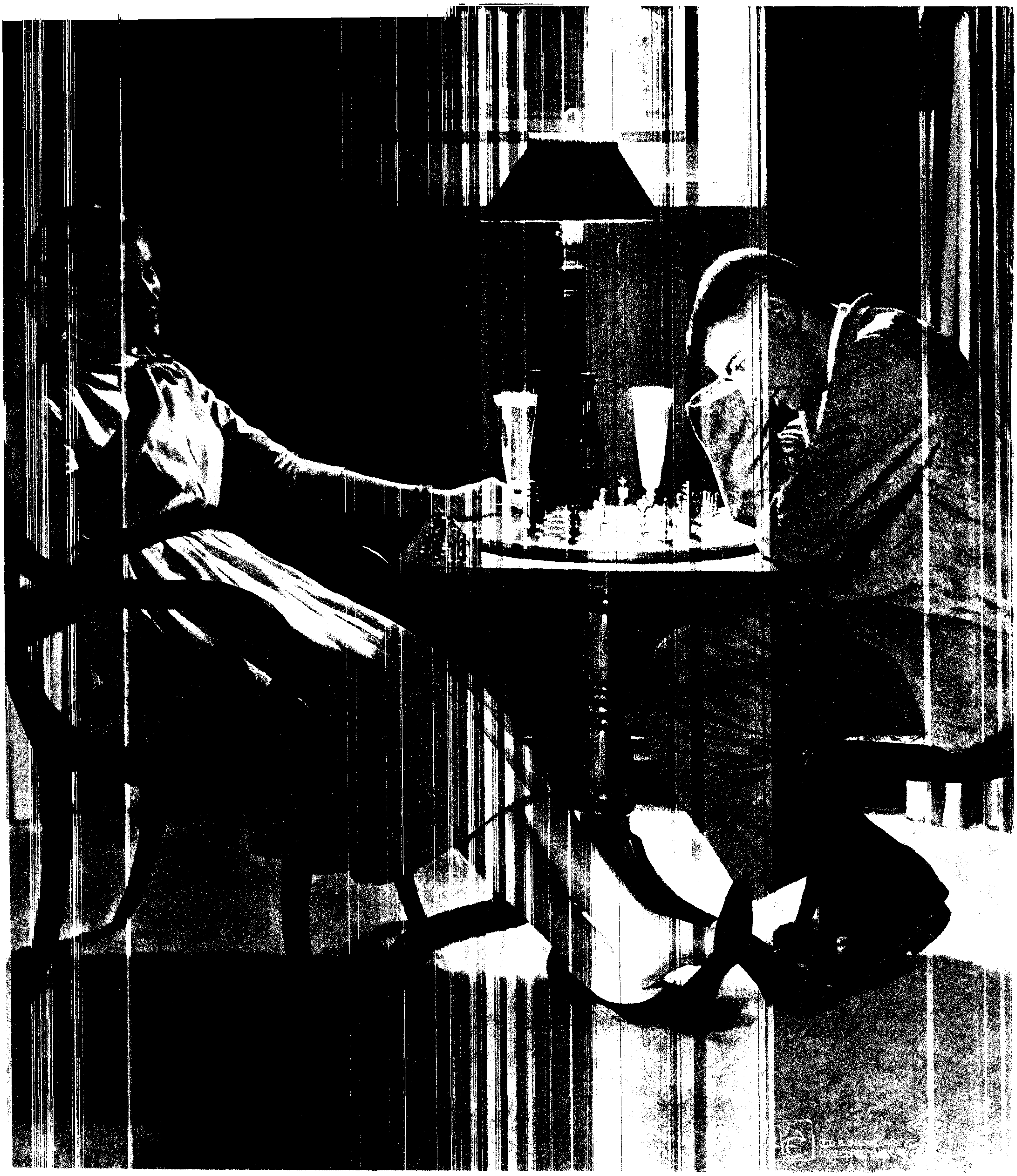
Well, I worked up such a mad that I wasn't scared no more. I marched out of there in a towering rage, clean forgetting to put on my gun belt, which was in my war-sack. Outside I met two or three of the Rough String and glared 'em down. They glanced at my hip—no holster there—and my murderous expression, and they seen a cold-blooded killer who didn't need firearms. Why, Leather Jackson was the type



COLLIER'S

"Certainly it's cracked. But do you know *who* cracked it? *Benjamin Franklin!*"

JOHN RUGE



"CHECK!" by Douglass Crockwell. *Number 104 in the series, "Home Life in America"*

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that would throttle an innocent grizzly bear with his raw hands.

They stepped aside for me, they did, and made me welcome.

I never did so much loafing since I got out of my cradle. There was nothing to do but lounge around and gossip and play cards and get drunk. But I didn't wish to drink in that company and was scared to win at cards and was not willing to lose, even if I'd had any money. So I listened, and that got monotonous too. My face got tired from keeping that tough look on it, just waiting for somebody to drop an evil word about poor little Miz Pickett.

They gabbed about old holdups till hell wouldn't have it. Miz Pickett's late husband was horse-holder when they robbed a bank, I learned, and some kid shot him from an upstairs window when they came out with the money.

About once an hour somebody would say with a long face, "I never did believe that nonsense about the widow riding with the boys when they took that train, though," and the rest of them, carefully not looking my way, would chime in, "No, no!" like the Ladies Aid fighting off the idea that the preacher had been seen staggering out of a saloon.

After three or four days, one of Duke's boys gave me the word I was on guard duty that night.

"Take your rifle up to the rim," he says, "and keep it ready. Nobody's tried to bust into Eagle Nest yet, but some lawman out to make a reputation might try it.

"One shot from up there, and we'll all be with you. But don't go shooting just to hear the echo. There's few things make the boys madder than to get routed out of a quiet night's sleep because some green guard gets jumpy and shoots the blazes out of a friendly juniper.

"In fact," he says, "one fellow that done it ain't been seen since."

There was even a password. It was Twenty Dollars.

NIGHT-HERDING rimrock and juniper trees is even duller than riding around bedded-down cattle. I hummed and whistled and sang and practiced cussing. Then I dozed, setting on a rock with the rifle on my knees.

I woke up with an awful start, hearing horses coming up the trail from the outside. I rolled down behind the rock and yelped, "Who's there?"

A deep voice says, "Who the hell do you think it is? And who are you?"

See, no password. So if he didn't want to give it, I was willing. Nobody told me who was supposed to deal.

"For twenty dollars I'd bore a hole clean through you," I says, big and rough, but protected by that rock. Anyhow I hoped I was.

He says, "Oh, hell, I forgot that. We got lots more than twenty dollars on a led horse here."

So we got acquainted. There was five of them, and they had eighteen thousand dollars in gold coin on a pack horse. We shook hands and had a smoke and then they went on down to Eagle Nest.

I set there shaking like a leaf, because I found out, hiding behind that rock, that I wasn't going to shoot nobody no matter how big I talked about it. Even if they'd all been Cuthbert, I wouldn't have fired. I'd shot lots of game and butchered yearlings that wasn't mine, like any cowboy when the grub's short. I'd even shot a horse once. But I never had shot any people. And damned if I was going to start then, just to protect that bunch of bandits down in Eagle Nest.

It was quite a surprise to find that out, let me tell you. Made me stop and think.

Well, I wasn't hobbled on that rimrock. What's to stop me, I says to myself, from getting on my horse and going down over the side to where the rest of the world is?

Several things stopped me. The Rough String wouldn't like it, though I hadn't taken no blood oath or anything. The law might not like it too well because I still had the sheriff's horse. And if I left, who was going to look out for Miz Pickett? No, I wasn't hobbled. But I was sure ground-tied.

So there I was, a stout young fellow with no bad habits, stuck with them outlaws and helpless to protect the lady. Rustling cattle was no habit with me. I never did drink much, I'd quit gambling and I was scared of the girls in Eagle Nest—they carried little knives in their garters. All in all, I was a nicer fellow since turning badman. I was way too good for Eagle Nest, but I was scared to pull out.

When I rode down at sunup, Miz Pickett was lugging a couple buckets of water to her cabin, so I stopped to help. Delicate-looking little thing, she was.

"I'd ask you in to breakfast," she says, "but you know how people talk."

"Ma'am, I would gladly go hungry to protect your good name," I says gallantly, setting down the buckets on her doorsill.

She gave me an approving look, and I noticed something funny. She was such a prim little lady, and she looked at me like my aunt used to, over her glasses. But Miz Pickett didn't have any glasses on.

"Leather," says she, "have you ever thought of quitting this life of banditry?"

Of course I hadn't thought of much else since I got into it, but I was cautious. Anyhow, if she wanted to reform me, I wanted to give her the satisfaction of having a job to do. "A fellow thinks about a lot of things," I says.

"Crime brings nobody any good. There was my husband, shot down in a bank robbery. Are you any better off since you joined the Rough String?"

"Well, yes," I says. "I've got credit at Mr. Frasier's store."

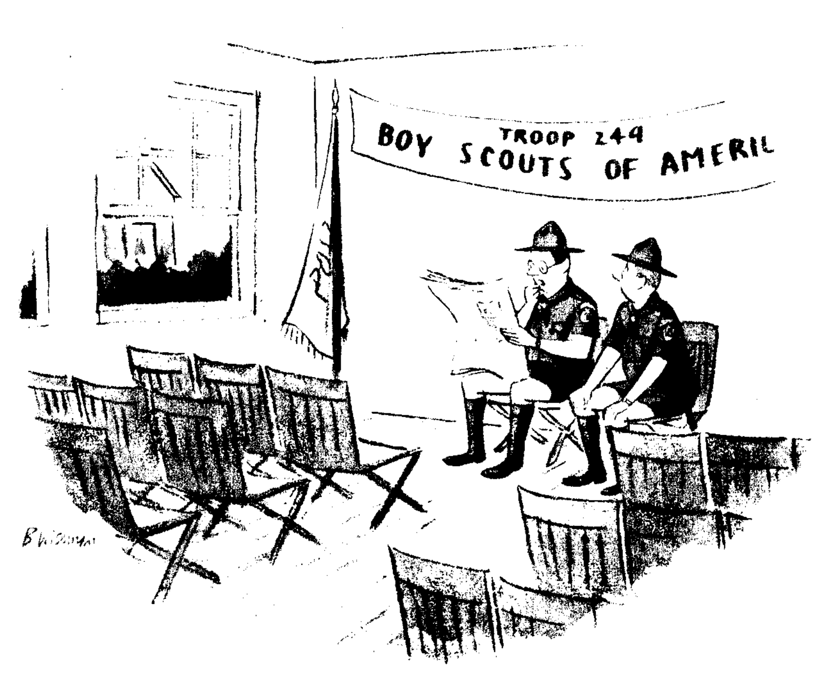
"But no cash. Not until those steers you brought in are fattened up and sold. And what if the nesters who usually buy them get cold feet? The price on stolen beef goes pretty low."

"Was you thinking of getting out of here, ma'am?" I asked in a whisper. "Not that I want to inquire into your private business."

She looked droopy and pitiful. "I could go back to teaching. But would the Rough String dare to let me leave?"

"Any time you want help, ma'am," I says, big and bold. "Any time you want to go . . ."

She smiled, sad and sweet. "Thank you, Leather. Thank you for carrying the water."



"On Friday, Jolly Jene's Fun Machine goes off the air at six-thirty and Captain Video doesn't come on till seven—we could squeeze a half-hour meeting in *there* . . ."

COLLIER'S

BERNARD WISEMAN

LESS than a week later, Duke said it was my turn on guard again. For a minute—or less, probably—I thought of asking him what those other lazy loafers were going to do with their time and why should I get night duty so soon, but it seemed smarter to show my teeth and answer, "Fine. Maybe a posse will try coming in tonight."

So I went up there again on the rimrock, but this time it was some different. Miz Pickett had fixed up a nice lunch for me. I ate away at it in the dark, mourning my misspent past and cloudy future, and yawning and fretting. Then I sat up with a jerk.

There was the sound of a horse down below, on the Eagle Nest side of the rim. No horse in his right mind would be up there in the rocks and brush of his own choice. The Rough String prided itself on good horses; there wasn't a halfwit in the lot. So that horse wasn't there by accident.

Maybe Duke or somebody was testing me out, I thought. I hollered, "Who's there? Come up and lemme look at you or I shoot!" My, I sounded mean. Even scared myself.

A woman's voice says, "Oh, please don't!"

If there was anything I didn't want up there, it was a visit from one of those Eagle Nest girls. I grabbed the sheriff's horse's reins, ready to ride down to the outside into the arms of the law, if I could find any.

Then the voice said, "Leather, please help me. Can you change twenty dollars?" and I went plunging through the brush toward it, because it was Miz Pickett. For her, I wouldn't even have needed the password.

She had a saddle horse and a pack horse, and one of them had a hoof caught between two logs. She had come up through the brush instead of on the trail. I yanked him out. I felt so big and strong I could have picked him up and lifted him out if necessary.

"This is the night I'm leaving," Miz Pickett says. "The String is having a big meeting down in the saloon, planning something."

"Let's ride," I says, with my chest puffed up like a balloon. And that was how I left Eagle Nest. Easy enough, once somebody gave me a push.

We could have gone faster if she hadn't brought so much stuff on that pack horse. I didn't even have my warsack, what cowboys used to call their forty years' gatherings, but Miz Pickett had everything—grub and blankets and a couple of wooden boxes roped on. A neater job of packing stuff on a horse I never saw.

"Those are my books in there," she explained when I glanced at the boxes at our first camp stop.

But when I stepped toward the pack horse to start unloading, she says, "Never mind. Get the fire going."

"Sure, I'll get the fire going," I says, "but I wouldn't want you to lift that heavy stuff off the pack saddle."

"Leather," she says, and I turned around. She still looked prim, in a black dress with a divided skirt for riding, but do you know what? She had a gun in her hand, pointed right at me.

"There's some good firewood over there to the left," I says, marching that way in a hurry. Right then I got a strong suspicion there was mighty few books in them boxes.

OFFICIALLY, we took turns sleeping, with one awake staying on guard, not necessarily against wandering lawmen. The Eagle Nest boys were going to miss that gold any minute. But Miz Pickett didn't seem to sleep at all. We camped four nights, and every time I moved a muscle while I was on guard, I could feel that she was watching me from where she was supposed to be asleep.

One morning she says, "Another forty miles to the railroad."

"Fine," I says, wondering if she'd dry-gulch me before we got there.

"Ever been in the cattle business on your own?" she asks, drinking coffee by the breakfast fire.

"Never have," I says.

"I think I'll give up schoolteaching," she says, "and raise beef instead. I'll need a foreman."

That girl didn't need a foreman. Everything she needed she already had. But I was in no position to refuse.

"Expect you will, ma'am," I says, and she nodded as if it was all settled.

"I'm going to take the train," she says. "You can come along a week later. I'm your sister, Mary Smith."

"Pleased to meet you, sis," I says. "And where should I meet you later?" Not that I was going to, but it seemed wise to act interested.

She wrote down the address, and I put the paper in my shirt pocket.

She smiled her prim little smile and says, "We're going to get along all right in the cattle business, Leather."

I hoped we were, with a thousand miles between us as soon as I could arrange it.

"You'd better hide out," she suggested. "The Rough String must be getting pretty close by now."

"Reckon so," I agreed. She didn't recommend any place for me to hide. With the law ahead, and the String hot on the trail behind, what was a poor cowboy to do that was wanted for bank robbery, cattle rustling and stealing the sheriff's sorrel horse?

"By the way," I says, "where do you figure to catch your train?"

"Durkee," she says.

I JUMPED a foot. "Durkee! Hell—excuse me, ma'am—shucks, I can't go to Durkee! That's where the bank was held up while I was holding this horse right in front of it, and this horse belongs to the sheriff."

She looked annoyed. I sure hated to annoy Miz Pickett.

"Durkee is where I intend to get the train," she says. "My goodness, do you think you're so outstanding that anybody's going to recognize you?"

She had a sound argument there. I did look like an ordinary feller, now I'd stopped scowling at the Rough String and let my face hang loose. And if Cuthbert was around, was he going to identify me? He certainly was not. I'd identify him right back.

"There's a man in Durkee I'd like to meet sometime," she says thoughtfully. "I don't know for sure who he is, but he's a cunning wretch. He engineered a bank holdup there that the Rough String got the blame for. The String didn't hold up that bank."

"No, ma'am, they didn't," I says. "They were rustling cattle."

We made it to the depot just ahead of the train. As I was snatching at the ropes on the pack saddle, I glanced at the loafers by the depot, and cold chills went up my spine, because there was Cuthbert behind his nickel-plated star. But I preferred his company to Miz Pickett's. Also to the Rough String, and they might catch up with me any time, now she was going to leave me with no protection but my own wits.

"Good-by, Harry, take care of yourself," says Little Rattlesnake, and I histed her boxes on the train.

"My books," I heard her tell the conductor.

The train started chugging, and I heard my second cousin say behind me, "Hello, Duke."

Cuthbert has got a nice safe jail, I says to myself. That's one place the Rough String won't come looking for me. I says, "Hello, Buck."

"Who's the girl?" he says.

"My sister," I says.

"I know your sisters, Willie, and she ain't one of 'em," he says. "You always were a liar."

So I hit him, but not very hard. He grappled me and I fought just a bit.

"Resisting an officer, eh?" he says, yanking his gun out and relieving me of mine. "March right along, Willie, and if you tell anyone we're related, I'll shoot you."

"I'd rather be shot than admit it," I says, marching so fast he had to trot to keep up with me.

I was sure glad to get in that jail.

"Now we'll see what you got in your pockets," says Cuthbert. "H'm, broke, of course. What's this piece of paper here in your shirt pocket? I bet that's the address of the girl you put on the train."

"Don't take that!" I says. "I'll never remember where I'm to meet her."

He backed off, grinning, with the paper in his hand. "And why should she want you to meet her?" he says.

"Don't know as she does," I says, "but she's my golden future. She's not only pretty, she's also rich and wants a foreman for her ranch."

"Shouldn't be hard to find her a good man," says Cuthbert, tilting his hat.

"She said she'd sure like to meet you," I says, "but if you was to go climb on that train, it would be just plain dirty of you, because I seen her first." The train tooted and Cuthbert grinned.

"Stay here, Willie boy," he says.

He plumb forgot to lock the door, but I stayed in the cell. I stayed and stayed and stayed.

Around suppertime an older man came in. "What you doing here?"

"Was put here by a fellow with a star on," I says.

"Ain't nothing wrote down in the book," he says. "What you in for?"

"Hitting him, I guess," I says.

"Often wanted to do it myself," says the man. "You can go, for all I care."

Was there no refuge for Willie Jackson, the reformed outlaw?

"I'm wanted in nine states and some territories," I says. "Robbing banks, rustling cattle, forgery, arson—and stealing horses! Why, I've got the horse that belongs to the sheriff right now!"

"You have!" he says, grinning. "Why, boy, I'm so glad to find that horse, you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to make you a deputy. Somebody said they seen Buck get on the train, so I'm going to need a new deputy. We got some big game coming in here. You know who's coming? Eight members of the Rough String, that's who. Got fourteen more of 'em divided up among two other counties, and we get the overflow. Telegram just came in about how they run into a posse that was looking for somebody else. You want to work for me?"

"My health ain't good," I says. "I get the leaping flitters."

He yelled down the street after me, "Hey, you forgot your gun and your hat," so I had to delay long enough to go back and get them.

"Yes, sir," the sheriff says, "they got just about all the Rough String except the little lady that was boss of the whole shebang. Five thousand dollars reward for her, but nobody outside the outlaws knows what she looks like."

"Five feet two," I says, "dark hair, looks like the president of the Ladies Aid. She took the same train out as your deputy. That's why he was on it."

"Whoof!" says the sheriff and left without warning. I was right behind him, but I passed him when he swung into the telegraph office. His horse was ten yards farther on.

IT WAS a year or so, I guess, before they stopped looking for me, the unidentified cowboy riding the sheriff's horse who set the law on Miz Pickett and perfidious Cuthbert. If I'd turned myself in to be a witness, I could have been a hero. But I always felt kind of guilty about Cuthbert, and anyhow you never knew which ones of the Rough String would break out of the penitentiary next.

Miz Pickett broke out and got away to South America. I was sure relieved to read about it in a newspaper, though I never had nothing against the South Americans. But they saved me from having to run off to some heathen place like China to stay clear of Miz Pickett. I went home to Pennsylvania and took up plowing. —DOROTHY M. JOHNSON

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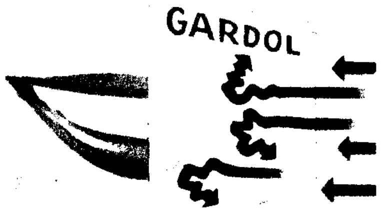

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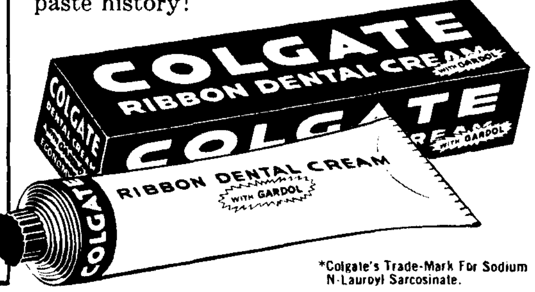

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ARE WE LOSING THE RACE FOR NUCLEAR POWER?

By RONALD SCHILLER

[illegible] s of today, [illegible] the U.S. is gaining [illegible]

THE United States is engaged in an international atomic struggle whose outcome may prove far more important to the future of the world than the development of the A-bomb or the hydrogen weapon. It is a race to provide nuclear power for civilian use—and at stake are victory in the cold war and perhaps our leadership of the free world.

Russia apparently has won the first heat in this crucial race; she claims to have one atomic power plant already in operation and is building others. Britain, with one plant well along and another under construction, is certain to win the second heat. The United States, a late starter, so far is trailing.

America's lagging position in the nuclear-power contest is so serious, in fact, that our topmost strategy-planning board, the National Security Council, is directing a determined effort to capture the lead for this country. At its instigation and under supervision of the Atomic Energy Commission, great strides are being made. Construction work has begun on one plant and will soon start on five others. Once-skeptical industrialists predict that nuclear power will begin supplementing coal-generated electricity in the United States within five to 10 years. But many obstacles must be overcome before the United States can claim final victory.

Why does so much hinge on the outcome of the race? Exactly what is nuclear power? How does it work, and what can it do? Just how much have we accomplished so far? What is the outlook for the future?

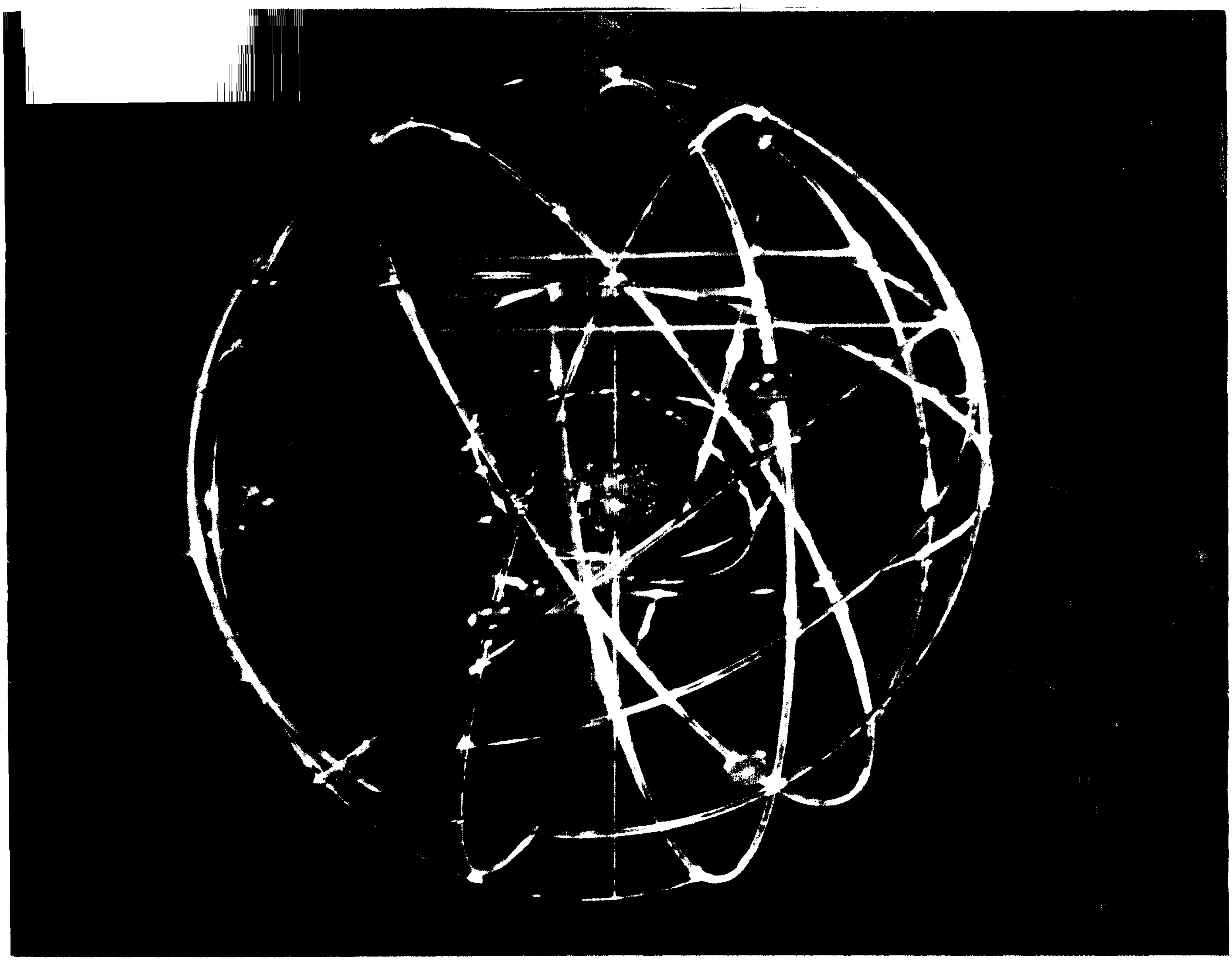
For nearly three months, I traveled through the United States seeking the answers to these important questions. In the course of my 3,500-mile journey, I visited virtually every important government and private research center in which nuclear-power projects are being explored. I interviewed more than 80 top people in the field—from members of the Atomic Energy Commission and presidents of some of the country's largest corporations to scientists and engineers on the job. I studied more than 100 technical documents, reports and analyses which, when piled one on top of another, measured more than a foot and a half. Here is what I saw and learned.

The stakes are high in the nuclear-power race because the most voracious economic hunger on earth today is for electric energy. Industrial nations need an ever-increasing supply to keep their factory wheels turning and maintain decent living standards; teeming, backward regions must get power to develop the resources that can lift them out of their desperate poverty. To keep up with the demand, the world's electric generating capacity was boosted 33 per cent in just the three years ending in 1951. It has increased even faster since then.

But while the demand is increasing, the means to supply it are not; the world is fast running out of the conventional means of making power. Western Europe is already using its water-power sources to capacity, its coal seams are nearing depletion, and it lacks oil and natural gas. The industrial areas of Asia, South America and eastern Canada are also feeling the pinch. In less than a century, according to an official study made for the AEC, all conventional fuel sources in existence will be able to supply only 6 per cent of the world's energy requirements if demands continue to increase at the present rate.

"One day man may war for energy as he once warred for food," Dr. Clifford C. Furnas, a chemical engineer and chancellor of the University of Buffalo, told me.

To avert such a catastrophe, scientists are constantly searching for new kinds of power. Many believe that solar power—harnessing the energy of the sun—is the ultimate answer. But most agree that the only solution for the next few decades, at least, lies in nuclear power. The Atomic Energy Commission estimates that there is 23 times as much energy in fissionable material in the earth's crust as



HOWELL CONANT

Russia and Britain. The stakes are [illegible]

in all other economically recoverable fuel sources combined.

The problem is to extract the energy from this fissionable material and deliver it in usable form to the consumer at a cost no higher than that of electricity produced by conventional means. To the nation which first solves that problem will go victory in the nuclear-power race—and perhaps world leadership as well.

The danger inherent in Russia's leap to the fore in the field is clear. Representative W. Sterling Cole, former chairman of the House-Senate Committee on Atomic Energy, warned recently: "The possibility that Russia might actually demonstrate her allegedly peaceful intentions in the field of atomic energy while we are still concentrating on atomic weapons would be a major blow to our position in the world." Atomic Energy Commissioner Thomas E. Murray has been even more explicit. "Power-hungry countries will gravitate toward the U.S.S.R. if she wins the nuclear-power race, regardless of the aversion they have for tyranny," he told me.

The suggestion that our allies may desert us if we lose the atomic-power struggle may sound fantastic, but it isn't. Belgium provided a concrete example of the threat. Her mines in the Belgian Congo are believed to furnish three quarters of America's entire supply of uranium, primary source of atomic energy, but until last August our government was prevented by law from giving Belgium any nuclear information, equipment or fuel in return. Belgian Communists inflated the situation into a burning national issue. In the opinion of no less an authority than Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, up until last August Belgium might have found it impossible to turn down the Russians if they had offered her a practical nuclear power plant in exchange for uranium, coupled with other favorable economic and political agreements. In such an event, we would have lost part of the world's richest uranium supply to the Communists—along with a stanch ally.

Explaining to Laymen What Nuclear Power Is

Just what is this new kind of power which is playing such a large role in shaping the future of the world? Nuclear power is power produced by utilizing the energy released by the splitting of atoms, and the heart of a nuclear power plant is a reactor, or atomic furnace. "Fundamentally, an atomic reactor and an atomic bomb are much the same," explains Dr. Lawrence R. Hafstad, former AEC chief of reactor development. "Set up a chain reaction that will expend uranium's energy in a fraction of a second and you have a bomb. Slow down the rate of fission and expend the energy over months or years and you have an atomic reactor."

In a nuclear power plant, the intense heat created by the fissioning atoms is used to make steam, which then turns turbogenerators to make electricity in the conventional manner. Thus the reactor takes the place of the coal furnace in a present-day power plant, and uranium replaces coal as the fuel used.

Basically, in the words of atomic scientist Dr. Alvin Weinberg, a reactor consists of "a pot, a pipe and a pump." Uranium—surrounded by a "moderator" of graphite or some similar substance that controls the rate of fission to prevent the uranium from exploding—is put into a pot filled with a "coolant," such as water or some other fluid. When the uranium fissions, it raises the temperature of the coolant several hundred degrees. A pump then drives the intensely hot fluid through a circuit of pipes. The fluid is believed too radioactive to be used in the turbines directly, however, and therefore is passed through boilers, called "heat exchangers," where it converts nonradioactive water to steam. The steam then spins the turbogenerators.

The process is complicated by tremendous diffi-

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culties. To begin with, the entire reactor is lethally radioactive. It must be encased behind tons of concrete and steel. Every part must be made to operate perfectly at high temperature and, if possible, for the life of the reactor since no repairman can ever enter its interior. All adjustments must be made by remote control. If an important part goes out of commission, the reactor may have to be abandoned entirely.

Last June 30th the Soviet Council of Ministers triumphantly announced that Soviet scientists had solved these myriad problems and were successfully running the world's first industrial atomic-power station—three years before the first U.S. plant will be ready.

The Russian plant is small, generating only 5,000 kilowatts, but the Soviets say they are building full-scale 50,000- to 100,000-kilowatt plants as well. No details have been announced, however, and there is no indication yet that they have cracked the basic problem of reducing the cost of nuclear power to that of conventionally produced electricity. Nevertheless, with their head start, it is by no means impossible that the Russians will beat us in developing practical atomic power plants. After all, their nuclear scientists devised a triggering mechanism for the hydrogen bomb six months before we did.

Great Britain will also complete and begin operating one and perhaps two atomic power plants before our first plant is ready. In fact, her first reactor is scheduled to start pumping 50,000 kilowatts of electricity into the nation's grid system in early 1956—almost two years before our first plant will be completed.

The 50,000-kilowatt British plant, started in 1952, is being built at Calder Hall, a deserted dairy farm in northwest England's mountainous Cumberland County. It is designed along the general lines of the atom engine of the U.S. Navy's first nuclear submarine, the Nautilus, except that it will be cooled by air rather than by water.

Britain will build its second nuclear-power station at Dounreay, a tiny thistle-thatched hamlet in the Scottish Highlands. It will have a greater capacity and be more complex than the first plant. For example, the reactor will be housed in a steel ball 200 feet in diameter as a precaution against radioactive leakage.

Where Britain's Advantage Lies

It is too early to estimate how the cost of the nuclear power to be produced at Calder Hall and Dounreay will compare with that of conventionally produced electricity. However, Great Britain can make the changeover to atomic power economically at a much earlier stage than the United States, because conventional power costs twice as much to produce in England as here.

The British intend to build reactors not only for themselves, but for export. Not long ago Sir David Eccles, then British Minister of Works, called on the British engineering industry to step up its efforts in the field. "British engineering firms must be ready to take the lead in the markets of the world . . . where there are immense orders waiting for all kinds of atomic plants," he said.

How is it that both Russia and Britain have outdistanced the United States in the nuclear-power race? The sad truth is that the United States has lost out in the early stages of the race largely by default.

American scientists first produced token amounts of electricity from nuclear sources years ago, just to show it could be done, and the U.S. Navy's magnificent atomic submarine engine prototype had been generating massive amounts of energy in the Idaho desert a year before the Russian plant went into operation. Indeed, AEC officials now say that we could have completed a nuclear power plant long before rival powers had we not deemed it our duty, as the free world's arsenal against Communism, to concentrate on nuclear weapons rather than peacetime applications. Of the $12,000,000,000 invested in our atomic program to date, only 5 per cent has been spent on general nonmilitary research and only a fraction of this amount on nuclear-power projects.

Vast Demands for U.S. Power

Although the United States has ample fuel reserves for the next few decades, it now appears that we, too, will be dependent on atomic power much sooner than we had expected a few years ago. We already consume more than 40 per cent of the world's total supply of electricity, and the demand is rising so fantastically that our generating capacity has to be doubled every 10 years. If the present rate of expansion continues—and economists see no reason why it should not—the United States may require 30 times as much electricity by the end of the century as we produce at present. All the known available hydro, coal, oil and natural-gas sources in the country will not be able to supply fuel for half that amount.

In belated recognition of this fact, the U.S. government during 1954 took three farsighted steps to recover our peacetime atomic leadership:

- In the spring, the AEC earmarked $200,000,000 to build five experimental atomic power plants. Ground was broken for the first at Shippingport, Pennsylvania, on Labor Day.
- In August, Congress passed a new atomic energy act which modified the government's atomic monopoly and opened the field to private industry. It permits private companies, under AEC license, to own and operate reactors and other atomic facilities, to use and produce fissionable materials, to take out nuclear patents (with certain restrictions), and to export atomic equipment to friendly countries abroad. Firms which had been straining at the barrier for nine years immediately rushed in to stake out claims in what seems certain to become the country's biggest industry. Indeed, new concerns are scrambling into the atomic field at such a rate that any statistic offered would be hopelessly outdated within a few weeks. Last October, 1,800 people representing nearly 1,000 firms and organizations throughout the country attended a three-day conference on peaceful uses of atomic energy.
- In September, President Eisenhower sharply reversed America's policy of non-co-operation with foreign countries in atomic matters with two brilliantly conceived strokes. The first was a U.S. offer to help Belgium and Canada build power reactors on their own soil, which should end the Russian threat to our richest uranium-ore supplies. The second was the establishment of an international atomic pool to speed peacetime nuclear development abroad, which draws the teeth from the Communists' major propaganda line that "the U.S. wants atoms only for de-

struction, while Russia is developing them for peace." Although invited to join the atoms-for-peace plan, Russia will not be able to do so unless she abandons her historic policy of secrecy in technological matters. Initial members are the United States, Canada, Great Britain, France, South Africa and Australia; other nations will join soon. As part of the plan, the U.S. has already contributed 220 pounds of fissionable fuel to the proposed agency, will open a reactor school to train technicians from friendly nations and will call an international conference of atomic scientists in this country later this year.

Despite these encouraging developments, one big question still confronts American scientists, engineers and industrialists: What type of nuclear power plant will prove the most economical and efficient? Literally hundreds of different reactor designs are possible.

When the AEC decided to push ahead with atomic power, it faced a tough decision. With our national security at stake, the commission could not afford to guess wrong, to invest hundreds of millions of dollars of the public's money in the wrong kind of plant. In the end it decided to build five power plants, each radically different from the others, during the next five years.

Details of how these plants will operate are still secret for security reasons, but the broad principles involved have been released.

Plant No. 1 is a pressurized water reactor—"PWR" for short. Construction has already begun at Shippingport, on the Ohio River 25 miles west of Pittsburgh. The only full-scale power plant in the program, it will cost $52,000,000. When completed late in 1957, it will generate at least 60,000 kilowatts of electric power—and perhaps considerably more. The radioactive part of the plant, consisting of the reactor and heat exchangers, will be installed in three giant underground steel-and-concrete shells. It will be fueled with solid rods of enriched uranium immersed in water, which will be kept under pressure to absorb as much heat as possible for transmission to the boilers.

PWR Criticized by Scientists

The reactor is being built under supervision of Rear Admiral Hyman G. Rickover of the AEC and Charles H. Weaver, a young executive of Westinghouse Electric Corporation—the same brilliant team that built the engine for the Nautilus. The PWR works on much the same principle as the sub engine. It was, in fact, a direct outgrowth of Rickover's proposed nuclear aircraft-carrier engine which was abandoned for economy reasons two years ago and has since been revived. This fact has caused criticism among scientists who claim that the PWR is a land-based ship reactor, obsolete before it left the drawing boards, and can never hope to produce economical electricity. Seventeen reactor experts, who were quietly polled by the House-Senate Committee on Atomic Energy, voted it "the least promising" of the five approaches.

Rickover and Weaver refute these charges. They say that despite its naval ancestry, the PWR has been so completely remodeled that it could never be installed in a ship. The charge of obsolescence is equally unfair, they contend. "By the same token, every new plane and automobile we build is also obsolete," says Rickover. "More advanced designs are always on the drawing board. We know this plant will work, as was proved by the submarine. Whether any of the other designs can do better is still a matter of conjecture."

The other four reactors in the AEC's program are considerably smaller. Their construction costs range from $10,000,000 to $47,000,000, their power output from 5,000 to 16,000 kilowatts. Each is intended to solve a different major economic or technical difficulty inherent in the PWR.

On Sea Wolf's Engine Principle

Plant No. 2, a sodium-graphite reactor, works on the same principle as the engine of the second nuclear submarine, the Sea Wolf. By using molten metal as its coolant, it can get two and a half times more heat and electricity out of the fissioning uranium than is possible by using water. It is being built in the Santa Susana Mountains, near Los Angeles, by the North American Aviation Company.

Plant No. 3, a boiling-water reactor, was designed by Dr. Walter Zinn, of the Argonne National Laboratory, near Chicago, and will be built by Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company. It attempts to eliminate the expensive and wasteful heat exchangers and secondary steam circuit by boiling water in the reactor itself, then piping the radioactive steam direct to the turbogenerators. For a long time scientists feared that if water were allowed to boil in a reactor, the reactor would "run away" and explode like an atom bomb. Zinn proved his idea feasible in a dramatic way. He built a small-scale boiling reactor out in the Idaho desert, pulled out all the controls and let it run wild. "The visual results were quite spectacular," Dr. Zinn noted dryly. However, the mechanism did not explode. The rapidly accumulating steam suffocated the chain reaction and put out the atomic fire. In the full-scale reactor the accumulation of steam will be controlled.

Plant No. 4, a fast breeder, tackles the important problem of fuel economy. Uranium, as it comes from the earth, is made up of two separate isotopes—a small number of highly fissionable U-235 atoms and 140 times as many nonfissionable U-238 atoms. When the tiny amount of U-235 is used up, the chain reaction stops. In the process of fissioning, however, the U-235 atoms emit bullets, called neutrons, which smack into the lethargic U-238 and convert it into another highly fissionable element—plutonium, a vital ingredient in both atom and hydrogen bombs. This process is called breeding. Theoretically, it should be possible to breed as much fissionable material as is burned up, or even more.

Dr. Zinn, who is also in charge of this project, surrounds the fast-breeder reactor with a heavy blanket of U-238, allowing it to be freely bombarded with neutrons from the fissioning core. When sufficient plutonium has accumulated, the jacket is pulled out of the reactor and refined. The recovered plutonium can either be used in atomic and hydrogen weapons, or returned to the reactor to provide more fuel. By repeating the process often enough, every last atom of uranium theoretically can be made fissionable, thus stretching the world's nuclear-fuel supply more than 100 times and drastically reducing the ultimate cost of nuclear electricity. "Not to make use of the breeding process," Dr. Zinn says, "would be a horri-

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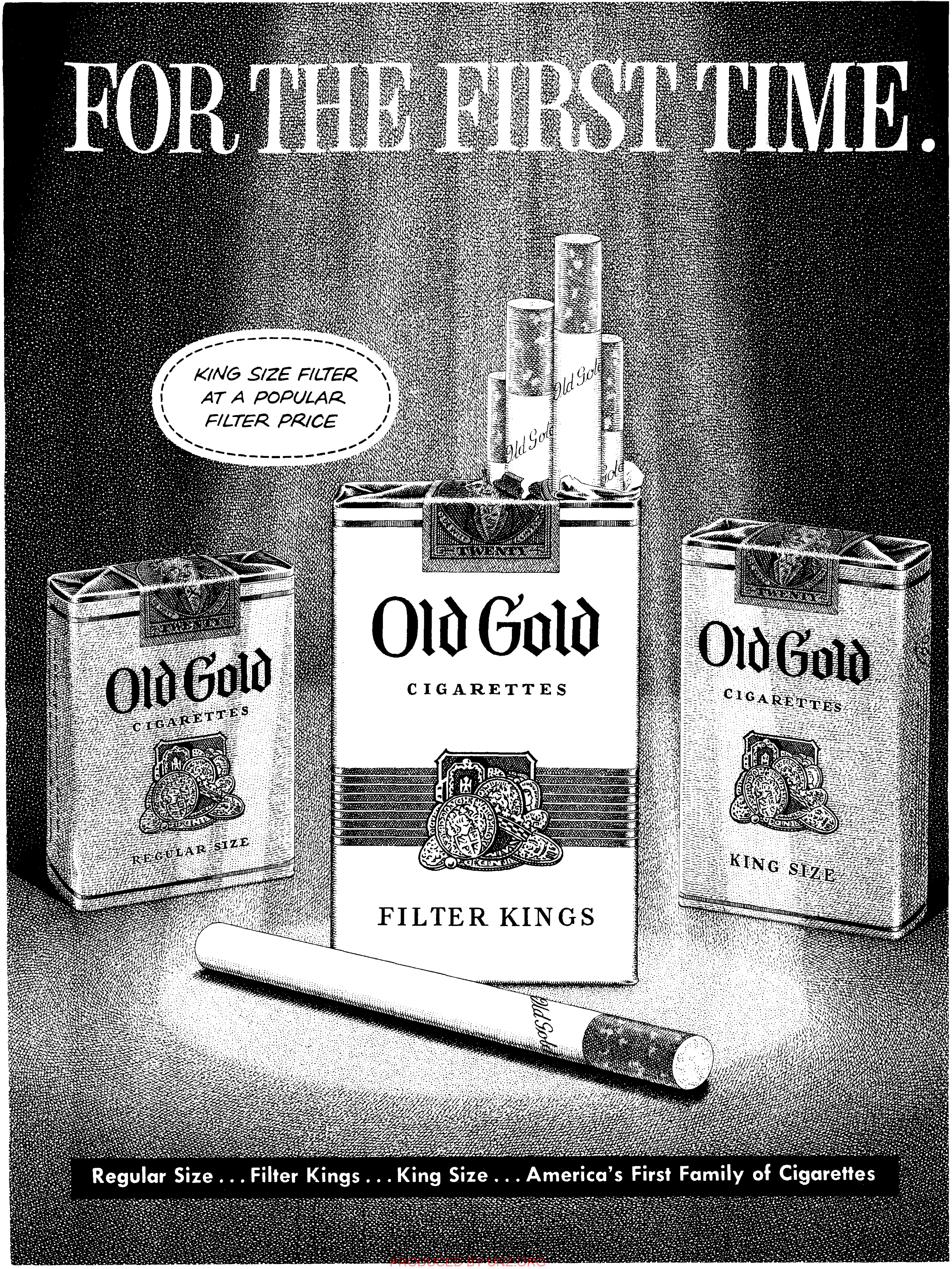
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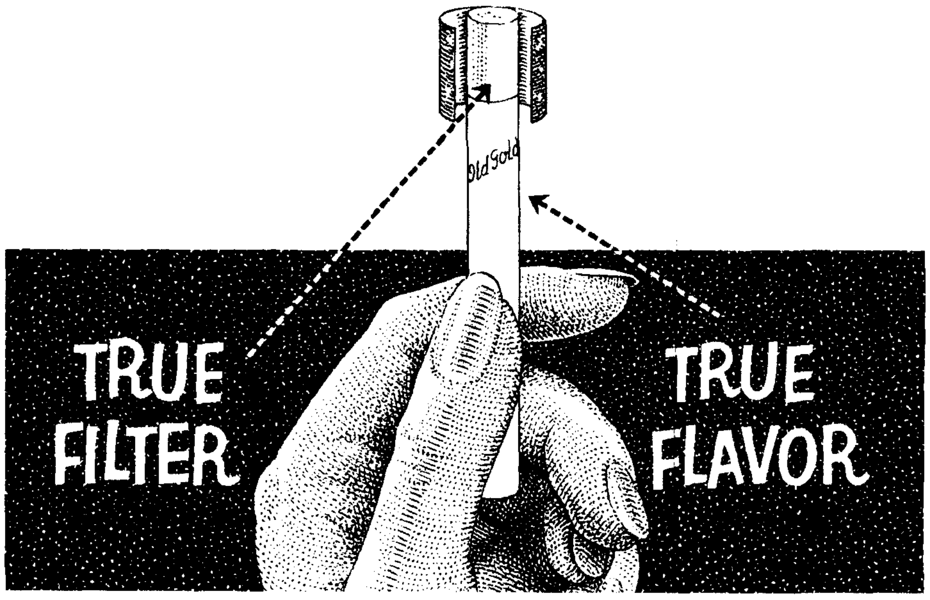

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ble waste of our essential uranium resources."

Plant No. 5, a homogenous reactor, will be built at Oak Ridge National Laboratory by Dr. Alvin Weinberg. It has excited scientists far more than any of the others. A self-contained nuclear "dream plant," it may solve all the problems, economic and practical, now associated with other reactors. In this reactor, the fuel is in liquid form. Combined with water, it forms a fissionable radioactive "soup" which circulates freely throughout the whole system. Somewhere along the circuit, a chemical plant will be installed to filter out the radioactive wastes that accumulate, very much as the kidney in the human body purifies the circulating blood stream. There will be no need to shut down the reactor to replace the uranium, since fresh nuclear fuel in liquid form can be added while the reactor is running—"about an eyedropperful every few days," Dr. Weinberg believes. As an added advantage, the reactor later on may be fueled with thorium, a radioactive element which is cheaper and safer to handle than tricky uranium. Theoretically, such a reactor could keep on generating electricity forever, or at least until its parts wore out. However, the technical problems presented are so complicated that it may take a considerable time to perfect the device.

The Plant at Fort Belvoir

A sixth important nuclear plant, not part of the five-year program, will be built by the American Locomotive Company for the U.S. Army at Fort Belvoir, Virginia. Known as a packaged-power reactor, it is intended primarily for military use and transportation by air. When disassembled, none of its components will weigh more than 10 tons, nor measure more than 9 x 9 x 27 feet. It bears the same relation to the large reactors that a diesel engine does to a city power plant. It will turn out about 2,000 kilowatts of electric power (enough for a town of about 2,500 people), cost $2,096,753, and need refueling once a year. It could be immensely useful on invasion beachheads and at isolated military bases such as Thule, Greenland, where diesel fuel oil now has to be flown in at immense cost, as well as in private mining, refining and other industrial operations in remote jungles or mountains where electricity is now prohibitively expensive.

Valuable as these government-financed plants will be in solving basic technical and economic problems, the nuclear-power age will not come to the United States until private industry picks up the ball and finances its own plants—and at the moment industry is dragging its feet.

It is a paradoxical situation. Nearly all the important utilities, chemical and engineering firms in the country have rushed into the nuclear-power field. But once in, they have been timid about venturing too far into the unknown; their efforts so far have been confined mostly to research and "feasibility" studies.

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Eighteen private-company study programs on nuclear power have been authorized by the AEC, and they spread geographically from New England to the Pacific Coast. The farthest advanced, probably, is a project sponsored by 30-odd companies headed by the Detroit Edison Company. They have spent several million dollars in research and are now testing components. If the tests prove successful, they expect to start building a fast-breeder type of reactor, generating between 100,000 and 200,000 kilowatts, somewhere in Michigan's "thumb" in 1956.

Research by Other Companies

Another five-company group, with headquarters at Commonwealth Edison of Chicago, is studying boiling and homogenous reactors. General Electric is looking into a graphite-moderated, water-cooled design. Monsanto Chemical and other companies are investigating the breeder approach.

The hesitation of private industry to build atomic power plants is understandable. Unlike other new industries which started small and grew to greatness, nuclear power was born a giant. A full-scale atomic power plant will cost at least $50,000,000, and private industry has no better idea than the AEC which of the various reactor designs will prove the most efficient and economical.

Recognizing this problem, the AEC announced in January that it would try to meet private companies part way. AEC Chairman Lewis L. Strauss said the government, "within the limits of available funds," would help private firms build experimental reactors for industrial uses—provided the companies themselves give satisfactory assurances that they will assume the risk of construction, ownership and operation of the reactors. He asked that proposals be submitted by April 1st. The federal aid is expected to take three forms: free use of nuclear fuel, free research and development work in AEC laboratories, and payments for technical and economic data.

To their credit, private companies already have plunged ahead where the government has clearly pointed the way.

Eighteen firms submitted bids to build the Army's packaged-power reactor; the contract was awarded to the American Locomotive Company, whose bid was some $6,000,000 below preliminary estimates. North American Aviation put up $2,500,000 in cash for the privilege of erecting the experimental sodium-graphite plant, which will not return them a cent in tangible profit. Duquesne Light Company, of Pittsburgh, won the right to operate the pressurized water reactor over nine competing utility groups by offering terms so favorable that it saved the government $30,000,000. Duquesne is certain to lose money on the deal but its chairman, Philip Fleger, is convinced that the know-how the company will gain will more than compensate it for the loss.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty industry faces in solving nuclear problems is the smothering secrecy with which the government has surrounded all technical atomic data—nonmilitary as well as military. The policy was dictated by the fear that Russia might acquire knowledge it did not already have. But the overwhelming majority of industrialists and scientists complain that we have hurt ourselves worse than the Russians by withholding vital knowledge from our own people.

The new Atomic Energy Act provides for gradual declassification of information where it does not involve "undue risk to security." The AEC has more than 100 consultants at work helping in the declassification job, but the process is much too slow. Engineers still have to be cleared before being allowed to work on atomic problems of a nonmilitary nature, and even then are given only the information they "need to know" to do their job—a procedure which prevents the cross-fertilization of ideas on which progress is based. Self-trained geniuses, like an Edison, a Ford or an Alexander Graham Bell, could contribute little to our nuclear-power program because of lack of information.

How We Can Win Atomic Victory

"We will not win the atomic race by keeping secrets from the Russians, most of which they already know, but by disseminating knowledge as widely as possible among our own people," says former AEC Chairman Gordon Dean. "We need all the brains we can get." The American Association for the Advancement of Science agrees. In a policy statement issued in December, the association's board of directors said: "The more completely we succeed in reducing the danger that information now in our possession may leak to a potential enemy, the more risk we run of interfering with scientific progress and of reducing the technologic superiority and the moral and physical strength upon which victory in the ultimate test would depend."

The switch-over from coal-fired to atom-fired power in the United States will come as soon as the cost of nuclear power is brought down to the level of conventionally produced electricity—and it is impossible to say how much atomic power will cost here until a plant is actually in operation.

General Electric engineers recently estimated that under present conditions, it would cost $195 to $215 per kilowatt of capacity to build a nuclear power plant, while a conventional coal-fired plant costs only $130 per kilowatt. The higher cost of building and operating the nuclear power plant, however, would be partly offset by the lower cost of the uranium fuel—1 to 1.35 mills per kilowatt-hour compared with 3.4 mills for coal, according to the GE engineers. Putting it more dramatically, if all of its energy could be converted into electricity, a single pound of uranium about the size of a golf ball and costing only $10 could supply as much power as 2,600,000 pounds of coal costing $10,000. In fact, a truckload of nuclear fuel could provide enough power to supply New York City for a year.

Fuel Is a Minor Item of Cost

The fact is, though, that fuel represents only 17 per cent of the cost of electricity in the United States today. The other 83 per cent goes for generators, transmission lines and overhead—all of which would have to be maintained for nuclear power plants as presently conceived. Thus, even if a reactor cost *nothing at all* to build and operate, and uranium were furnished free, our electric bills would be reduced by less than one fifth.

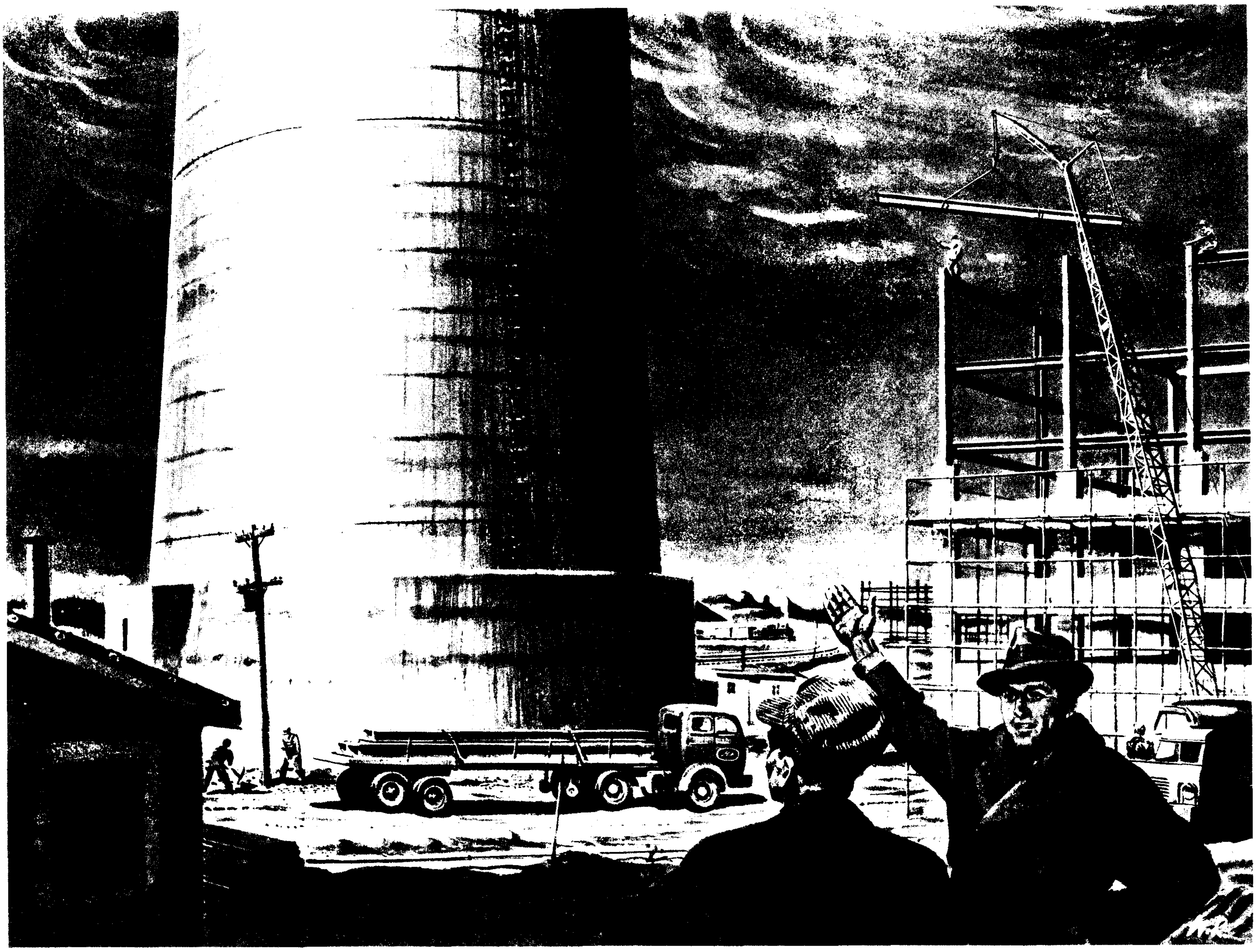
This economic fact alone indicates that the switch to atomic power will be gradual. Gwilym A. Price, president of Westinghouse, speculates that the total amount of atomic power in use 10 years hence in this country may be 2,000,000 kilowatts—or 1.2 per cent of the power then in use. "By the year 2000," he says, "about 50 per cent of the then installed capacity of the electrical utility industry will be nuclear-powered."

A more optimistic forecast has been made by Ralph J. Cordiner, president of the General Electric Company. He predicts that by 1976 atomic energy will be used to fuel half of all the generating plants then being built.

It is ironic that the world's newest source of power can be used only to make steam, the oldest energy source. The situation is very much as though the first automobile engine were used not to turn the wheels of a carriage, but to produce hay to feed the horse that was pulling it. The atomic age clearly will realize its full potential only when some scientist achieves a technological "break-through" that will eliminate the costly generators and other complicated plant which intervene between the atomic fuel and the customer. What's needed is a brilliant flash of inspiration—like Henry Ford's assembly-line idea, which transformed the automobile from an expensive luxury toy to a mass medium of transportation, or the still undisclosed theory Edward Teller worked out on paper which enabled us to build the hydrogen bomb after other competent scientists had declared it impractical.

Such strokes of genius cannot be predicted but AEC Chairman Strauss, for one, is certain the nuclear-power "break-through" is not far off.

"Our children will enjoy in their homes electric energy too cheap to meter," he says, "and I expect to live to see it." ▲▲▲



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Her evenings with Cass were gay and unforgettable—until Felice found out about Laura

The Man Who Wouldn't Propose

Felice and Laura had nothing in common—except a man. And each of them thought: She hasn't a chance; of course he'll marry me

By PAZ VAN MATRE

THEY met again, after almost two years, in the powder room of the Plaza Hotel. Felice, just leaning toward the mirror to apply her lipstick, saw the reflection of Laura as she came in. And Laura, looking toward the mirror, saw the reflection of Felice. In the silence that surrounded them, both women thought of the same thing and both were a little shaken that the remembrance could stir them still. For facing each other in this way, knowing for an instant only the reflection of each other, both felt that they were looking down a long corridor of time—at the end of which was Cass Brady, smiling his ambiguous smile.

"Why, hello," said Felice, turning to face Laura. After their history of bitterness, of cattiness and coyness, it seemed all there was left to say.

"Hello," said Laura in return.

They went on staring at each other, remembering the perfidy of Cass Brady.

The silence widened and hardened between them. Felice turned back to paint her mouth, and Laura sat beside her and took out her compact. "How have you been?" she asked at last, politely.

"Oh, fine," said Felice. She turned toward Laura, her lipstick poised, and added, "How have *you* been?"

"Fine," Laura said.

Their polite, stilted words were little tokens of finality, doors shut peremptorily against the clatter of their hearts. Nearly two years can seem a long time; yet even so, for each of them the past suddenly became the present and the bitterness was now.

Laura looked into the mirror and saw Felice take a little golden comb out of her purse and run it through her short, dark hair. Her mouth, so bright and red beneath her deep and shadowed eyes, was curved in a remote little smile. In her cleanly tailored cocoa woolen suit, with her mink stole thrown back casually, she seemed as cool and proud as ever. When she spoke to Laura's reflection in the glass, it was with the barest trace of polite interest.

"You're still in New York?" she asked.

"Yes," said Laura. "I moved, of course. And I'm head of the ad department now."

Felice glanced at her and fluttered her eyes. "It's hard to believe, but I'm settled and living in the country now. Tell me, Laura, did you ever marry?"

"No," said Laura, "I never did." She powdered her nose and spoke to the image of Felice in the mirror. "It seems odd—you the homemaker and I the bachelor girl—"

"Oh, goodness!" laughed Felice, shuddering. "Don't call me a homemaker." She smiled at Laura and added: "It sounds too dreary."

And there you are, Laura thought. It was just as she had always known it would be. Felice could never have made a good wife for Cass Brady, and she had told him so right along—not the way Cass loved his comforts and a home, not the way Cass used to putter around the kitchen while she cooked, coming over and kissing the back of her neck and opening the oven door every minute to see if dinner was ready.

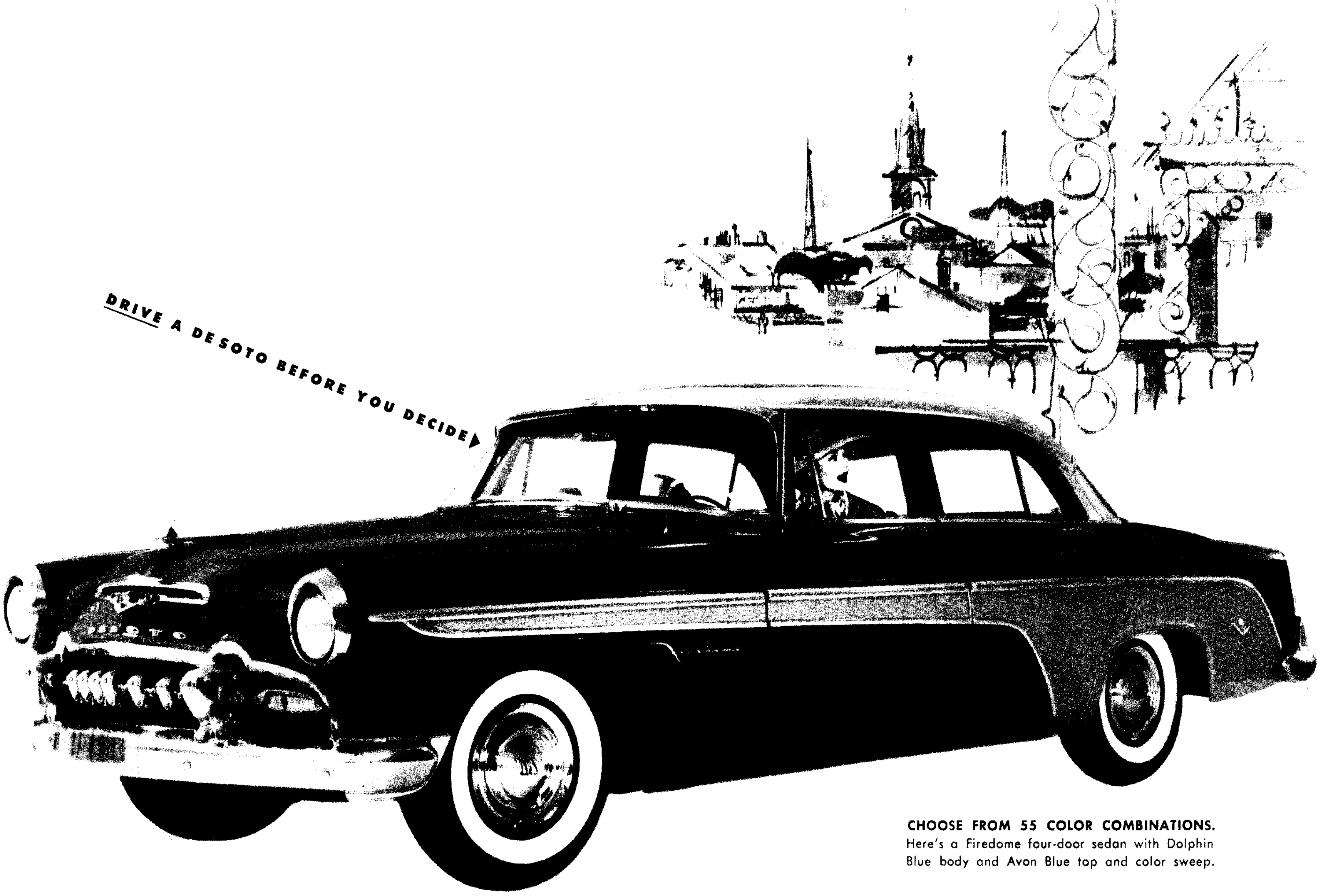
He was so handsome, with his nice blond hair, his wide shoulders, and the smile that lighted his mouth and eyes at the same time. Laura remembered the way she used to hurry home from work the nights he was coming over, all laden down with bags of groceries; and the first thing she always did was pull the big chair over near the radio and lay the evening paper on it. Then she would fill the ice bucket and chill the glasses, so the minute Cass came in he could have a drink.

There wasn't anything she hadn't done to make him comfortable, because it was part of her nature to make a home and Cass had loved it. She'd even bought his favorite cigarettes and kept the boxes filled, and when he was tired she'd said: "Darling, go to sleep. Don't worry about me. I'll just sit here and sew until you have to go." How sweet he had been, with his head in her lap, reaching up to kiss her now and then and falling off to sleep.

Why, the first date they ever had she had

ILLUSTRATED BY ROSWELL S. KELLER

Smartest of the smart cars



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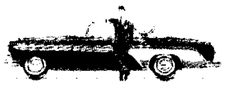

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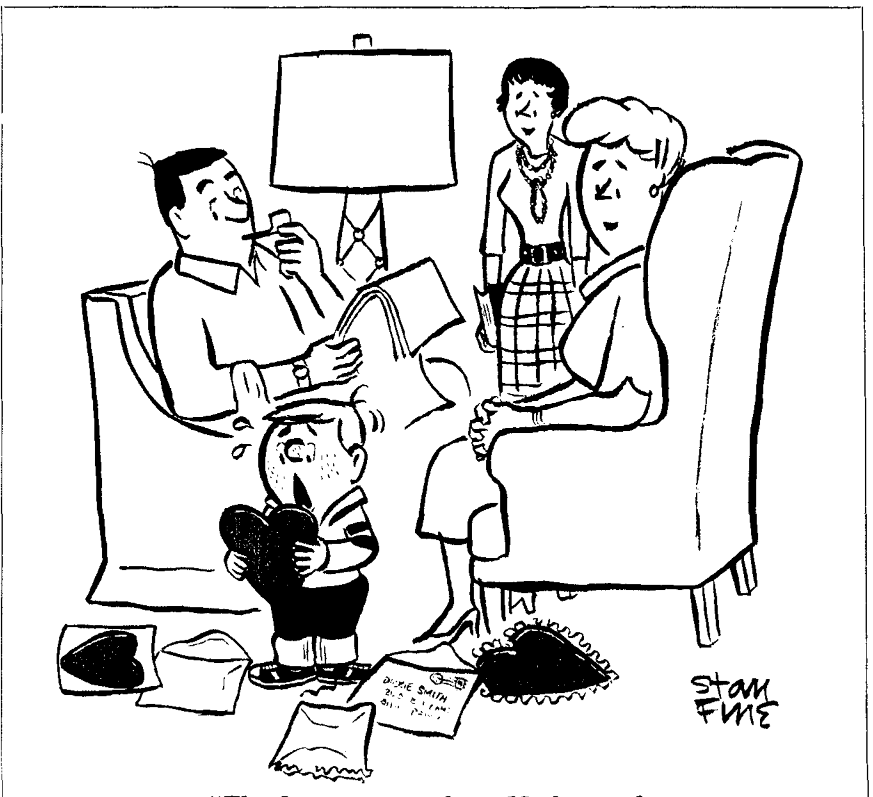

COLLIER'S "The first two were from Mother and Sister, but this one's from a *girl!*" STAN FINE

cooked dinner for him, and he had been so surprised, standing there in the doorway ready to take her out, looking so young and boyish, so thin and tired.

"I thought it might be fun if we ate here," she'd said shyly. "You must be tired of eating in restaurants."

He had stood there looking as if no one had ever taken care of him before, surprised and mystified and terribly pleased. "I must be dreaming," he'd said. "Don't tell me you can cook!"

What a wonderful evening they had had; coffee after dinner in front of the little wood-burning fireplace—with the lamplight softly touching a burnished-copper bowl filled with daffodils, the polished wood of her tables, the gleaming silver that had been Grandma Cramer's. And Cass had told her about his job as a script writer, his dreams and hopes for combining the talent of radio with the future of television.

AFTER that he had come again and again, and when he asked her to go out she always said: "Oh, let's just stay here. It's so much nicer than a restaurant or a night club!" Sometimes they went to a movie or occasionally to a play; but it was foolish to spend the money, as she explained to him, when he ought to be saving for the future. They had been so happy, so comfortable and contented and safe. Until Felice had come along. Until Felice had spoiled everything.

Laura looked into the mirror and saw Felice take the stopper from a little bottle of perfume in her purse and touch her eyebrows and her ears. Gold bracelets jangled from her wrist and her coral nails glittered. "I've always meant to call you, Laura," Felice said absently. "But somehow the time slid by . . ."

"I know," Laura acknowledged politely. "I wanted to call you too. But if you work all day and come home and have to cook and clean at night, there never seems to be any time left over."

Felice looked at the reflection of Laura. Her ash-blonde hair was still cut in the same long bob, and although she had powdered her nose she had neglected to repaint her mouth. Her print dress sagged at the neck, and from somewhere within its folds Felice could see a safety pin protruding.

The same old Laura, she thought—never, never, never could she have made Cass Brady happy. Not the way Cass felt about fun. Not the way Cass loved to dance, and at the drop of a hat would drive fifty miles into New Jersey to hear a blues singer in a honky-tonk. Why, Cass used to ring her doorbell at night and there he would be, singing that old song of Fred Astaire's: Top Hat, White Tie and Tails; and he'd be the handsomest man from the Battery to the Bronx, with his starched white shirt front gleaming and his tie like a butterfly under his chin. How he had loved to have her dress up for him and how conscious he had been of every little detail. Even if she were dead on her feet after a day poring over a drawing board, she would have her hair done, her nails polished and her seams straight before he arrived.

And the fun they'd had together! Dancing on the St. Regis roof looking at a spangled sky, or swinging along the Bowery, hand in hand, speaking the language of a Chinese menu. "War Su Opp, my darling," he would say and she, laughing, would answer, "Won Ton, my love." The mad taxi rides to the theater, screeching to a stop to make an eight-forty curtain—and afterward, scrambled eggs and ham, anyplace from a swoosh supper club to an all-night diner. He was always gay, a little tight, filled with laughter and music; and she could see him now, his foot tapping out the beat of a band, his laughing eyes looking at her over a Martini. It had always been that way with them—the never-ending, unforgettable, beautiful fun. Until she'd found out about Laura.

THE two women looked squarely at each other in the mirror—Felice so small and dark and vibrant, and Laura so tall and blonde and vague. Animosity was a real and living thing between them, and had been ever since they had first known of each other's existence.

Laura remembered well, because she had been so sure of Cass, so sure he loved her and would ask her to marry him. He had become more and more dependent on her, more and more comfortable, more and more relaxed and easy with her. And then suddenly she'd known something was wrong.

It had happened just like that. She could remember every detail of that evening because it had been the beginning of something; and from that moment on she had ached with misgivings.

It had been a Wednesday night and she had come home early from work and baked a meat loaf, because he loved it and because he loved the smell of it when he came into the apartment. There had been a green salad and baked potatoes and a crusty apple pie with ice cream. She had hurried and it was a hot night and the heat from the oven was oppressive, so that when he arrived she was just taking off her apron and pushing the damp hair away from her temples.

"Good Heaven, you didn't cook on a night like this?" he'd asked incredulously, taking off his coat and hanging it on the back of a chair.

"Yes, I did," she'd said proudly. "I knew you'd be hot and tired and wouldn't feel like going out."

"But did you have to *bake?*" he'd asked—almost irritably, it seemed.

"Of course. What man wants a silly aspic or a fancy fruit salad when he's hungry!"

THEY had eaten in front of the window in the living room, but the heat had seemed to linger over the table and the salad had wilted disconsolately.

"Tired?" she'd asked once when the conversation lagged.

"No," he had said. "Want to do something after dinner?"

"Not especially. I just like being with you."

She'd washed the dishes, refusing to allow him to help, and turned on the ball game for him. When she had come back from the kitchen, he had been sitting silent in front of the window, tapping his foot.

"How about hopping over to a movie?" he'd asked, turning and holding out his hand to her.

"You don't hop to movies," Laura had said indulgently. "You go to them."

"Oh. Well, how about it?"

"I don't think so." She'd put her arms around him and kissed the top of his head.

"Maybe you'd like to go somewhere and dance. Do you realize I've never danced with you, Laura?"

"Oh, darling," she'd protested. "It's so expensive." She had meant: it's so expensive if we're ever going to get married. And she had hoped that night that he would talk about it, plan something, *say* something.

"It's not so expensive," he'd said. "Other girls go dancing with me. I spend the money anyhow, so why not with you?"

Her heart had caught in a little stitch. She had never thought of other girls with Cass. She'd never known, really, what he did with his evenings away from her, had never considered the possibility of anyone but herself in Cass's life.

"Well, I'm not other girls," she'd said at last. "At least, I didn't think I was." She had sat down on the couch, feeling damp and hot, filled with misgivings and a nameless insecurity.

"Of course you're not, darling," he'd said, coming over to sit beside her. "You're a special, wonderful person. A man who didn't appreciate you ought to be shot."

Comforted, she had pulled his head down on her lap. "You look tired," she'd said, stroking his hair. "Why don't you rest?"

He had stretched out then and reached up, as always, to kiss her—a well-fed, comfortable man, untroubled as a child in its mother's lap. In a little while he had closed his eyes, and the nameless fear of other girls had vanished from her heart.

And then it had come back again, just when she had thought he was asleep, just when she had felt most safe and comforted and secure. "Laura," he'd said suddenly, with his eyes still closed. "Don't you ever like to have any fun?"

She had sat silent, looking down at him, still stroking his forehead. "Of course I do," she'd said at last. "It's fun to be with you."

"But I mean *fun,*" he'd said. "Dance or something."

"Well, I suppose so," she'd said. "What on earth made you ask that?"

"Because you never seem to want to . . ."

"Well, it's only that I love a home," she'd explained. "I'm just a natural-born homemaker, I guess. I thought you liked it here."

"Of course I do, darling," he'd said quickly, apologetically. Then, sitting up, he had said, laughing: "Go put on something gay. Enough of these loving hands at home. I'm going to take you out!"

She had protested, but after a while she had gone into the bedroom and changed her clothes. What to wear, what to wear? She had chosen a pink crepe dress she had worn to her sister's wedding and a blue felt hat with a veil. The whole costume had been hot and, she'd felt, ridiculous. The idea of going out had seemed ridiculous too, considering it was already eleven o'clock and she had to get up at seven.

And the evening had been dreary and painful, with Cass drinking too much and wanting to dance every dance and spending money like a fool. When she had pleaded that her eyes burned, that her feet hurt, that she was tired, he had finally taken her home. She had known that night that something was wrong between them.

FELICE said: "New York's so hot in the summer, Laura. Don't you find it so?"

"Not particularly," said Laura. "So many places are air-conditioned, and of course we escape the bugs and ants and endless mosquitoes. As a matter of fact, I find the country intolerable."

"Really?" said Felice, raising her eyebrows. "I shouldn't have imagined that, somehow." It was absurd, she thought: Laura pretending to love the city and her career. Laura was a homemaker type, a woman who indulged a man's creature comforts, and from the very beginning Felice had had to compete. She could remember exactly the moment when Laura had been evoked, when the ghost of this homey creature had sent her heart skittering in a sea of perils.

She and Cass had been having such a beautiful time together; and then one night when they were sitting in a night club, out of a clear blue sky, Cass had turned irritably to her and asked: "Felice, don't you ever get sick of this?"

"Why, no!" she'd said incredulously. "How could I get sick of music and fun and laughter? Do you?"

"Sometimes I do," he'd said. "Let's clear out."

"Why, Cass," she had said sympathetically, "are you sick?"

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"No," he'd said. "It's just that we never stay home."

Well, she was no fool and she knew men; obviously he was getting worried about money—which was understandable, since surely he would propose soon. The next time she had a date with Cass, she suggested they stay home and she would fix dinner.

He had found her in a black net dress with a bouffant skirt, opening a can of anchovy. When he'd tried to kiss her she had said: "Cass, please! I've cut myself twice already!"

She had put the anchovy on some circles of toast and handed the plate to him. "Stick that on the coffee table," she'd said, "while I try to fix my nails. I've broken one and chipped two on this darn' can."

Cass had taken the appetizers into the living room and looked around for an evening paper. Felice had come in with a bottle of nail polish and turned on the record machine.

"I hope you like tuna salad," she'd said crossly, "because that's what we're having. I tried to make some French fries but grease spattered all over me and I burned my arm." She'd added helplessly: "All the stuff for cocktails is over there. You'll have to get some ice out of the refrigerator—my nails are wet."

The dinner had been terrible and she'd ended in tears, with the grease burn on her arm and spots on her dress.

"Why do you make everything so hard?" Cass had asked. "I know a girl who breezes through a five-course dinner as if it were a picnic." He'd smiled and added: "She's a natural-born homemaker."

He had just been helping her with her coat, but the words "I know a girl" had shocked her into sudden immobility. "What girl?"

"A girl I know."

"I didn't know you knew any girls . . ."

"Why not?" He laughed. "I've got a million of 'em."

Just like that. It was the beginning of something, and she had known it.

"What's her name?" Felice had asked, turning around and smiling up at him.

"Laura," he'd said, dreamily.

LAURA rummaged in her bag for an aspirin and then got up to get a glass of water. The very sight of Felice unnerved her, as the thought of Felice had unnerved her in the past.

"I know a girl," Cass had said once, "who works at a drawing board all day and can dance till the sun rises the next morning."

"Who *is* this girl?" she'd asked, irritably, at last.

"Her name is Felice."

Felice, Laura thought. It had always been Felice.

"Why do you kiss me, Cass?" she would ask him. "Why do you come here? Why do you spend so much time with me if you like Felice?"

"I thought you liked me," he'd say, like a small boy. "I thought you liked to have me kiss you."

"But it isn't just liking, Cass. I love you."

"Ah, Laurie," he would say, "I love you too."

When she had tried to compete with Felice by buying a new dress and going out dancing, the evening had been heavy, dull and plodding; she couldn't work all day and run around town all night. But when she had explained how unwholesome restaurant food was, when she pointed out the poor service, the outlandish prices, the smoky, unhealthy atmosphere, he'd had to admit she was right. He was happiest, after all, when they stayed home together, when she gave him a decent drink, a good dinner, a comfortable chair.

"Now really, Cass," she would say. "Isn't this much more sensible?"

He'd always said that it was—but he hadn't given up Felice.

Laura swallowed the aspirin and turned to Felice who was lighting a cigarette. "I hardly recognized you when I came in," she said. "But then most people do change in two years."

FELICE smiled at her through her cigarette smoke. "It's a pity they don't all change for the better," she said, letting her glance slide from Laura's head to her feet.

Ah, it was funny now, Felice thought, but at the time her heart had broken. Laura had been a ghost: Laura the homemaker, Laura the cook, Laura the restful one. She had not been able to compete with Laura and when she'd tried, the evening had ended in fury. She simply hadn't liked aprons, hot kitchens, dishes smeared with cold food and all the deadly boredom of eating at home. She hadn't known what to do with a man around the house, a man who wanted to read the paper, who listened to ball games, who sometimes fell asleep. When she'd pointed out to Cass what a waste it all was, how such a life would make him old and stodgy and dreary before his time, he'd had to agree. He was happiest, after all, when they were dancing, laughing, loving Manhattan together.

"I love you madly, sadly, badly," she would say, smiling at him over a champagne glass.

"I love you too," he would always say.

"Then would you like to turn into a stuffy old man with a fat stomach, the way your Laura would have you?"

He'd had to admit he wouldn't. But he hadn't given up Laura.

The two women were putting on their hats. Their eyes met in the smooth surface of the looking glass, remote, aloof, as inflexible as the glass itself.

"Don't you ever want to have children?" Laura had asked Cass once.

"Why, of course," he'd said, surprised.

"But the way you're going, Cass—running with that woman, drinking and spending money and ruining your health . . . Don't you ever want to settle down?"

"Someday, I guess," he had said vaguely, uncomfortably, hunching his big shoulders in the chair as if he were ducking something.

And Felice had said to him: "Darling, I'm tired of saying good night to you all the time. Don't you ever want to wake up with me?"

"Yes, *ma'am!*" he'd said, laughing.

"But I mean, wouldn't it be fun if we were married?"

"Well—"

"Don't you *want* to get married?" she'd asked.

"Someday, I guess," he had said vaguely, uncomfortably, squinting into the amber depths of a Martini, as if he were looking for something.

Unknown to each other, Laura and Felice had become deadly rivals for Cass Brady.

"How can you bear that woman?" Laura would ask in anger and despair. "Every time you're with her you look tired, worn out and haggard. If she loves you, how can she ruin you this way?"

"Darling Laura," he would say. "Nobody's ruining me."

"Ah, but you're tired," she would say, smoothing his forehead, his temples, his eyelids. "When a man works as hard as you do, he's tired at night. Lie down, darling. Rest, darling. Have some soup, darling. Take off your tie, darling. You're worried. She's driving you crazy—spending all your money, using you, ruining your health. A woman like that doesn't truly love you, darling, truly care for you, want to help you . . ."

"You're sweet, Laura," he would say.

"It's because I love you. Really love you," she would tell him.

And on another night, Felice would say: "Cass, come in. What has happened to you, lamb? You look positively snowed under. Bogged down. Ah, it's all that home cooking your little *Hausfrau* friend has been doing. Here's a Martini. Just laugh off those chains you're dragging around, sweetie. She's killing you with kindness." And she would tell him about a new play, a new movie, a new band, a new night club she had heard about.

"You're wonderful, Felice," Cass would muse, a little tight, kissing her happily.

"It's because I love you. Really love you," she would tell him.

And then Cass had gone away: the Big Job in Chicago, the Big Future. He had simply gone away, telling them both he loved them, saying good-by to both.

Laura never knew what had made her go to see Felice after Cass Brady went away. The inconclusiveness of it, perhaps. The fact that it was neither a beginning nor an end. Or perhaps it was merely a curiosity to see the woman who had been her rival.

"I'm Laura," she'd said, coming into Felice's apartment, not at all surprised to see the pretty girl with the dark hair and the upslanting eyes. Not at all surprised to see the messy room, cigarettes in the ash trays, a slip hanging over a chair, a highball leaving a wet stain on the table.

"Oh," Felice had said. "What do you want? Cass has gone away." She had stared at the blonde girl in the doorway, not at all surprised to see the navy-blue suit, the black felt hat, the nails without polish.

It was incredible, they had each thought, that he could see anything in *her*. Incredible that he could have been hypnotized by *her*. Unthinkable that except for *her* he would have got married, settled down, been home now with the only woman who was right for him.

In their mutual misery they had talked for hours.

"He said he loved me."

"He said he loved *me!*"

"He used to come around all the time. He said he was the happiest just with me."

"He told me the same thing."

"Ah, you poor dear. How he lied to you."

"How he lied to *you*, darling."

"He was a cad, really," Felice had said then.

"Could never have been trusted," Laura had agreed.

"We're both well out of it," they had said.

And they had embraced before they said good-by, two women who were Well Out of It, loathing each other.

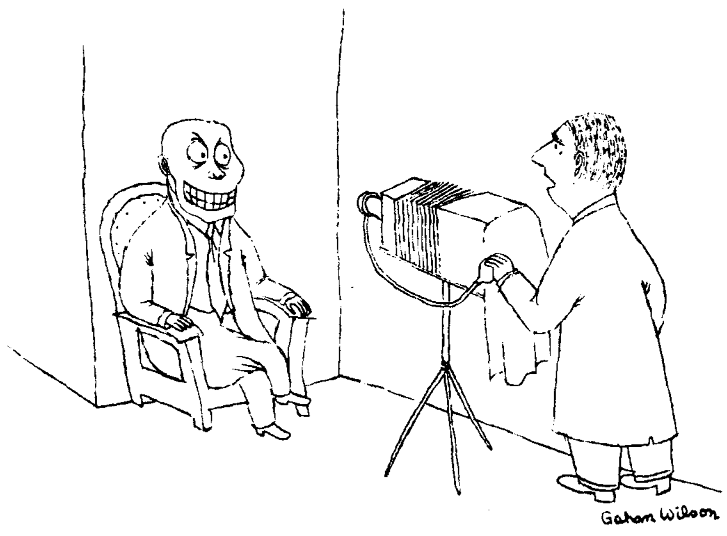
AND now, after almost two years, they were saying good-by again in the powder room of the Plaza Hotel. Felice gathered up her bag and gloves. She brushed off her skirt and flicked a tiny invisible speck off the toe of her brown suède pump. Then she picked up her stole and stood beside Laura, still looking at her in the mirror.

"Darling," she said, "I think there's something you should know." It was a silly game they were playing and her time had come at last. "Cass and I are married. When he went to Chicago I followed him there. We were married and when we moved East again we bought a house in the country. We're terribly happy and terribly settled." She smiled sweetly at Laura and added: "You didn't know that, did you?"

Then she turned and went out, closing the door firmly behind her, closing the door on her rival forever.

Laura turned and smiled sweetly at the place where Felice had stood. "Darling," she said, "there isn't anything about you I don't know. Because your husband tells me." And she picked up her bag and gloves and went off to meet Cass Brady, who would not be home until very, very late that night.

—PAZ VAN MATRE



"On second thought, maybe you'd better *not* smile . . ."

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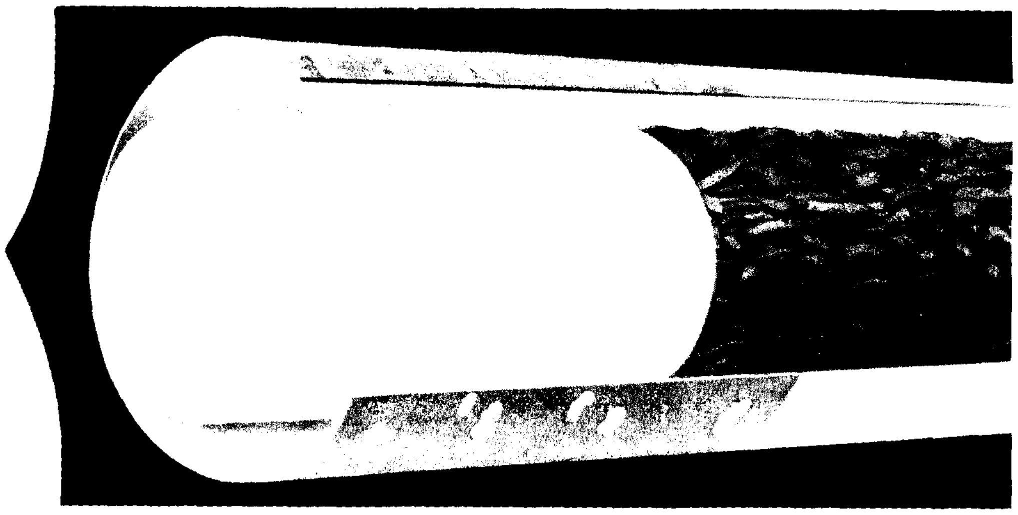
20,000 Filters in every Viceroy Tip



New King-Size Filter Tip

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REXALL ASPIROIDS

Bottle of 36, Reg. 79¢

NOW ONLY **47¢**

Antacid, analgesic, and anti-fever ingredients give speedy relief from cold symptoms and discomfort. Help relieve that annoying "chilly" sensation.

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Ruby-red Klenzo or Amber-color Mi-31

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Both highly effective *antiseptics* for mouthwash and gargle. Kill contacted germs quickly, used full strength. Freshen breath, relieve simple throat irritations.

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REXALL ASPIRIN

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NOW ONLY **17¢**

No faster-acting aspirin — at any price. Each contains 5 *full grains* of aspirin — assuring fast, effective relief from headaches, and from symptoms of colds.

SORE ACHING MUSCLES?

REXALL RUBBING ALCOHOL

½-pint, Reg. 39¢

NOW ONLY **27¢**

For quick relief from minor muscular aches, pains. Rexall's finest quality. Non-irritating when used externally, can be used full strength or diluted with water.

Rexall Antihistamine Cold Tablets. Relieve at all stages. 50, Reg. 98¢, Now...**57¢**

Celurex Laxative Tablets. For gentle relief. 130, Reg. $1.69, Now only........**97¢**

Fungi-Rex Athlete's Foot Powder. 4-oz. can, Regularly 59¢, Now only..........**37¢**

Rexall Hygienic Powder. Cleanses. Full 1-lb. box, Reg. $1.49, Now only........**97¢**

Rexall Milk of Magnesia Tablets. Bottle of 250, Reg. 95¢, Now only............**57¢**

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Rexall Aspirin Troches. Raspberry-flavored. Box of 18, Regularly 39¢, Now only....**27¢**

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These Lucky 7 Specials sold at prices shown if you mention this advertisement at the time of purchase.

Dish Cloths, Soft, lint-free kitchen wonders; bundle of 6, regular 60¢, Now during sale, only................**47¢**

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Helen Cornell Bobby Pins, Black or bronze, rubber tipped; regular 10¢ card of 18, Now... **7¢**

Pocket Combs, Long-lasting nylon, assorted colors. 5" size; 10¢ value, Now during sale, only...2 for **7¢**

PUSH-A-BUTTON SHAVES—*SAVE 48¢*

REXALL READY SHAVE

10-oz. Aerosol

A rich, easy-shaving lather at your finger tips! Aerosol; less than 1¢ a shave!

Regular $1.25 NOW ONLY **77¢**

31¢ OFF

MAGNETIZED SCREW DRIVER SET

Handle, chuck; 5 removable, magnetized blades, in neat vinyl kit.

98¢ Value NOW ONLY **67¢**

COMPLETE 5-PIECE SET

For Every Kitchen Use

KITCHEN BRUSHES

Sturdy, long-lasting bristles in wooden and wire handles. For dishes, bottles and pans!

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BIG LUCKY 7 SAVINGS!

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NOW ONLY **67¢**

Half-round shaped brushes in choice of colors; pearlized backs and handles; *long-lasting* nylon bristles.

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$1.00 Value

NOW ONLY **47¢**

Your choice of several styles and papers. A real buy — more than 50% off during this sale only!

SAVE ⅓ ON

REXALL QUIK-SWABS

Regular 55¢

NOW ONLY **37¢**

Box of 200 handy cotton swabs. Useful for cleaning baby's ears and nose, applying makeup, and many other uses.

PRICES CUT!

SPUNTEX NYLONS

$1.29 Values

NOW ONLY **87¢**

Lovely 51 gauge, 15 denier nylons. Choice of dark or plain seams. **60 Ga., 15 Den.,** $1.39 value....**97¢**

BIG LUCKY 7 SPECIAL!

KLENZO TISSUES

3 boxes

NOW ONLY **67¢**

300 single sheets extra-strong, soft, absorbent facial tissues. Choose white or color assortment.

PRICE CUT 58¢!

MEN'S COLBY WRIST WATCH

Regularly $4.95

NOW ONLY **$4.37**

Shock-resistant; accurate jeweled movement. Has stainless steel back, unbreakable crystal.

Rexall Skin Antiseptic for minor cuts, scratches. 1 oz., Reg. 33¢, Now only....**27¢**

Helen Cornell Curl Clips and Bobby Pins. Your choice: 90 regular or 72 rubber-tipped pins: 12 pin curl, 10 "Jiffy" or 4 "Do-All" clips. Regular 25¢, Now only..........**17¢**

Adrienne Velour Powder Puffs. Regular 15¢ each, Now during sale, only..**3** for **27¢**

Rexall Cotton Balls. Handy for many uses. 200, Regular 65¢, Now only...........**57¢**

Rexall Pro-Cap Adhesive Tape. ½" x 5 yards. Regular 23¢, Now only.........**17¢**

Rexall Plastic Quik-Bands. Plain or mercurochrome. Stick better and stay put. Waterproof. Two sizes in box of 33, Now **37¢**

Lady Fair Plastic Gloves. Three sizes. Regular 69¢, Now only...............**47¢**

Snugfold Folding Syringe. Holds over 2 quarts. Regular $2.98, Now only...**$2.57**

Lord Baltimore Portfolio. Paper, envelopes. Regular 69¢, Now only..........**47¢**

Thank You Notes. White vellum, copper engraved. Regular 50¢, Now only......**37¢**

Commercial Envelopes. 25¢ packs, **2** for **37¢**

Cellophaned Stationery. Letters and envelopes, 6 styles. Regular 39¢.....**2** for **57¢**

Cascade Ink Tablets & Envelopes. Regular 10¢ sellers, Now only...............**7¢**

Rex Alarm Clock. Runs for 30 hours between windings! Attractive mahogany color case. $2.79 value, Now only.........**$2.37**

Scout Spotlight. Chrome-plated brass case and end cap. $1.49 value, Now only **$1.17**

Permedge Razor Blades. 20 double edge or 18 single edge. Reg. 49¢, Now **3** for **87¢**

Stork Bottle Warmer with cord. Heats in a jiffy! Pink or blue. Regular $1.98....**$1.57**

Rexall Deluxe Junior Toothbrush. Fine textured Hyzon bristles. Reg. 39¢..**2** for **57¢**

Rexall Deluxe Child's Toothbrush. Convex style. Choice of colors. Reg. 29¢, **2** for **37¢**

Stag Lather Brush. Pure badger knot set in rubber. Choice of handles. Reg. $2.50, **$1.97**

Maximum Hard Rubber Combs. Choice of three styles. Regular 29¢, Now....**2** for **47¢**

Shower Cap. Long-lasting vinylite, 17" size. Comes in choice of colors. Reg. 29¢, **2** for **47¢**

Rexall drug products are guaranteed to give satisfaction or your money back

LUCKY 7 SALE

AT REXALL DRUG STORES
FEBRUARY 15
through
FEBRUARY 28

Your Rexall Druggist will take advance orders now, for delivery during the sale.

24 LUCKY 7 BARGAINS! * * *

FOR SUGAR-FREE SWEETENING
REXALL SACCHARIN

Bottle of 500 ¼-gr., Reg. 63¢
NOW ONLY 37¢

One tablet equals one teaspoonful of sugar in sweetening value. No food value, no calories. Less than 8¢ per 100.
½-Grain Tablets. 500, Reg. 73¢, Now **47¢**

TEN DRAMATIC LIPSTICKS BY CARA NOME

Regular $1.10
NOW ONLY 67¢

Permacreme—long-clinging, clear-edging. Choose your favorite, most flattering hue from a wide range of ten striking shades. Your chance to save during sale only.

PURE, MILD CREAMS BY CARA NOME

Your choice of 5 regular $1.25 creams
NOW ONLY 77¢

Cleansing creams for normal or dry skins; Cold cream, Foundation, Skin cream. Cara Nome Creams are Rexall's finest. All are pure, mild and safe even for most sensitive skins. Now reduced more than ⅓ during this sale.

TAME "HAYSTACK" HAIR
STAG CREAM HAIR TONIC

6-oz. bottle, Regular 79¢
NOW ONLY 47¢

Lanolin keeps hair neat without "plastered down" look. Relieves dandruff, itching scalp by replacing natural oils.
Stag Hair Oil. 6 oz., Reg. 75¢, Now **47¢**

Rexall Mineral Oil. Highly refined, odorless. ½ pt., 50¢ value, Now only.......**27¢**
Rexall Witch Hazel. Mild facial astringent. Quart, 95¢ value, Now only............**57¢**

Rexall Alphacaps. Vitamin A capsules. Bottle of 100, Reg. $7.95, Now only..**$4.97**
Rexall Cod Liver Oil. High potency. ½-pt. bottle, Reg. 95¢, Now only............**57¢**

Rexall Polycaps. Vitamins for children. Bottle of 30, Reg. 98¢, Now only.......**57¢**
Rexall Polydrops. Drop-dose vitamins for babies. 30 cc., Reg. $2.09, Now only..**$1.37**

Rexall Theramins. High potency multiple vitamins. 100, Reg. $8.95, Now only..**$5.87**
Rexall Vitamin B_{12}. Help stimulate red blood cells. 100, 10 mcgs., Reg. $2.30, **$1.47**

STUFFED UP NOSE? RELIEVE COUGHS AND COLDS FAST WITH THESE LUCKY 7 BUYS SOOTHE "ALL NIGHT" COUGHS

Regular 69¢
NOW ONLY 57¢

REXALL NASOTHRICIN NOSE DROPS. Double-action—relieve congestion and contain Tyrothricin to inhibit many bacteria. ½ oz. with handy dropper.

TICKLING THROAT?

Regular 69¢
NOW ONLY 57¢

REXALL LOZOTHRICIN THROAT LOZENGES. Cherry-menthol flavored. Relieve coughing, soothe simple sore throat, inhibit many bacteria. Box of 12.

A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

Regular $2
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QUIK-FOCUS FEVER THERMOMETERS. Mercury column magnified 3 times more than ordinary thermometer for easy reading. Oral or Rectal type.

Reg. 98¢ size *with plastic spoon FREE*
NOW ONLY 87¢

REXALL CHERROSOTE COUGH SYRUP. Time-tested, pleasant-flavored remedy. Relieves tickling throat, loosens phlegm. ½-pint bottle, with spoon free.

TRIPLE-ACTION COLD RELIEF

Regular $1.12
NOW ONLY 77¢

REXALL MONACET is a time-tested combination of aspirin, phenacetin and caffeine. Family-size bottle of 100, plus bottle of 25 for pocket or purse.

CHEST CONGESTION?

Regular 79¢
NOW ONLY 67¢

REXALL LIQUID CHEST RUB. Deep-penetrating for quick relief from surface congestion. Stainless and greaseless—no mess, easy to apply. 2-oz. bottle.

SOOTHE RAW SORE THROAT

Regular 98¢
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REXALL OROTHRICIN MOUTHWASH. Speeds healing of simple sore throat, freshens breath instantly. Tyrothricin inhibits growth of many bacteria.

HEARTBURN? BELCHING? FAST 4-WAY RELAY RELIEF

Regular 89¢
NOW ONLY 77¢

BISMA-REX quickly neutralizes excess acid, assists in removal of gas, soothes irritated stomach lining, and relieves heartburn. Big 4¾-oz. bottle.

BISMA-REX MATES have same action in tablet form. 75, Reg. 89¢, Now...**77¢**

Rexall Mentholated White Pine & Tar Compound. 3 oz., Reg. 39¢, Now....**27¢**
Rexall Glycerin Suppositories. Adults, Infants. Box of 12, Reg. 43¢, Now...**27¢**
Rexall Biokets for Simple Sore Throat. Box of 15, Reg. 69¢, Now only......**57¢**
Defender Throat Atomizer. For all solutions. Reg. $1.79, Now only...**$1.47**
Rex Ray Vaporizer. Reg. $4.95..**$3.77**

NOW... SAVE 98¢!
KLENZO TOOTHBRUSHES

Reg. 39¢
NOW 5 for 97¢

Fine quality nylon-bristled brushes in choice of sizes, styles and textures to suit the whole family.

LESS THAN ½ PRICE!
LEATHER WALLETS

$2.00 Value
NOW ONLY 97¢

Tremendous values in assortment of men's, ladies' *genuine leather* wallets. Choice of several colors and styles!

SAVE 88¢! CARA NOME
POWDER-PERFUME COMBINATION

Regular $1.25
NOW ONLY 37¢

Miniature-size Cara Nome face powder in choice of shades *plus* 1-dram bottle Cara Nome perfume.

SAVE 53¢
STAG SHAVING CREAM & LOTION

Stag After-Shave Lotion and your choice of Stag Coolated, Bay Rum or Brushless Shaving Cream.

$1.50 Value
NOW ONLY 97¢

Chromed Toaster. 2-slice; stay-cool plastic handles on doors. $3.49 value, Now..**$2.77**
Around-the-Neck Mirror. Keeps hands free for conveniently applying cosmetics, combing hair. Now sale priced at just.......**87¢**
Stag Hair Dressing. Pleasant fragrance, non-greasy. 4-oz. tube, Reg. 60¢, Now...**47¢**
Playing Cards. Single and double decks for bridge, pinochle and poker. Some 100% plastic. Reg. 55¢ to $5.90. Now **47¢** to **$4.97**
Air Mail Tablet. Large size, lightweight onion skin sheets. Regularly 25¢, Now **17¢**

Air Mail Envelopes. Lightweight, popular, 6¾ envelopes. Reg. 10¢ pack....**3** for **27¢**
London Style Assorted Toffee. 5 assorted flavors in 12-oz. cello bag. 49¢ value....**37¢**
Men's Nylon Stretch Socks. One size fits 9½ to 13. Reg. 98¢, Now only.........**77¢**
Infra Red Lamp with stand. Has built-in reflector. Regularly $3.98, Now......**$3.17**
Medford Napkins. White, attractively embossed. 4 cellophaned packs of 80......**57¢**
Whisk Broom. Sturdy 10″ corn bristles. Hang-up ring. Now only.............**57¢**

Cape Cod Wide-Mouth Vacuum Bottle. Keeps food or beverages hot or cold. Wide-mouth – easy to fill. $2.49 value, pint **$2.27**
Silver King Pipes. Choose from 12 assorted styles and briars. $2.50 value, Now just **97¢**
Steel Measuring Rule. Flexible, 6 ft. ..**27¢**
Camera Gadget Zipper Bag. Lots of room for bulbs and equipment. $2.98 value, **$2.17**
Nylon Expansion Watchband. Durable, comfortable, attractive. $1.00 value, Now **77¢**
Rempel Rubber Toy Assortment. Cute squeeze novelties children will love. Ea. **37¢**

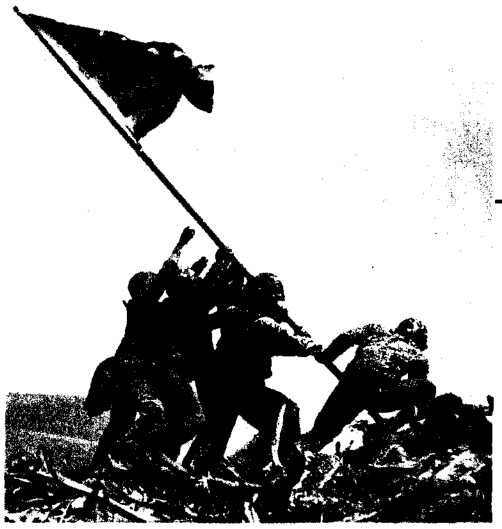
These suggested retail prices are effective February 15 thru February 28, 1955, inclusive, and are subject to Federal Excise Tax where applicable. Right reserved to limit quantities. Items and prices may vary slightly in Canada. Rexall Drug Co., Los Angeles 54, Calif.

YOUR
Rexall
DRUG STORE

You can depend on any drug product that bears the name Rexall

The Picture

By JOE ROSENTHAL with W. C. HEINZ



At 9:02 A.M. *on February 19, 1945, following 72 consecutive days of preparatory bombing and shelling, the Japanese-held Pacific Island of Iwo Jima was invaded by United States Marines. Before one of the most viciously fought battles in history ended on March 26, 6,821 Americans, 5,931 of them Marines, had given their lives and another 19,217 had been wounded—in payment for a tract of land incorporating only seven-and-a-half square miles.*

Though small, the island was of primary strategic importance. Lying only 660 miles south of Tokyo, it was needed not only as a base for air attacks against Japan, but also as a haven for crippled United States bombers and fighter planes.

In taking Iwo Jima, the Marines under Lieutenant General Holland M. Smith were faced with an almost impossible military situation. Lacking the advantage of tactical surprise, they had to land in heavy surf on a 3,500-yard beach where, ankle-deep in terracing volcanic sand, they were under observation and fire from 546-foot-high Mount Suribachi to the southwest, and an unnamed plateau rising to almost 400 feet to the northeast. Twenty-four Americans were to win the Congressional Medal of Honor in this fighting, ten at the cost of their lives; Admiral Chester W. Nimitz was to say: "Among the Americans who served on Iwo Island, uncommon valor was a common virtue."

It was on the summit of Suribachi on D-plus-4 that Joe Rosenthal, then an Associated Press photographer, took the flag-raising picture that was to become the most famous of all war photographs.

Condensed from histories of the Iwo Jima operation prepared by the Historical Branch of the United States Marine Corps.

TEN years ago, at about noon on February 23, 1945, I stood just inside the rim of an extinct volcano on a small island in the Pacific and snapped a photograph. In 25 years as a news photographer I have taken thousands of pictures, each depicting the passage of a moment in time. This one picture recorded a mere 1/400 of a second in the lives of six men—five Marines and a sailor. It was shortly, however, to outlive three of them, who were killed in combat, and it will outlive the three who survived and the man who took it and our children's children, for something occurred in that small fraction of a second, as the American flag was raised on Mount Suribachi on Iwo Jima, of which we were only accidental parts.

This is the story of that picture. This is the first opportunity I have had to tell it all for the record, to recount what went before it and what made it possible and what I know of what has happened since to those of us associated with that picture who still live.

When two of the survivors married, for example, it was news of national importance. The life of the third has been greatly disrupted. I have been accused to my face of not having taken the picture and of having appropriated someone else's film, and less than three months ago a Chicago newspaper reported erroneously on page one that I had directed a re-enactment of the first flag raising on Iwo in order to get this shot of the second.

For a time such misstatements angered and depressed me, but when, five years ago, the World Almanac stated in discussing the picture that "Rosenthal also died later" I realized a truth had inadvertently been written. Joe Rosenthal, who is really just another news photographer, who did no more than any competent news photographer would have done and a great deal less than some, no longer lives—at least, not as the unknown private citizen he once was.

Because of this picture I have been made one with the celebrities who are customarily on the other side of my camera. I have been introduced as "Joe Rosen*berg* who *raised* the flag on *Okinawa.*" Only the picture—characterized as everything from "phony" to, in the eyes of a Rochester, New York, art critic, comparable to Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper—remains as it was.

It has been, it is said, the most widely reproduced photograph of all time. An engraving from it appeared on an issue of three-cent postage stamps. A painting of it was used as a symbol of the Seventh War Loan drive, and appeared on 3,500,000 posters, 15,000 outdoor panels and 175,000 car cards.

It has been done in oils, water colors, pastels, chalk and matchsticks. A float based on it won a prize in a Rose Bowl parade, and the flag-raising has been re-enacted by children, by gymnasts of the University of Maryland, and as a part of an Orange Bowl pageant in Miami.

It has been sculptured in ice and in hamburger and, by the Seabees, in sandstone on Iwo. A New Milford, Connecticut, man spent 10 months making a wood inlay of it using 10,000 pieces of veneer. A Washington, D.C., sculptor devoted nine and a half years to the $850,000, 100-ton bronze statue that was derived from it and was dedicated as a memorial to all Marines last November 10th near the northern end of Arlington National Cemetery.

How did all this come about?

The immediate succession of events began on March 27, 1944, when I left San Francisco, after a stretch as a warrant officer in the Maritime Service in the Atlantic, to cover the war in the Pacific for the Associated Press on assignment with the Wartime Still Pictures Pool. The pool was an arrangement by which the photographers of the various photo services shared their pictures.

Before Iwo I shot pictures of the D-day landings and the campaigns on Guam, Peleliu and Angaur, and in January of 1945 I was at Pearl Harbor again, waiting while the big names of journalism gathered. For three weeks, men whose by-lines awed me kept coming in, and then, just before we loaded on transports, we were told that the next target in the American advance toward the Japanese homeland would be Iwo Jima.

I was assigned to a battalion of the 24th Regiment of the Fourth Marine Division, but on our way to Saipan, where we were to rendezvous, I learned that this outfit might not land until D-day afternoon. At Saipan I went ashore and told the public relations officer that I had to get onto the beach earlier. "It's the difference between getting the pictures I want," I said, "and not getting them."

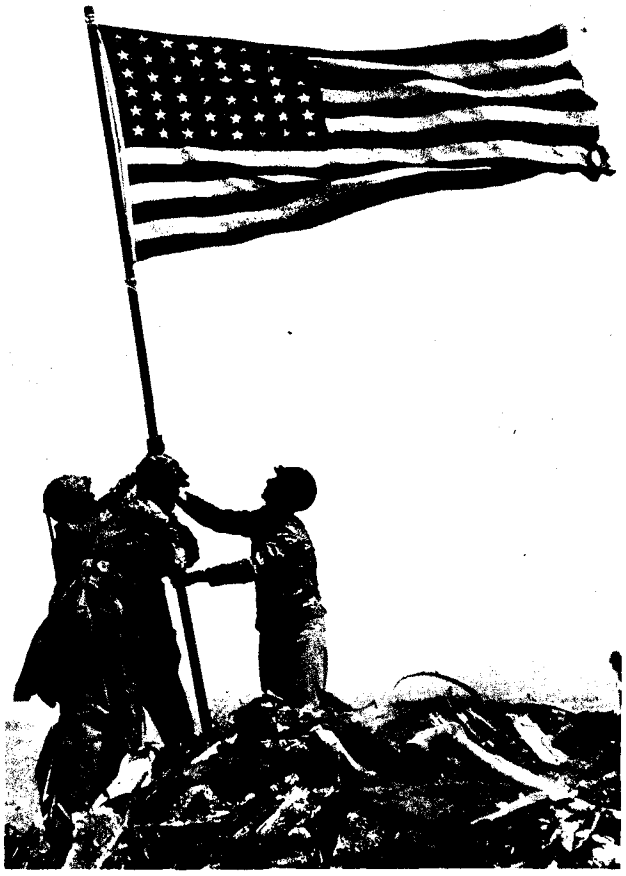
The fighting man has no choice of when he will be committed to battle. The photographer or correspondent can make up his own mind when he will go in, and at Guam I had learned that the best time to shoot landing pictures is from H hour plus 1 to H plus 3. If you land earlier you are only pinned down and in the way.

At Saipan, I was transferred to the Second Battalion of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, which was scheduled to land within an hour of H hour, and it was there that we had our final big briefing. About 30 correspondents gathered with the top Marine and naval brass in the officers' wardroom of the communications ship and heard Iwo described as the most heavily fortified island we had ever encountered.

"But the Marines haven't failed yet," Lieutenant General Holland M. (Howlin' Mad) Smith said finally. "Are there any questions?"

"Yes," one of the correspondents said. "When's the next boat back to Pearl?"

That eased the tension and broke up the briefing.



Shortly after snapping the classic picture at upper left, Rosenthal took this second shot

That Will Live Forever

Here's a great photographer's never-before-told story of how, one February day in 1945, he captured for posterity one of the most dramatic war scenes in our country's history

Two days later I was in a transport off Iwo, talking with a Marine captain about a place in a landing craft.

"Do you want to go in my boat?" he asked. "We're carrying mortar ammo."

"It's all right with me," I said. "If you guys are going, I'll go."

At 6:30 A.M., just as it was getting light, we loaded into LCVPs. H hour was nine o'clock, but in the early light of a clear day and through the smoke haze we could see the island, 4,000 yards away, erupting under the heavy naval and aerial bombardment. I looked around at the others in the landing craft with me. There were 15 of them, in their late teens and early twenties. I was then thirty-three, not much of a physical specimen and turned down by all the armed services because my natural vision is about one twentieth of normal.

"Here are guys who haven't lived yet," I thought. "I'm not ancient in wisdom, but I've been around a little and I've lived some. I have tried to conduct myself decently, and I think I can face my God, and if I'm killed it will be no great loss. But these kids haven't had a fair chance, and we know the odds. The odds mean that three or four of them are not coming back and that some of the others will be permanently injured."

I mention this now because that is what the picture means to me. To me it is not alone a snapshot of five Marines and a naval medical corpsman raising the flag. It is the kids who took that island and got that flag there. They knew the percentages, because Americans don't send their fighting men in blind. They tell them what they're going against, and still the traffic is only one way.

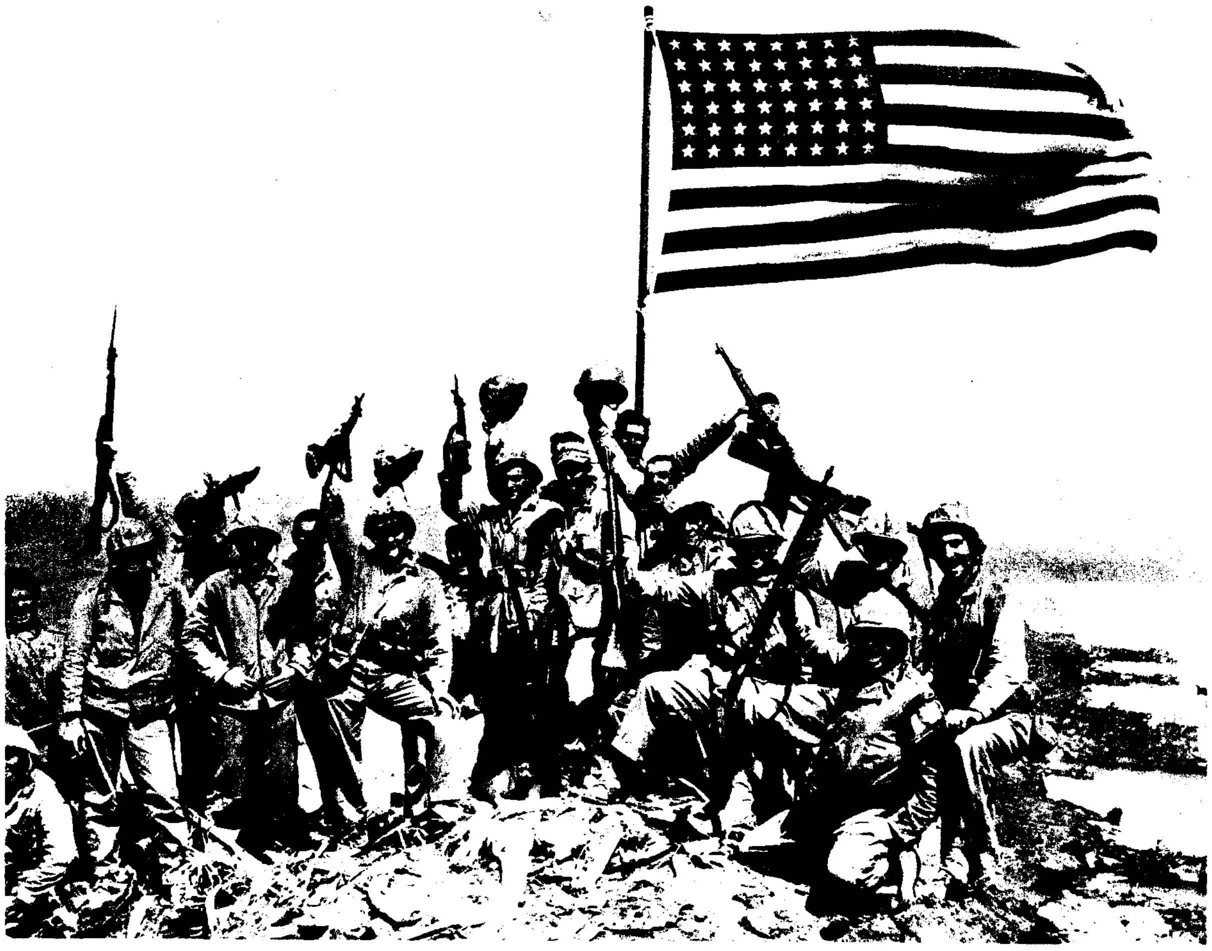
We were scheduled to go in at about ten o'clock, but as that time passed it was obvious that the chaos on the beach had disrupted the landing schedule. In addition to the intense artillery, mortar and small-arms fire from the Japs, heavy seas were piling up the Higgins boats, one on another, and the amtracs that were not hit were becoming bogged down in the loose sand.

It was just about noon when we came in. In the more than five hours we had been in the boat, circling and waiting, I had avoided becoming too friendly with any of the kids. This was pure selfishness on my part, because I was afraid that if I made friends it would only be to lose them, but as we moved in through the choppy seas and the grimness weighed even heavier I saw several of the kids looking at me, and I stuck my index fingers up in front of my glasses and moved them like windshield wipers as if to clear the spray. The kids smiled, and then we ducked our heads and the boat beached. I stood up and the ramp went down and I snapped two shots of the kids racing off onto the beach, lugging two-wheeled mortar ammo carriages behind them.

That is a part of the flag-raising picture, too, because in a way it is a picture of a miracle. No man who survived that beach can tell you how he did it. It was like walking through rain and not getting wet, and there is no way you can explain it.

I remember clearly the deep, loose, dark-gray volcanic sand terracing up about 15 feet at a time, and the parts of bodies and the large darker patches of blood seeping into that sand. I remember shooting some pictures of the Marines plowing across the beach, and then I moved off to the left behind a smashed blockhouse. There I tried, unsuccessfully, to get a picture of an ammo jeep that was burning, and then I took off behind two Marines for a shell hole.

It was hard running in the sand and we were in



This was Rosenthal's third photograph of flag raising. He sent all his film to the rear without seeing the prints—and later thought he was being congratulated for this picture

BOB CAMPBELL

Descending Mt. Suribachi, Marine Bob Campbell took gag shot of Rosenthal in battered chair

On D-plus-4, an LCT boatswain told Rosenthal: "We just heard that a patro

a file, about four feet apart, when I heard a clang and I saw the helmet of the man ahead of me go up into the air about two feet, and then he went two more steps and dropped. The other Marine and I made it to the hole, and as I lay there, getting my breath back, I saw to the left a dead Marine lying up on the side of a shell crater with his gun ready and in the attitude of charging forward.

This scene seemed to me to be symbolic, but I couldn't take it from where I was because the picture would lack composition. In war photography, as in much news photography, you compose a picture by moving yourself, so I made a wide circle, running from crater to crater, and by then I saw a second man lying not far from the first. Now I stood up and focused my camera and waited until a Marine running up the beach entered the scene before I snapped it.

I will accept that the flag-raising shot, for which I can take only such a small part of the responsibility, is the best picture I have ever made. The tremendous impact it has had throughout this country establishes that. Yet I have a special fondness for this other picture of the two dead Marines and the living one.

The flag-raising picture, as I shall explain, was largely accidental. In taking this other I had to make an effort to create out of honest ingredients, as much as you can create under fire, a truth, and to me it is a representation of man's struggle, of the living taking over for the fallen dead because the battle must go on.

In the 11 days that I was on Iwo I took 65 pictures. From time to time, when I was through shooting, I would work my way back to the beach and then hitchhike out to the command ship. There I would write captions for the pictures, hoping to finish in time to have my package go off with the day's official mail by seaplane to Guam.

One day at Iwo it took me 19 hours, moving from one landing craft to another, to get to the command ship just three miles offshore. I traveled from the beach to a hospital ship on an amtrac loaded with wounded on stretchers, and it was dusk and a cold rain was falling and the sea was rough, and yet I never heard one complaint. On the hospital ship the surgeons were working around the clock, and still this terrible backlog of wounded kept piling up.

It was on the morning of D-plus-4, the day the Marines reached the top of Suribachi, that I fell into the water between the command ship and an LCVP.

After I had been fished out, I took a picture of Secretary of the Navy James V. Forrestal and the Marine commander, General Smith, looking toward the beach with Mount Suribachi in the background. Then Bill Hipple, a magazine correspondent, and I got aboard an LCT heading for the southern part of the beach, and it was here that I heard of the flag raising for the first time.

"We just heard on our radio," the boatswain said, "that a patrol is going up the mountain with a flag."

"The hell you say," Hipple said.

"That's what we heard," the sailor said.

I had been working the north end of the beach with the Fourth Marine Division because there was another pool photographer—Paige Abbott of the International News Service—working the southern beach with the Fifth Marine Division. I didn't know where he was or if he had heard about the flag; it turned out that he was shooting the fighting elsewhere at the time, but if he had been around I would certainly have yielded to him.

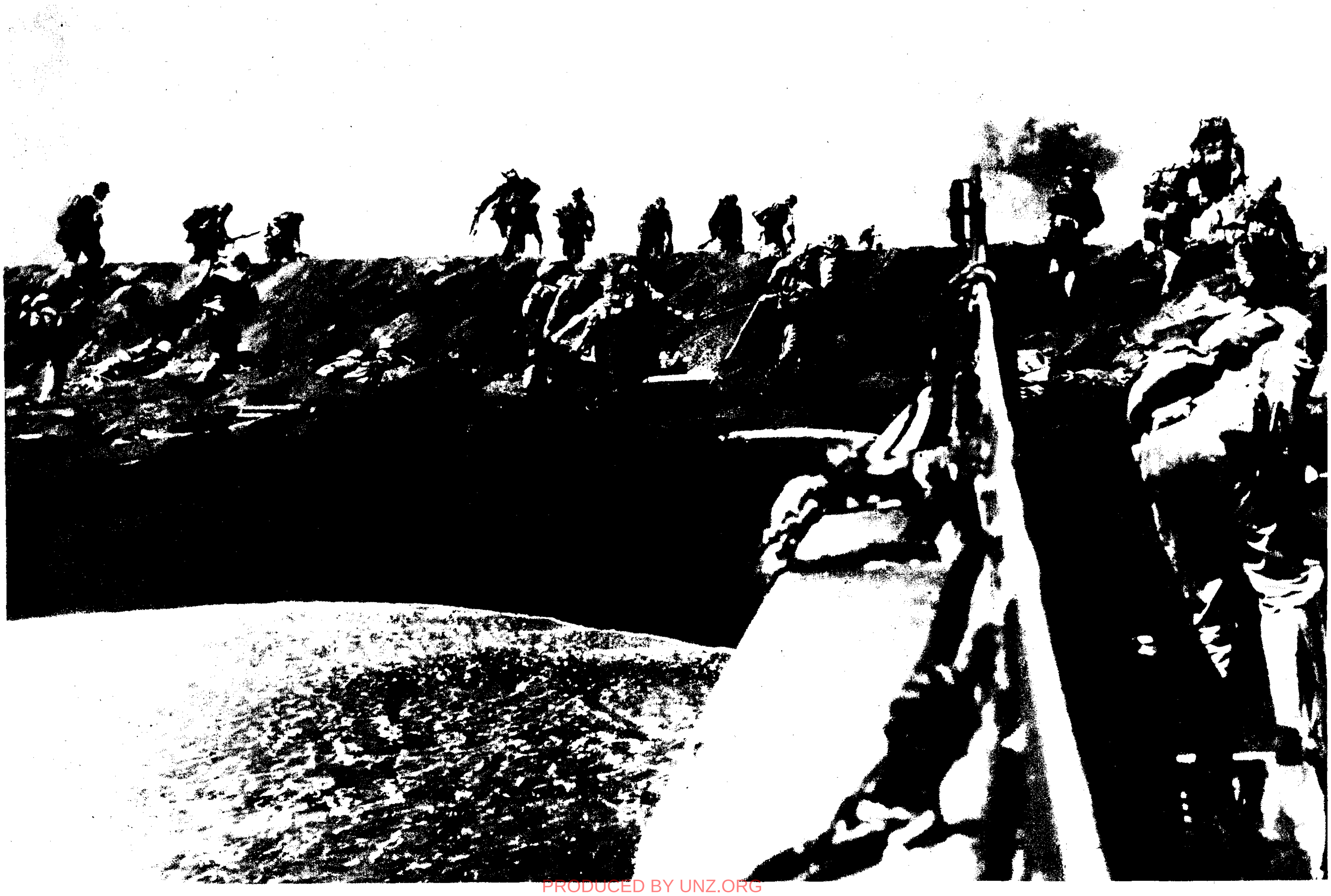
Hipple and I started toward Suribachi, picking our way through the marked mines until we got to the command post of the 28th Regiment. There they told us a 40-man detachment had already started off with a flag, following two patrols that had reached the top at 9:40 A.M. There we also found Bob Campbell, who is now on the photographic staff of the San Francisco Chronicle, as am I.

Bob, at the time, was a Marine private and combat photographer. With him was Sergeant Bill Genaust, of Minneapolis, who was to take the fine color-movie sequence of the flag raising, and who was killed nine days later on Hill 362.

"I think we'll be too late for the flag raising," Genaust said. "I'd still like to go up," I said, "and you two guys are carrying guns and I'm not. How about coming along?"

We started up the hill, stopping a half dozen times to take cover while Marines tossed grenades and set off demolition charges in cave openings where Japs were still holed in. About halfway up, we met four Marines coming down the slope. One of them was Staff Sergeant Louis Lowery, then of Pittsburgh, a photographer for Leatherneck, the Marines' magazine, and now photographic director of that publication. Lowery and the others said that

Rosenthal made Iwo Jima landing shortly after first wave, during fierce fighting. He took this shot as landing craft ramp dropped and Marin



the patrol had raised a flag at the summit, and that he had photographed the flag raising.

This flag had been carried off the U.S.S. Missoula, an attack transport, in the map case of the battalion adjutant. It was raised at 10:20 A.M. on a length of iron pipe, part of the wreckage of a radar station at the summit, but it measured only 54 inches by 28 inches, and that is why, although we did not know it at the time, it was to be replaced shortly with a larger flag that would be visible at a greater distance northward on the island and by our ships offshore.

When we heard that the flag had already been raised we almost decided not to go on, but I made up my mind to shoot a picture of it anyway. Campbell and Genaust went along to give me protection, and it was shortly before noon that we came over the brow of the hill and saw the flag.

As I got closer, I saw a group of our men hauling a long iron pipe, and then I noticed still another Marine holding a neatly folded flag.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"We're gonna put up this bigger flag," one of them said, "and keep the other for a souvenir."

The larger flag, it turned out, had been taken off LST 779, which was beached near the base of Suribachi. It measured 8 feet by 4 feet 8 inches.

I thought of trying a shot of the two flags, one coming down and the other going up, but although this turned out to be a picture Bob Campbell got, I couldn't line it up. Then I decided to get just the one flag going up, and I backed off about 35 feet.

Here the ground sloped down toward the center of the volcanic crater, and I found that the ground line was in my way. I put my Speed Graphic down and quickly piled up some stones and a Jap sandbag to raise me about two feet (I am only 5 feet 5 inches tall) and I picked up the camera and climbed up on the pile. I decided on a lens setting between f/8 and f/11, and set the speed at 1/400 of a second.

Under fire, Rosenthal made this beach photo. "I have a special fondness for this picture," he says, ". . . of the living taking over for the fallen dead, because the battle must go on"

an out, hauling ammunition carrier

At this point, First Lieutenant Harold G. Shrier, now a major at the Marine Corps School, Quantico, Virginia, who was in on the first flag raising, stepped between me and the men getting ready to raise the flag. When he moved away, Genaust came across in front of me with his movie camera and then took a position about three feet to my right. "I'm not in your way, am I, Joe?" he called.

"No," I shouted, "and there it goes."

Out of the corner of my eye, as I had turned toward Genaust, I had seen the men start the flag up. I swung my camera, and shot the scene.

That is how the picture was taken, and when you take a picture like that you don't come away saying you got a great shot. You don't know, and within the next few minutes I made another shot of some of the men putting guy ropes on the pipe and still another of a group that I got together to wave and cheer under the flag. On the way down, Campbell and I took gag shots of each other sitting in a chair that was left strangely exposed on the mountainside, and I also took a picture of a Marine with an abandoned kitten and another of a group of Marines holding up a sign they had painted, reading *"Weehawken, N.J."* When we got to the 28th Regiment command post I looked at my watch. It was 1:05 P.M., and that is the reason I know the picture was shot at about noon.

I took 18 exposures that day, and when I got back to the command ship later that afternoon I captioned one film pack of these and a pack from the day before and they went off on the mail plane to Guam. The caption I wrote for the flag-raising shot read: "Atop 550-foot Suribachi Yama, the volcano at the southwest tip of Iwo Jima, Marines of the Second Battalion, 28th Regiment, Fifth Division, hoist the Stars and Stripes, signaling the capture of this key position."

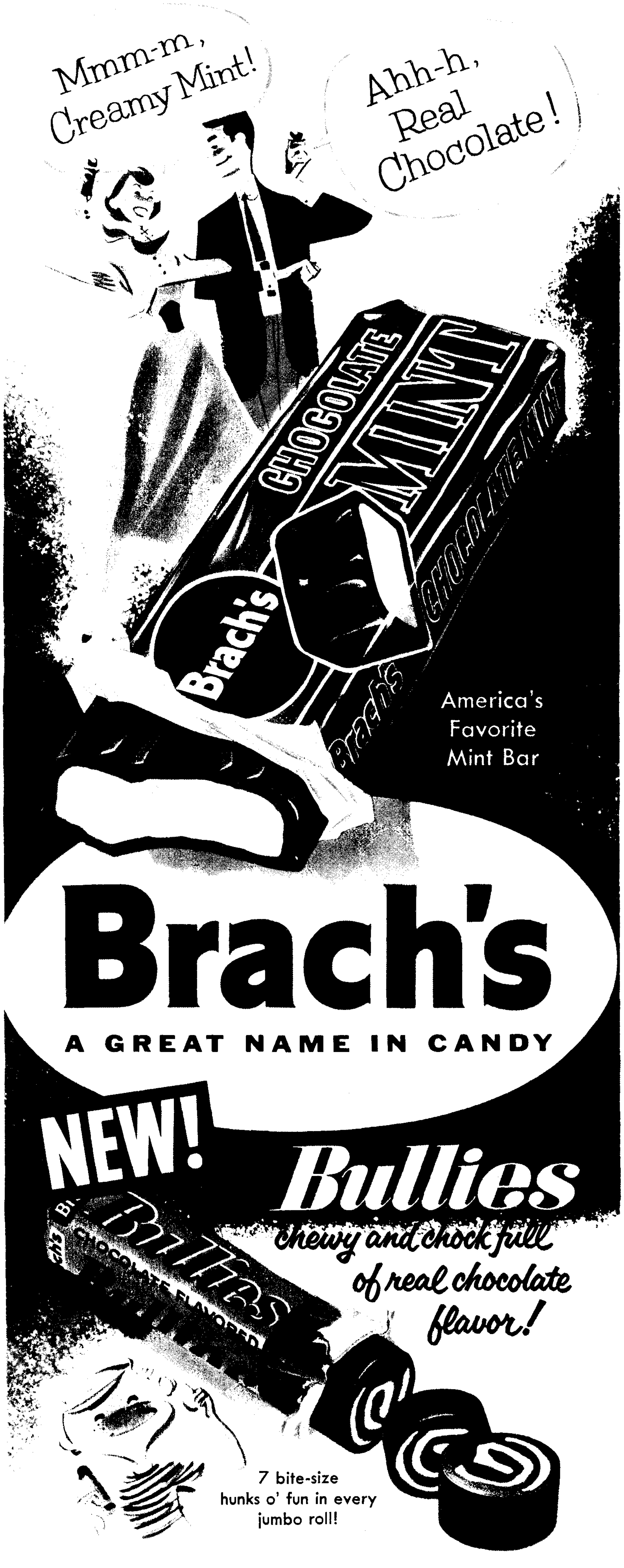
On the mountaintop I had made some effort to identify the men in the picture, in the confusion, but I had failed. Following the overwhelming reception the picture received in the States, however, the Marine Corps went to work, and by checking out the arms and hands, as well as the bodies, and by referring to Genaust's motion-picture strip, they determined that there were six men in the shot.

Identifying the Main Characters

Initially the first figure on the left was identified as that of Pfc Franklin Sousley, of Ewing, Kentucky, subsequently killed in action, and the second figure as that of Pfc Ira Hayes, of Bapchule, Arizona. Later it was determined that Hayes was the first figure and Sousley the second and when, in December of 1946, Hayes complained that one of his buddies was not being given credit, a Texas congressman initiated an investigation, and in April, 1947, another change was made.

The figure on the right, at the base of the pole, was not, it was decided, that of Sergeant Henry O. Hansen, of Somerville, Massachusetts. Hansen had been present at the first flag raising and, several days later, had been killed by attacking Japs as he was being treated by Pharmacist's Mate Second Class John Bradley, of Appleton, Wisconsin, who is the second figure from the right. The figure bending near the base of the pole, it was decided, was that of Corporal Harlan H. Block, of Weslaco, Texas, killed on D-plus-10.

If the fact that I took this picture is important, then I deem it important to recognize the part played in the handling of it by many people. At Guam the picture-pool co-ordinator, Murray Befeler, had to see that my films were processed. The darkroom men had to do their jobs well to get good negative results. The censor had to pass the picture and Murray had to decide that it was good enough to be scheduled via radiophoto, or it would have been passed over and been nothing but a piece of film. As a result of the contributions of all of these people and many others, millions of Americans saw this picture five or six days before I did, and when I first heard about it I had no idea what picture was meant. I had just arrived at Guam,



two days after leaving Iwo and nine days after the picture was taken, and had walked into press headquarters. There a correspondent walked up to me.

"Congratulations, Joe," he said, "on that flag-raising shot on Iwo."

"Thanks," I said.

"It's a great picture," he said. "Did you pose it?"

"Sure," I said. I thought he meant the group shot I had arranged with the Marines waving and cheering, but then someone else came up with the picture and I saw it for the first time.

"Gee," I said, "that's good all right, but I didn't pose that one. I wish I could take credit for posing it, but I can't."

Had I posed the shot, I would, of course, have ruined it. I'd have picked fewer men, for the six are so crowded in the picture that of one of them—Sergeant Michael Strank, of Conemaugh, Pennsylvania, who was subsequently killed—only the hands are visible. I would also have made them turn their heads so that they could be identified for AP members throughout the country, and nothing like the existing picture would have resulted.

I have thought often in these 10 years of the things that happened quite accidentally to give that picture its qualities. The sky was overcast, but just enough sunlight fell from almost directly overhead, because it happened to be about noon, to give the figures a sculptural depth. The 20-foot pipe was heavy, which meant the men had to strain to get it up, imparting that feeling of action. The wind just whipped the flag out over the heads of the group, and at their feet the disrupted terrain and the broken stalks of the shrubbery exemplified the turbulence of war.

Congratulatory Wires Arrived

Of the 12 pictures in that film pack, moreover, two had light streaks across them. This picture, number 10, might have been one of those, but it wasn't.

At Guam the first congratulatory wires from the States were waiting, and the misunderstandings that have persisted throughout a decade were starting. One of the correspondents had overheard the opening part of the conversation when I was first asked about the picture, and he wrote that the shot was a phony and that I had posed it.

"How about that guy Rosenthal?" another photographer who did not know me said to me at Guam. "He picked up somebody else's film, and he's taking credit for it."

"I'm Rosenthal, you———," I said, but there's no point in trying to clear what I added after that.

I had already been ordered by the AP to return to the States, and now I was requested to file my answer to the correspondent's charges. I wrote that it was correct to say that this was a picture of the second flag raising, and that I had never said otherwise, but that the shot had not been posed, that I had not picked the site, the men, nor the moment, and that I had not directed the flag raising in any fashion.

Autographs Were Requested

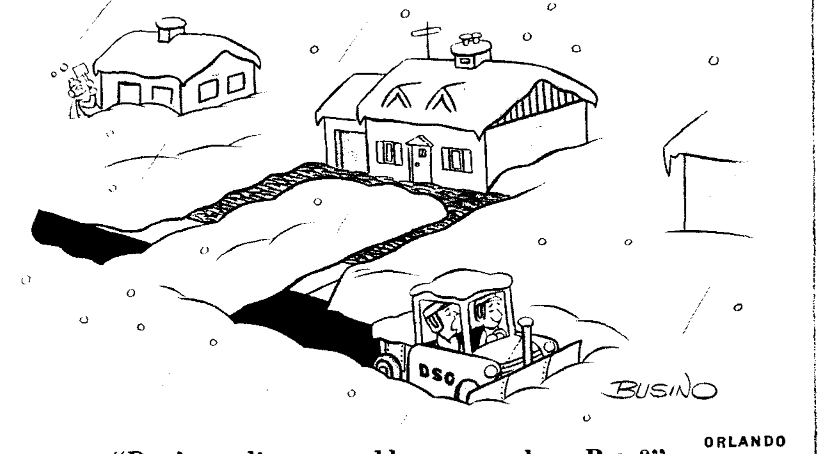
As I left for home I had the fear that, through no fault of my own, I was in the doghouse. When I arrived in San Francisco, however, I found that I was now a celebrity.

I, who had never been asked for an autograph in my life, was now being asked to sign dozens of these pictures. My draft board had changed my classification from 4-F (because of defective vision) to 2-AF (essential deferment). I was being interviewed and photographed and I was then dispatched to New York where, at the AP main office, I, just another bureau photographer, was being received by executives, and where a Rosenthal desk, of all things, was being set up to handle requests for interviews and appearances.

Later I went to Washington, where I met President Truman. From the AP I had received a raise in salary for the D-day landing pictures, and now I received a bonus of a year's salary in War Bonds. With the Pulitzer prize I received $500, and with the award from U. S. Camera there came another $1,000. I was presented with three wrist watches as awards, as well as numerous scrolls, plaques and medals and was offered $200,000 for the statuette rights to the picture.

I never, of course, owned any rights to the picture. It was and is the property of the Associated Press, and although a New York congressman introduced a bill to give the Navy Department exclusive ownership of the photograph, there was no need for that, as the AP has turned over all proceeds from it to the Navy Relief Society, amounting in 10 years to $12,941.84.

What was happening to me was naturally happening to the three survivors—Hayes, the Pima Indian, who is now thirty-two years old, lives in Sacaton, Arizona, and is a warehouse supervisor for the Bureau of Indian Affairs; Brad-



COLLIER'S "Don't you live around here someplace, Pete?" ORLANDO BUSINO ley, the naval medical corpsman, now thirty-one, a furniture dealer in Antigo, Wisconsin, married and the father of four children, and Rene Gagnon, now twenty-nine, a contractor living in Hooksett, New Hampshire, married and the father of one son. They were brought back at President Roosevelt's request to raise the flag over the Capitol in Washington, and then to tour the U.S. for the Seventh War Loan drive.

I met Hayes for the first time in October of 1953 in a television studio in Los Angeles. I saw him again briefly some three months ago when the memorial was dedicated in Washington, and there I met Bradley and Gagnon.

The Other Photographers

They were sitting across the hotel dining room at breakfast when I recognized Ira from having met him and the other two from having seen their pictures in newspapers. I went over and we shook hands, but suddenly our table of four became a table of twelve and I had no chance to talk with them.

I think I know how they feel from what Hayes has said of how he feels, and from what I know of combat men and of myself. Certainly I am grateful for having been fortunate enough to take this picture, but as a photographer I think of Lou Lowery, who went up Suribachi with the 40-man detachment. At one point he had to tumble about 50 feet down the hill to avoid a Jap grenade, injuring himself and smashing his camera, and then my one shot overshadowed the fine series he took of the climb and the first flag raising.

Why didn't my good luck fall to Bob Campbell who, with Bill Genaust, gave me cover? Bob was the father of five kids when he enlisted as a private in the Marines.

"When I see you working in the darkroom, still having to make prints of that picture," Bob says, because we understand each other, "I'm damn' glad I wasn't the guy who took it."

I can name a lot of photographers who were better than I and who better deserved good fortune. I think of Frank Prist of Acme, who was killed on Leyte, of John Bushemi of Yank, who was killed at Eniwetok, and of Damien Parer, the Paramount newsreel man who lost his life at Peleliu.

There were others, but these were men I knew. They projected themselves to get their pictures and their pictures showed it. Parer was moving behind our tanks when a machine gun opened on him, and his last films proved he knew where the bullets were coming from, for he swung the camera toward the gun, and on his film you can see the ground spinning and finally the empty sky.

Raise no shouts for Joe Rosenthal, who became a photographer because, as a kid of twelve in Washington, D.C., he had saved cigar-store coupons and, looking through the catalogue, realized he couldn't get some of the prizes he wanted because he did not have enough coupons, and so took a camera instead. When, in 1930, and a year out of high school, I got an office boy's job with the Newspaper Enterprise Association in San Francisco, I thought that N.E.A. probably stood for the National Education Association.

In 1953, Hayes, the Indian, was picked up on Chicago's Skid Row. drunk, barefooted and with his clothes torn. He was without money, and so he was locked up in the House of Correction, until the Chicago Sun-Times paid his way out and then established a fund for him to which the public subscribed.

Hayes, who has since been winning a brave battle with himself, said his trouble had started when he had been called back to the States to go on the bond tour. He had not wanted to come, but it had been an order, and he had lasted only two weeks.

"People shoved drinks in our hands and said we were heroes," he said. "I was sick. I guess I was about to crack up, thinking of those guys who were better men than me not coming back at all, much less to the White House. On the reservation I got hundreds of letters and I got sick of hearing about the flag raising and sometimes I wished that guy had never made the picture."

When I met Hayes he tried to apologize, saying he had not meant that about the picture. I told him it was unimportant, for I knew what he had meant when he had said it, and I know what Bradley and Gagnon must have thought as the requests have poured in and the attention has been focused on them in the last 10 years.

Now the flag rests in the Marine Corps Museum at Quantico. On the site atop Suribachi stands a memorial and another flagpole and another flag. The camera with which I took the picture is still in service in the Tokyo bureau of the Associated Press, the original 4-by-5-inch negative is locked in a drawer in the AP office in New York, and I am a news photographer on the Chronicle in San Francisco, shooting pictures of fires and society functions, auto accidents and football games.

The only reproduction of that picture I have hanging in the six-room house in San Francisco where I live with my wife, Lee, and our children, Joe, Jr., seven, and Anne, five, is a 2½-by-3-inch etching made by Matthew D. Fenton, of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Washington. I guess, however, that I myself have made over 2,000 prints of that picture off a couple of negatives that were made from original prints, and I have answered hundreds of letters and turned down dozens of requests for personal appearances because, frankly, it became too physically and financially exhausting.

The Author's Own Copy

At least two dozen relatives of Marines killed on Iwo, each certain that his or her boy is in the picture, have written to me. I remember one letter from a mother who was hoping so much that her son was one of those shown, because he had been killed the day the picture was snapped, and I remember another mother writing that one of these must have been her son because he wore that kind of helmet.

I can best sum up what I feel after 10 years by saying that of all the elements that went into the making of this picture, the part I played was the least important. To get that flag up there, America's fighting men had to die on that island and on other islands and off the shores and in the air. What difference does it make who took the picture? I took it, but the Marines took Iwo Jima. ▲▲▲

HOTEL del
HENRY BOLTINOFF

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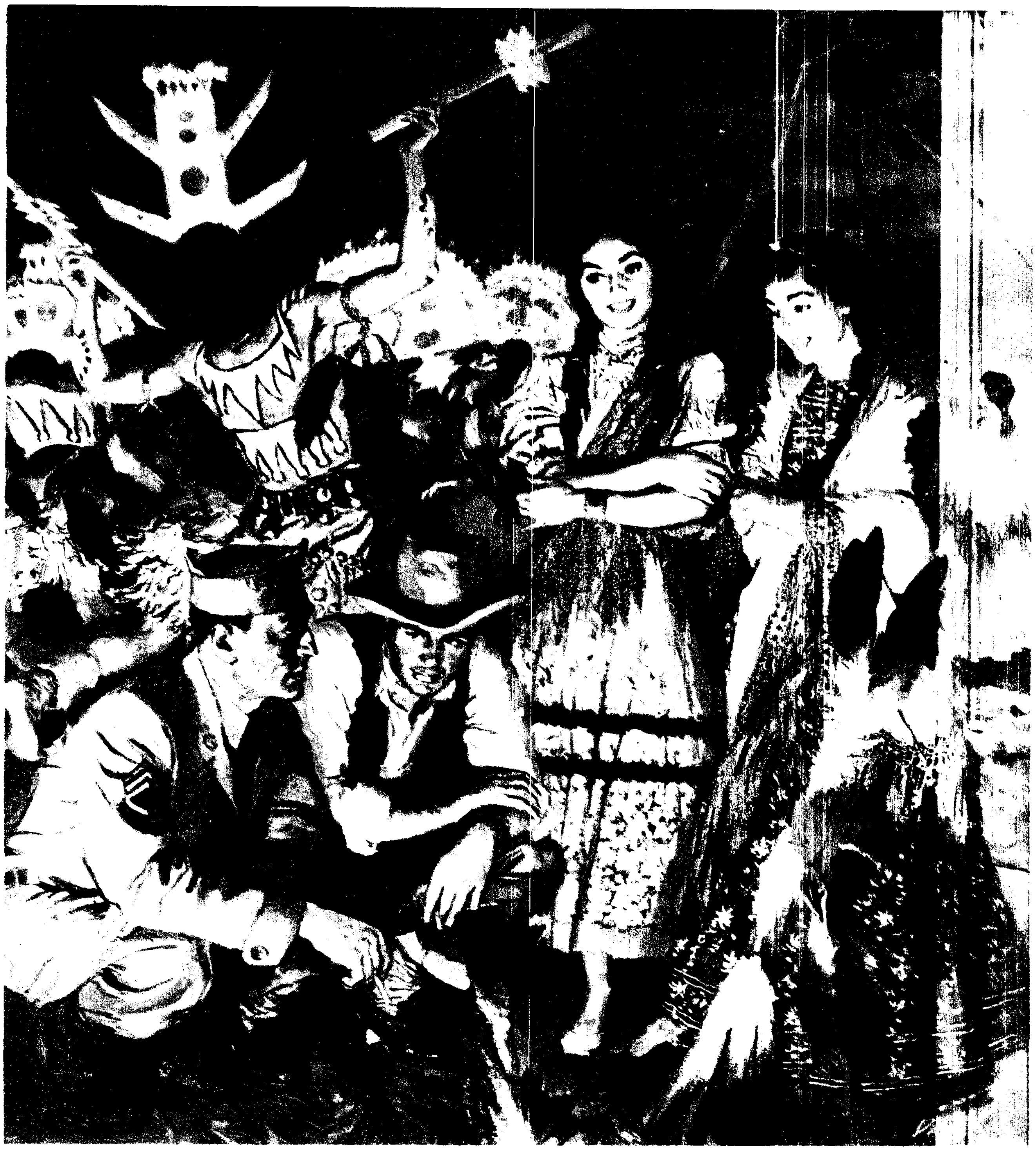


Just as Mary and another girl came up, Joe said to me: "These ceremonies are a great show—but I'm supposed to *believe* in them"

SPIRIT OF COCHISE

By ELLIOTT ARNOLD

When Joe Murdoch got home, he hoped he was finished with fighting. And then he found himself faced with the biggest battle of his life

THE first time I ever laid eyes on Joe Murdoch was seven or eight years ago, in a bar and grill in a little Arizona town just before you turn into the road leading to the Apache reservation. I was having a cup of coffee when this big Indian in a soldier's uniform with sergeant's stripes on his sleeves and a couple of rows of ribbons across his chest walked into the place.

Joe Murdoch had already gone off to war when I first was assigned to the reservation but I recognized him immediately. Pictures of him in his uniform were all over the place, in pretty nearly every wickiup and house, and there was a great big picture in the Indian recreation hall. The Apaches used to be pretty good fighting men and they still think a lot of a brave man.

You wouldn't forget Joe's face. It was the way the Apache faces used to be, I guess, before they mixed with the other tribes. The nose was not flat like lots of Indians, but narrow and sharp, like an eagle's beak. The whole face was proud that way, especially the eyes.

Well, Joe entered the bar and grill like anybody else, but once he got inside the place something happened to him. It wasn't much—nobody else but me noticed it, probably. But I've been in the Indian service for a little while—since right after my Army discharge in forty-five—and I guess I've kind of got an eye for those things.

Anyway, I could see that look of hesitancy, as though Joe were sort of crouching inside of himself, as though some part of him were waiting to get slugged. It was very strange on this big man with the shoulders of an ox and all those combat ribbons on his chest. Then the shoulders squared a little and Joe sat down on a stool in front of the lunch counter and asked for some coffee and doughnuts.

The counterman glanced at the uniform and nodded absent-mindedly and started to draw the coffee, and then he took another look at Joe. He banged the half-filled coffee cup down hard. "I can't serve no Indian here," he said. He jerked his thumb toward the back of the place. There was a bar back there. This was about eleven o'clock in the morning and there was nobody at the bar, not even the bartender, but the bar was there all right. "You know the law," the counterman said. "We sell liquor here and so we can't serve no Indians."

"I don't want liquor, mister," Joe said. "I just want a cup of coffee."

The counterman got mad, the kind of mad some people seem to generate when they deal with Indians. It's sudden and wild. "Damn it, you know the law!" he shouted. "I sell you a cup of coffee and they take my license away. Now get out of here."

I thought there might be trouble. "Take it easy, Irv," I said to the counterman. I finished my coffee and stood up.

"What right has he got to wear a uniform!" the counterman screamed. "He can take that uniform and—"

I turned to Joe. His face was blank. "Going to the reservation, Sergeant?"

"Yeah."

"I'll drive you down. They sell pretty good coffee in a joint on the reserve now. I'll take my second cup with you."

"You work on the reservation?" he asked as we walked out to the car.

"I'm an assistant to the agent."

He climbed into the car. "Since when do the federal boys drink coffee with the gut-eaters?"

He used the expression some white people throw at Apaches when they want to insult them. "I used to be another kind of federal boy, Sergeant," I said, starting up the car. "North Africa and Italy. Of course I never got more than *two* stripes."

The Arizona country up here is pretty wonderful. I don't know how the Apaches got it for themselves, considering some of the places Uncle Sam dished out to other tribes. But then the Apaches were always good traders, beginning with Cochise, the greatest Apache chief of them all, the one who first made peace with the white man.

I kept looking at Joe's face as we rode along, wondering what was going on behind it. A guy who was away for more than four years, in the South Pacific and then Japan, should have been excited over this country, about getting back. But Joe's expression didn't show anything, and I guessed he was thinking about the counterman and how it was going to be from then on.

As I remembered it, the Army was a confining place—to a white man used to the regular freedom of living in the U.S.A. But it struck me for the first time then, driving through that pine country, that for Joe Murdoch it would be the other way around—that instead of coming out of confinement, like other discharged GIs, he was just going into it. In the Army, Joe was no different from anybody else, and the only question they ever asked him was could he soldier. From the rainbows on his chest it looked like he gave the right answers. But now . . .

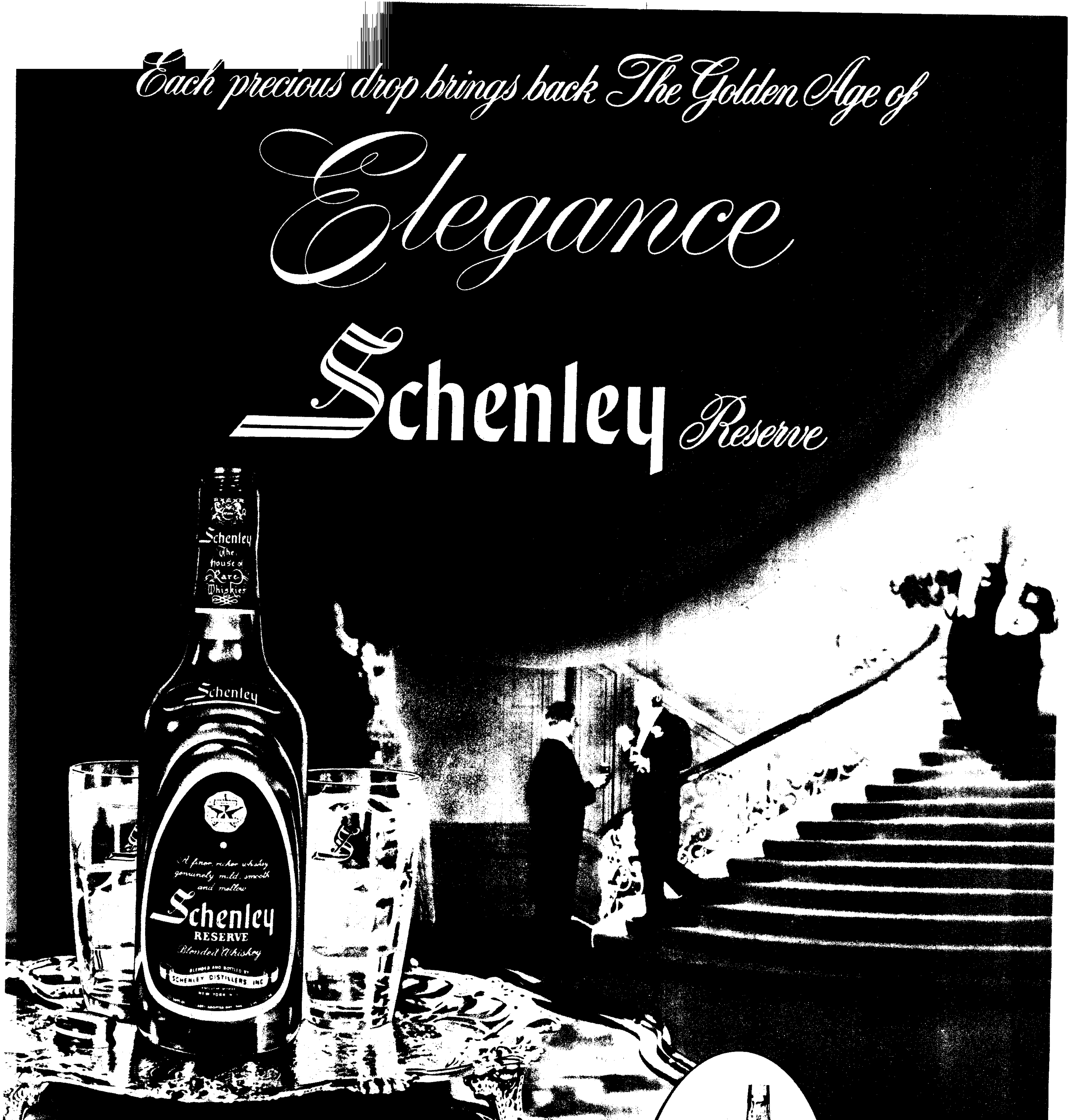
Joe stirred. "I hear they got a new agent since I left. What's he like?"

"All right."

"That's not what I hear. I got letters—they say this one thinks he's a tin god."

I wished then that I knew Joe Murdoch a little better. I wanted to tell him—well, to watch out. I wanted to remind him, in case he forgot in four

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER



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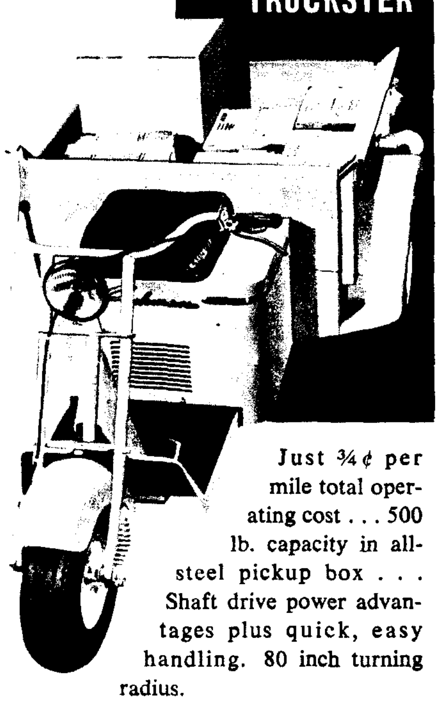

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years, that on an Indian reservation the agent is boss. But I didn't know Joe well enough. So I shut up and we passed through the entrance and Joe was home again.

AFTER the way the Apaches had been talking about Joe all the time he was away, I figured that now he was back they would put on some kind of party for him. But instead, first thing they did was to whisk him out to the range where they were grazing their cattle. The Apaches raise cattle as a tribe and every young buck has to take a hand. When the animals are sold, the proceeds are taken into the tribal fund and used for the benefit of all the tribe.

I was told about Joe being sent out to the range, way away from the main part of the reserve, by his girl, a pretty little Indian with the jolting name of Mary Murphy. In case you're wondering how Apache Indians get names like Joe Murdoch and Mary Murphy, it goes back to the old days when they were first taken on reservations. The soldiers tallying them couldn't make out their Indian names, and so, for the records, they gave them any names that they happened to think of. Sometimes they used their own Army roster. Later they used telephone books.

Anyway, Mary, who had a lovely Apache name that meant Little Fawn, told me that Joe was out with the stock. She told me the other men were working him hard, exhausting him physically, and I began to understand how smart they were. They too had figured out that it was going to be a little rough on Joe, getting used to being on a reservation again, and they planned this way to make it a little easier.

It was not until Joe had been working on the range for at least a month that he was given the home-coming party I had expected. It was in the old style. They butchered some of the beef and passed it out and roasted it on open fires. While it was cooking they had a big sweat bath.

The Apaches still do that, the way they always have. It's a religious rite with them. They feel it purifies them. Their holy man—shaman—has to bless the whole thing.

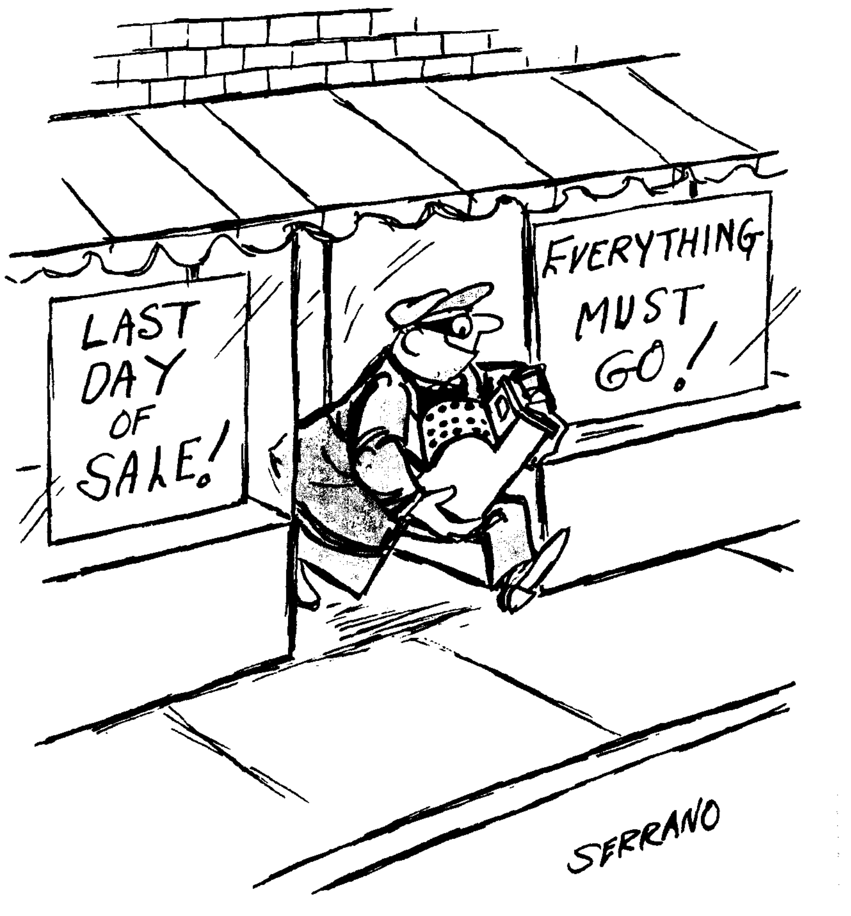
I heard from Mary Murphy, who, incidentally, works as a clerk in the agency, that Joe balked at the sweat bath. "He is like many of us who see something of the outside," Mary said soberly. "He is ashamed of the old customs of our people."

I understood. Joe wanted to be more American than the Americans. He thought the sweat bath and the chanting of the singers and the muttering of the shaman were barbaric. He was looking at these things through the eyes of a white man—and they embarrassed him.

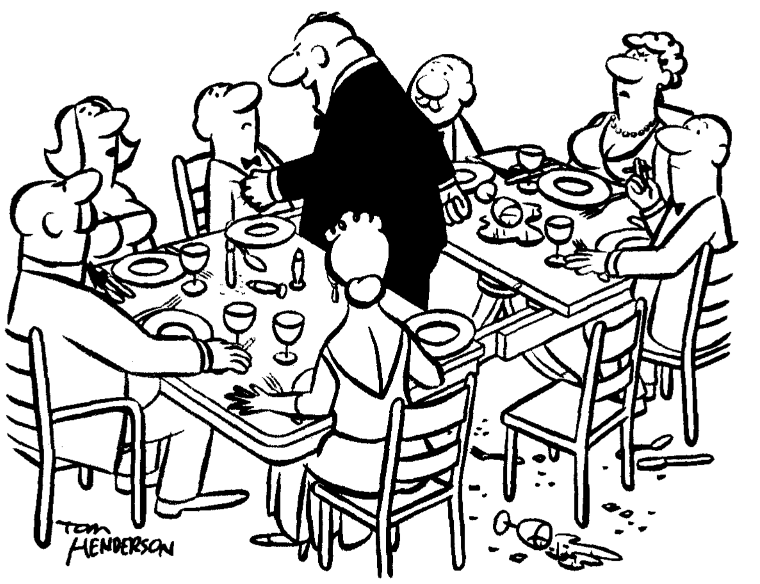
The party was a pretty good one. There was plenty to drink, of course. There isn't supposed to be any liquor on a reservation, for either the Indians or the white men working there, but the old Indian squaws sort of ignore that rule. They make a drink out of raisins. They distill it in isolated places on the reservation—which, by the way, is about the size of a small state back East—and, believe me, the stuff is liquid dynamite. And since the Indians know they are breaking the law by drinking the stuff, they drink it fast, on the sly, with resentment, so that their drinking is bad.

IT WAS sometime during this party that Joe took a notion to pay a visit to Richard Tolleson, the agent. Joe had not met Tolleson, because he had been rushed out to the range as soon as he got back; and this night, after a few snorts of raisin jack, Joe decided it was time he said hello.

Now Joe was not drunk. He had learned a little about drinking in his years away from the reserve and he was not having too much of the homemade rotgut anyway. He just suddenly got it in his head that he ought to pay a call on Tolleson. He drifted away


LAST DAY OF SALE!
EVERYTHING MUST GO!
SERRANO

COLLIER'S JOSEPH SERRANO



COLLIER'S **“I'm afraid I don't quite agree with you on that last remark, McCabe . . .”** TOM HENDERSON

from one of the campfires and walked about two miles to the big clearing that was in the center of the reservation.

All the houses of the married executives in the agency are along one street, with the biggest and best house assigned to the agent, of course. My house was a couple of doors down from Tolleson's. I was sitting on the porch, having a last pipe, when I saw Joe walking up the street. He was hard to miss. He was still wearing his soldier's uniform. He hadn't been able to make himself get into Levi's and cotton shirts like the other Indians.

I called out to him and asked him what he wanted. He didn't remember me at first. He stood stiffly—just enough for me to see he had a couple of drinks under his belt—and with elaborate politeness he asked me which house belonged to the agent. I asked why he wanted to see Mr. Tolleson.

“I have just returned from the Army,” Joe said patiently. “I have not yet seen Agent Tolleson. I want to say hello to him.”

I walked over to him. “It's kind of late for that, don't you think, Joe?”

He squinted at me and then I think he recognized me. “This is the first chance I've had. I don't want Agent Tolleson to think I have no manners.”

“You better wait till tomorrow.”

“I will see him now,” Joe said.

I was trying to figure out a way to talk him out of it when, as luck would have it, Tolleson himself came out on his porch and he called out: “What's going on there?”

“It's me, Fred Henderson, Mr. Tolleson,” I said. I was hoping Joe would keep his mouth shut.

“Who is that with you?” Tolleson asked.

“Sergeant Joe Murdoch,” Joe said. “I been wanting to see you.”

“Here I am,” Tolleson said. “What do you want?”

Joe walked over to Tolleson's house and up to his porch. Tolleson was standing in the doorway. Before Joe could say anything the agent said: “You're drunk, Murdoch!”

Joe shook his head. “No, Mr. Tolleson, I'm not drunk.”

“I can tell a drunken Indian when I see one! Where did you get the stuff?” Tolleson's voice had a familiar little edge in it now.

Joe fumbled with his overseas cap. “Some of my friends gave me a little party, Mr. Tolleson. You see, sir, I just got out of the Army.”

“And you think you're going to bring some of your drunken Army habits onto my reservation!”

“I'm not drunk, Mr. Tolleson,” Joe insisted.

“I heard all about you, Murdoch,” Tolleson said. “I been wanting to see you too. I hear you think you're a big shot. Well, what I want to tell you is this: you're back on a reservation now. Whatever kind of life you've been leading—it's all over now. There are rules here and they apply to you the same as anybody else, hero or no hero. And the first rule is: no drinking!” He looked past Joe. “Henderson!”

“Yes, sir,” I said. I knew what was coming.

“Put this man in jail until he sobers up,” Tolleson ordered.

“Mr. Tolleson—” By then the agent was inside and the door was slammed. I looked at Joe. He wasn't any drunker than I was. The look on his face wasn't good. “Come on, Joe,” I said.

HE STARED at the door. “He didn't ask me in the house,” he said. “Everybody told me he has never allowed an Indian inside his house.”

“He's got a lot on his mind, Joe.”

“He could have held out his hand. He could have done that.”

Joe started down the steps and headed for the jail, with me behind him. He didn't say anything. I think I never realized until then how old everything was around the reservation, the buildings, everything. They looked like the ugliest buildings in the world.

He still hadn't said anything by the time we came to the old hoosegow, which was built originally to cool off Apache bucks who strayed; and when I told the keeper to lock him up he went in without a word. That's what made me feel so lousy. I knew what Joe was thinking. I remembered how it was when I came back from the war with a game leg that still hurts in bad weather and how all the fat feather merchants looked to me. And I didn't have the special problems Joe had. Tolleson and his wife and his kids were safe, you might say, because of Joe and other guys. Tolleson could have opened that door wider and asked him in. He could have held out his hand.

I waved to Joe and he waved back and sat down on the little three-legged stool in the cell and stared at the ground, a big silent man in a soldier's uniform. What made it all the worse was that on the reservation Tolleson

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was Uncle Sam—the same Uncle Sam Joe had been doing all his fighting for.

The next time I saw Joe he wasn't so quiet. He was making a lot of noise. He was pounding his big ham-hand on the counter at the agency asking out loud, and loudly, when somebody was going to check the form he had just filled out. It surprised me quite a bit. Indians don't have much of a sense of time. I've seen them stand around for hours, just like it was minutes. I've even seen them park in front of the administration building for a couple of days until something or other was straightened out. They got no place to go, usually, and all the time in the world to get there.

"What you got there, Joe?" I asked.

"Forms. How many forms I got to fill out? And what happens when I got all the questions answered? I been waiting here an hour."

"Just like the Army," I said, trying to make a joke.

He gave me that Indian look again and I realized how dumb my crack was. Whatever it was now, it was not like the Army. I looked around. Joe's girl friend, Mary Murphy, was busy typing in a back part of the room. It wasn't her job to check the innumerable papers Indians have to fill out for this and that, but I called to her.

She bounced out of the chair like she was just waiting to be called. "Miss Murphy," I said, calling her that because it never stopped tickling me that a full-blooded Apache had a name like that, and also because I thought maybe the "miss" part of it would help to calm Joe down, "Miss Murphy, see if you can get Sergeant Murdoch squared away, will you?" I walked away fast because I didn't want them to think what I did was anything special.

As I went into my own office I glanced back. They looked pretty good, their heads close together, bent over the counter. I shook my head as I closed the door behind me. It was rough, how hard Joe was trying to be different from his people.

About a week after that there was a meeting between Tolleson and the tribal council. This one was called by Tolleson himself, which was unusual. On many reservations the agent pays a lot of attention to the tribal council; sometimes the council actually runs the Indian part of the show—which they're supposed to do. But unfortunately there are a few agents like Tolleson who look on Indians like they are children. They have to allow the council, because that's regulations, but they ignore it, as though the Indians were playing at being grown-up.

The council members were seated and waiting as Tolleson and I and another assistant came in. I always liked to see those Indians gathered like that. Their faces looked as though they were carved out of old, hard wood. Those men had dignity.

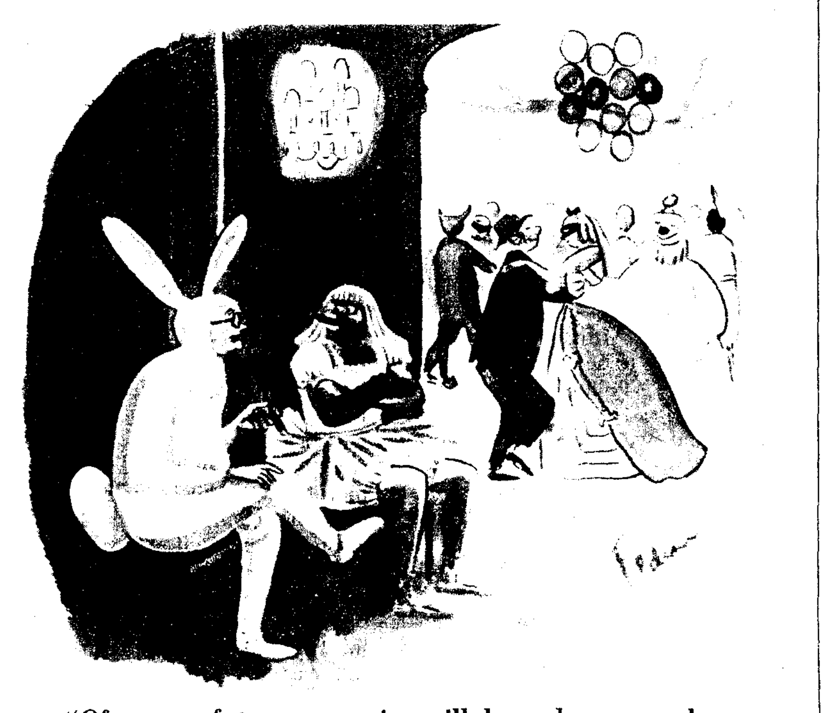
THE reason for Tolleson's calling the meeting came out fast. In a couple of weeks there would be the annual cattle sale. The Apaches, as usual, were raising some of the best stock in the state. Tolleson told them he had a friend, a rancher, who might take everything they had to sell, at a price. "It will save you a lot of time and trouble," Tolleson said. "Having one buyer for all your beef. Save money too."

He went on talking about this friend of his, and without saying it in so many words, he let on that he wouldn't like it much if his friend didn't get the stock—at a price.

The Indians listened and, like Indians, didn't answer right away. They knew it was well within Tolleson's power to make life good or miserable for them in many ways. I don't know exactly how they would have answered him if suddenly there had not been a lot of noise outside—shouting at first, and then the sound of breaking glass. We went to the windows.

There was a crowd in front of the trading post, and it was the plate-glass window of the post that was smashed. I looked at Tolleson. The store—the only one on the reservation—was operated by a man Tolleson had brought in, and there was talk that Tolleson himself was part owner of the store.

Tolleson rushed out and we followed, and when we got there we found two of the Apache local policemen latched onto Joe Murdoch and him fighting like a mad bear. Everybody started to talk at once when Tolleson showed up, but we finally got the story.



"Of course, future expansion will depend on several economic factors. However, the over-all picture . . ."

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

Joe had gone into the place for a pack of cigarettes. In our trading post cigarettes cost almost double what they did outside. Joe got riled about that and then he started to look around at other things—the butter and eggs and Levi's and shoes. And he got more and more worked up. Everything was half again or double the cost it should have been.

That was an old story to everybody on our reservation, but the Indians put up with it because they were so far away from any other store. The guy who ran the post, a crabby old man, told Joe that things had to cost more because they had to be hauled all the way to the reservation. That was obviously so untrue that Joe blew up. He began to throw things. He threw a pair of work shoes at the window.

Well, when all this came out, Tolleson was speechless. I thought the man was going to bust a blood vessel or something. I kept looking at the Indians and I could see, despite the granite faces, the light of amusement in their eyes. I could see Joe was going to keep right on being a hero.

I don't know what they would have done to Joe—Tolleson and the guy who owned the store, I mean. The way Tolleson looked he might have wanted to hang him. But before Tolleson could say something he wouldn't be able to take back, old Har-Che-Say, the head of the tribal council and one of the few Apaches known only by an Apache name, stepped forward and said that the council would pay for the damage Joe had done, out of the tribal fund.

After that, Joe was sent out to the range again. I heard about him from time to time from Mary Murphy, and once in a while I saw him when he came in for something. He would be wearing Levi's and a flannel shirt and a big hat, and he would look tired but not strained. But before very long, I'd see him change again. He would look around and take in everything—the old gray buildings, the general shabbiness. He would look at the Indian women wearing the shapeless Mother Hubbard squaw dresses they adopted back in the 1880s, and his face would get hard and tight as he once again was reminded of what he belonged to.

It must have been hard. He was in the worst way a man could be. His outside experience had educated him away from his own kind so that he was a stranger among them. But he was also unable to join the outside, because outside he was all Indian. He had no place to go.

During this time the cattle for sale were cut away, and I found that they were all sold to Tolleson's rancher friend and that the selling price was a good piece below the market dollar.

THE biggest of all Apache ceremonies is the puberty rite, and it's seldom they have them these days. First of all it's pretty expensive—the parents of the girl involved have to throw a big feed and give away candy and cigarettes and so on; and also, the Apache girls themselves are rebelling more and more against the old ways.

The rite is a kind of coming-out party for the girl, to show she is now a woman, and it lasts for four whole days and nights and the girl has an exhausting time of it. According to the Apache belief the girl, during the rite, is the incarnation of the Apache goddess, White Painted Lady. She is called upon to bless the old and the young and the sick and the infirm and she herself gets quite a mauling over from the woman named as her godmother during the ceremony. She has to get pounded and sprinkled with pollen, and she has to run around a course—all in the name of religion, which holds that these rituals will keep her limber and fertile and swift for a long time.

It's during this puberty rite that the famous Apache masked dancers, popularly but inaccurately known as Devil Dancers, go through their paces. They caper around in the firelight in black masks and elaborate slatted headdresses, and it's a pretty exciting experience, I tell you.

WHILE I was watching them, being stirred, as I always was, by the dancing and the chanting that went with it, I saw Joe again. The first thing I noticed was that he was in his Army uniform once more, and I realized how that fit into the picture. This puberty rite, and especially this particular part of it, was the holiest ceremony in the Apache religion; and so, to Joe, it was the most vivid identification with the savagery he was trying to run away from. That Army uniform was a shield for him. He must have thought it protected him from his own people and moved him closer to the white people who were watching.

I sidled up to Joe. I saw his face had the tightness in it again. "Pretty exciting, Joe," I said.

"It makes me sick," he said. He gestured with his head toward the dancers. "This stuff belongs in some jungle somewhere, in Africa maybe. When are they going to grow up?"

The dancers were working their usual magic on me. He must have figured out what I was feeling, for he said: "It's easy for you to get a charge out of this. You're looking at a show, like a circus. I'm supposed to *believe* in it!" He lighted a cigarette, igniting the match with his thumbnail. "I'm supposed to look at these clowns and believe in them. I'm supposed to think that kid in that tent who was down at the trading post yesterday in bobby socks listening to a Frank Sinatra record is a *goddess*. Look at those fools—holding their kids up to her so she can *bless* them!"

The masked dancers retired for a little while and the social dancing began. The Apache women run this part of the show. They line up in twos and threes, side by side, their arms folded across their breasts, and they shuffle backward and forward, in circles, around the fire. When they spot a man they want to dance with, they shuffle up to him, moving back and forth until he gets up and faces them, holding his arms the same way, and dances off with them.

It wasn't very long before Mary Murphy and another girl headed up to where Joe and I were. They had the usual impish grins on their faces as they waited. I could see that Joe was going to refuse at first. I stepped right up into position and then Joe tossed his cigarette away and joined me.

It was sometime during the circling around the fire that Joe slipped away. One moment he was there, his face like stone, and the next moment he was gone. I looked at Mary Murphy and saw she was worried. We went around a couple of times more and then I thanked the girls and left the circle. Something told me I'd better find Joe.

First I went to see old Har-Che-Say. He told me that he had seen Joe buy a bottle of raisin jack from one of the old woman bootleggers. He said he tried to stop Joe but that Joe had walked off angrily, which was an un-

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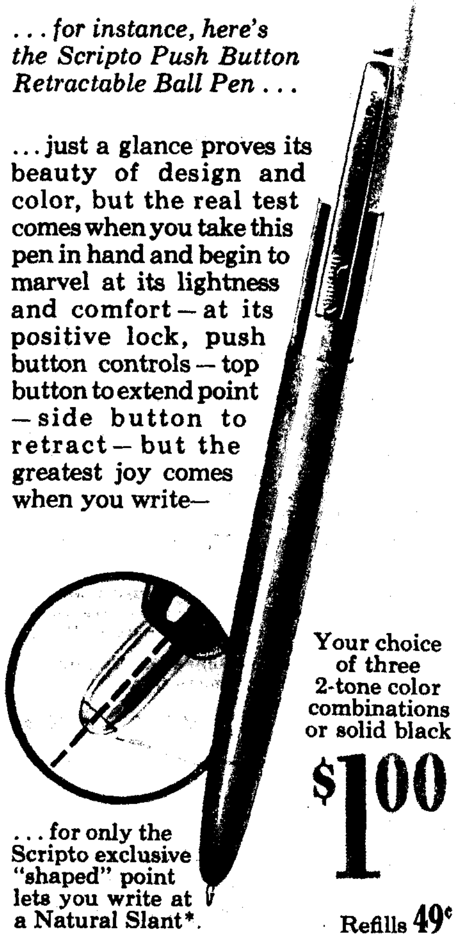

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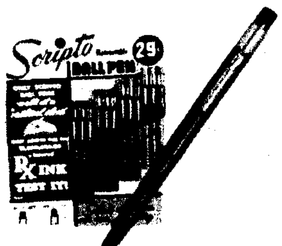

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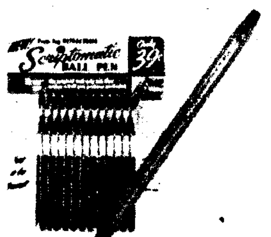

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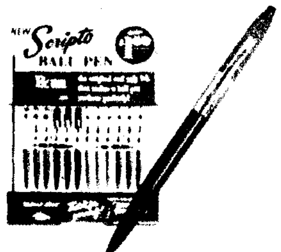

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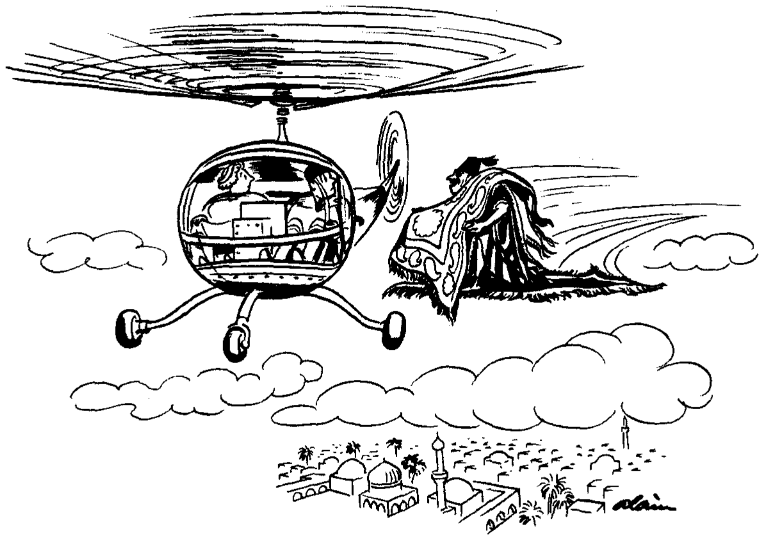


COLLIER'S DANIEL ALAIN

heard-of rudeness to the most revered man in the tribe. I thanked Har-Che-Say and kept looking, and it was about a half an hour later that it suddenly came to me where Joe would be heading once he got a snootful of that bad liquor. I cut across the clearing, hearing the chanting of the chorus as the masked dancers took over again, and started to run toward the executives' houses.

Over there it was quiet. It was late at night and very few of the white people who worked on the reservation bothered to watch any of the ceremonies. Most of the lights were out. I looked up and down the street. I stopped and listened, trying to hear something. I started walking again, and then I heard a moan and then the sound of a bottle tossed against the side of a building and the bottle breaking. I ran down between two of the buildings and I almost collided with Joe. I took one look at him, at his face, at his eyes, half closed and glinting, and I knew this boy was loaded. And I also knew where he was bound—and what it would mean if he ever got there.

I TRIED to stop him, but it was like trying to stop a ten-ton truck. He pushed past me like I wasn't there. I ran after him. "Joe," I said in a whisper, trotting behind him, "Joe, don't do it. He'll lock you up for years. He's just waiting for something like this. Joe!" It was like talking to that same ten-ton truck. The sweat was bristling on his face and he acted like he was in a trance. I grabbed him and he just dragged me along, not breaking his stride, and all the time he was getting closer and closer to Tolleson's house.

I saw a spade lying against the house. I picked it up and clobbered Joe with everything I had.

I heard a window open in Tolleson's house. I got down on my knees and dragged Joe under some shrubbery. I heard Tolleson call out, asking whether anybody was there. Joe began to stir. I clapped my hand over his mouth and held him down. It seemed a lifetime before I heard the window close again.

I let go of Joe. He sat up and looked around. I got to my feet and tried to lift him. I might as well have tried to pick up a horse. He started to mumble. "I want him to hold out his hand," he said. "Then I'll break it." His eyes were crazy.

"Get up," I said. "Get up." Then I leaned down. "Sergeant Murdoch, get up! That's an *order!*"

It worked. He staggered to his feet. I gave him a shove toward my own house. He lurched along, his eyes still not seeing anything. I got him to my car. I opened the door and shoved him in. Then I got behind the wheel and I drove off the reservation. . . .

The first words I heard out of Joe were: "Stop the car. I'm going to be sick." Then he got out, and when he came back his face was like it was shellacked. I gave him a cigarette and lighted it for him. "I don't even like that bootleg rotgut," he said. "But they tell me I can't have it, so I got to have it." He glared at me. His eyes were still a little glazed. "Because they tell me I can't have it. Do you understand that?"

"I think so, Joe," I said.

"And the thing about it is that they're right. When I see those crazy fools dancing like they were tonight, I can see they're right. Who in his right mind would let lunatics like that get near liquor?" He spat out of the car and threw away his cigarette. "Look at those fools tonight and you can believe that with a belly full of rotgut they might go on the warpath again." He stopped and then he said: "And you'd be right. I wanted to kill a white man tonight."

Then he did something that turned my spine to ice. He raised his head and let out a terrible cry. It filled the inside of the car until I thought my ears would break. Then he covered his face with his hands.

After a while I said: "You're mixed up pretty bad, Joe."

He shook his head without looking up. "No, I'm not mixed up. I'm just not living a hundred years ago. I don't paint my face and wear a G string. It's today. Those people tonight—that crazy business with the masks and that singing—"

"It's not crazy, Joe. Not if they believe. And if you don't believe, it's still not crazy. Anything that anybody believes in has dignity."

"There were other Indians in the same outfit with me," Joe said. "Apaches, some Navajos, even Cherokees from Oklahoma, and a couple of Sioux. They were hardly different from the other dogfaces. There were some guys from New Mexico—they could speak almost nothing but Spanish—who were more different than any of us were." He stared out the car window. "We were allowed to belong to something—all of us."

"You belong to something here."

"To what? Those crazy hopped-up dancers!"

I started the car.

"I almost got my head shot off," he said. "I still got scars, fighting for white men. I almost got killed, for the right to belong." He looked out the window again. "Where are you going? This isn't the way to the reservation."

"No," I said. "It isn't."

I drove the rest of the night. Joe fell asleep. Right after it got light, I pulled the car off the road, just outside the town of Bowie. It was the kind of dawn you see only on the desert. Everything looked and smelled new—like it was the first day of all time. The air seemed pink.

I looked at the mountain range to the south. On the crest was the strange arrangement of peaks and rocks called Cochise Head. The Apaches call that place the Spiritland of Cochise. There are Apaches who believe Cochise was more than just their finest chief. They think he had a mission on earth. Now, in the morning, the austere profile was filled with hollows and shadows as it stared up at the spotless sky.

Joe shifted and then he said: "It's just rock—rock and the way the light hits it. It don't mean anything."

"Then look at it for a while," I said. "If it doesn't mean anything it won't hurt you." For, despite himself, after his first glance, Joe had turned his head away. I got out of the car and walked around to his side and opened the door. He got out, his head dropped, and then he slowly raised his eyes and I saw him swallow a couple of times.

"Cochise had a rough time," Joe said in a low voice. "Bringing those mavericks onto a reservation and making it stick. But he always had an out. White men were afraid of him. He could always fight. By Heaven, he knew how to fight! But what can we do?"

"You can fight too," I said.

"It's been seventy-five years now and some people still treat us like children—except when they need us to fight their wars. Cochise could always strike back and they knew it. How can we fight back?"

"He knew how to adapt," I said. "First he fought with bows and arrows and then he learned how to fight with guns. And when he saw that was no good he learned how to fight with something else—his head. His *brains*. That turned out to be his smartest weapon. That's why all of you are around now." I looked closely at Joe. He couldn't take his eyes off the profile now. The light was changing and it seemed as though the profile were changing its expression, as though it were listening. "You can get the same weapon, Joe," I said. "And what's more, Uncle Sam will buy it for you."

Joe did another strange thing then. He lifted his arms toward the profile and held them there. He didn't say anything. He just stood there without moving. Then he dropped them and got back into the car.

WELL, like I said, that was some time ago—seven-eight years. Joe went off to Flagstaff a few weeks later on the GI Bill, and after a while he began to study law at the college there. I only saw him once in a while after that, but I kept hearing about how he was making out from Mary Murphy. The first chance he got to show off what he was learning was a few years later when a movie company wanted to use some of the people from the reservation for an Indian picture they were making. Joe represented the tribal council in drawing up the contracts.

When he was a full-fledged lawyer Joe came back to his people. Today? Well, today Joe is tribal judge. On all internal matters concerning his people, his word is law.

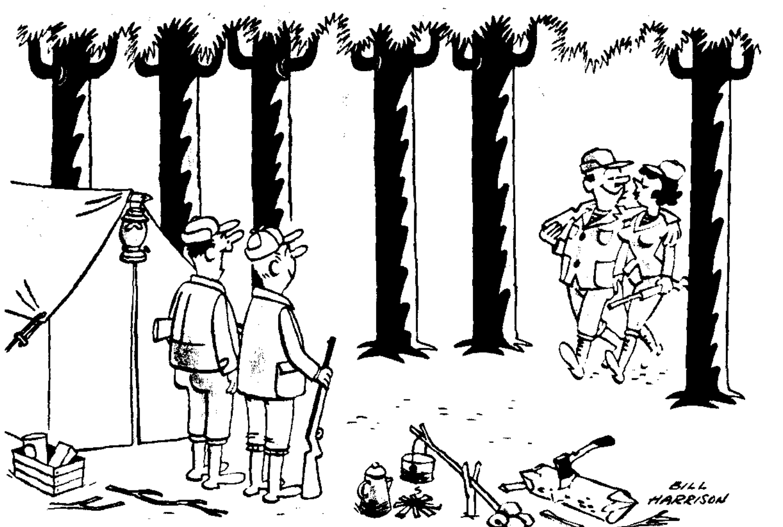
He's on the tribal council too; of course. One of the first things he did when he got back was to campaign for the council to open their own store on the reservation. He persuaded them to build their own building and stock it. They laid out two hundred thousand dollars—in cash. And now they've a supermarket like the best in any American town. It's something to see those squaws pushing the carts, selecting things off the shelves. The other store folded up less than a month after the tribal store opened.

Joe's got a pretty house of his own now and he and Mary have three kids. We visit back and forth. Joe is doing some research work, tying in Apache music with Asiatic music. He claims there's a lot in common. He also has some theory that the Apaches came originally from Egypt, and he's going to dig into that someday.

Joe comes into the agent's house all the time now. I'm the agent. Guys like Tolleson may get away with it for a while—the Bureau of Indian Affairs is big and it's hard to keep tabs on everybody. But sooner or later Uncle Sam catches up with them.

Every once in a while Joe and I take off. It's a kind of mystery on the reservation where we go. We figure it's nobody's business—just Joe and me and the heap of rocks on the mountain. We go there and sit and look up at it. It seems to make things easier for both of us when the problems pile up too high.

—ELLIOTT ARNOLD



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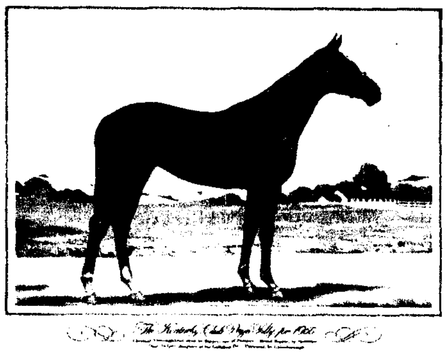

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The Kentucky Club Annual "Derby Day" Contest brings you an easy way to win a race horse—a chestnut Thoroughbred filly, granddaughter of Sir Gallahad III. Ted Atkinson helped select her. *Just name her and she's yours.* Ask for free entry blank at your favorite tobacco counter.

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Battleground of controversy is this area, which is located in the Dinosaur National Monument on the Colorado-Utah border

Are You For or Against the
ECHO PARK DAM?

A bitter controversy is raging over the proposal to build a dam in a national beauty spot. To five parched states the reservoir would be a godsend; to Conservationists, a desecration

NOT since Indian war whoops resounded through the gorges of the Rocky Mountains nearly a century ago has the West been rent by such a bitter battle. The battleground is the Dinosaur National Monument on the Colorado-Utah border—a federal preserve set aside in 1915 to protect 100,000,000-year-old fossils of the Jurassic age, and expanded in 1938 to include 208,885 acres of wilderness as a recreation area. The combatants are the Reclamationists and the Conservationists, two groups of visionaries who often are allied but now are engaged in a civil war.

The Reclamationists, seeking water and power to help develop one of the most sparsely settled areas of the nation, have proposed a system of nine dams to harness the streams of the Upper Colorado River Basin in Utah, Colorado, Wyoming, Arizona and New Mexico. It is a billion-and-a-half-dollar undertaking that would dwarf the TVA and the Hoover and Bonneville dams. The Reclamationists (led by the Bureau of Reclamation in the U.S. Department of the Interior) met no opposition from the Conservationists until they revealed that one of the dams, Echo Park, would invade and drown out the most picturesque part of the Dinosaur National Monument. To the Conservationists (led by the National Park Service, which is also part of the Department of the Interior) the disclosure was a stab in the back, the opening shot of the civil war. The conflict began in the Department of the Interior in 1950, raged through vitriolic Senate and House hearings last year, and now has erupted onto the floors of Congress.

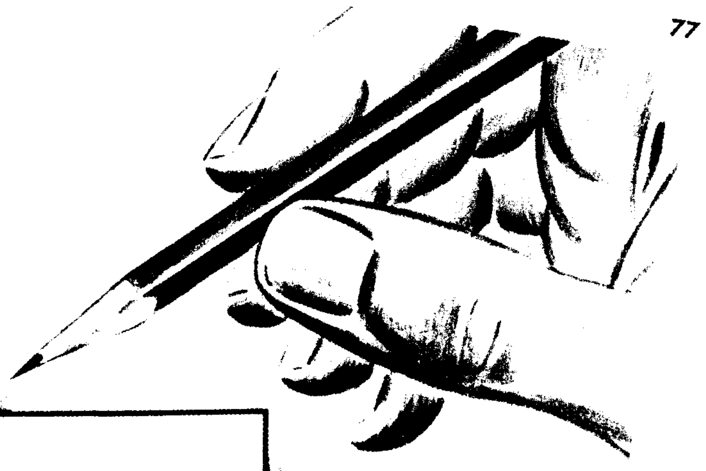
Strangely, no dinosaur bones are involved, for they are downstream from the proposed dams and the reservoir waters would not touch them. The Conservationists insist, however, that there are too few areas set aside to preserve America's natural scenery and that unwarranted invasion of them is a crime against all the people of the United States.

Unquestionably, more than a local issue is involved. Nearly everyone in the West is a Reclamationist, a Conservationist, or both. Moreover, nearly 50,000,000 Americans from all over the country visit the national parks each year, and 98 per cent of the cost of the dam project would be borne by people far removed from the area. One third, for example, would be paid by the taxpayers of New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Michigan.

In the following six pages, Collier's presents expert opinion on both sides of this vital controversy.

Turn to Page 78

Can you spot the BIG LOSER on this scorecard?



★ TRANSPORTATION SCORECARD ★

	RAILROADS	INTERCITY TRUCKS	INLAND WATERWAY CARRIERS	AIRLINES	INTERSTATE BUSES
Does carrier build and maintain the "roadway" which it uses?	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Does carrier pay property taxes on its "roadway" for support of the general services of government?	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Does carrier meet all its true costs instead of being helped by tax money?	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Is carrier compelled to maintain routes and services which do not pay their own way?	YES	NO	NO	SEE NOTE #1	NO
Are carrier's rates regulated by government agencies?	YES	SEE NOTE #2	SEE NOTE #3	YES	YES

#1. Any mail-carrying commercial airline which operates at a loss receives additional Federal subsidy to cover its deficit.

#2. Only 38% of intercity truck transportation is regulated, in part, by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

#3. Only 12% of inland water transportation service is regulated to some extent. Water carriers enjoy special protection from railroad competition.

Look closely—it's YOU!

Most of the things you enjoy in your daily life — your home, your car, your clothes, the food you eat — are available to you in such quantity because America enjoys the world's greatest system of mass transportation. And the better that system works, the better for *you*.

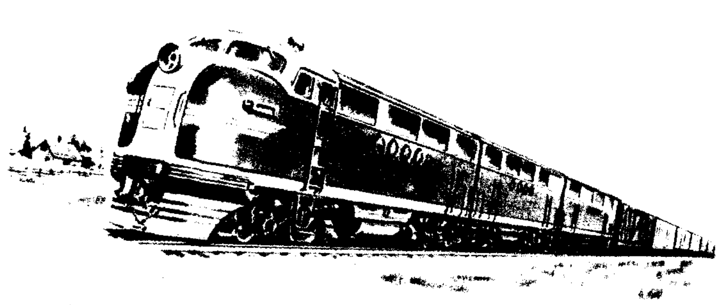
But when that system is not permitted to work at its best, it is *your* loss.

As you can see from this scorecard, only the railroads among these transportation agencies are meeting all their true costs without help from tax money.

And yet, railroads are subject to such laws and regulations, both in their rates and in their services, that they are not allowed to compete with other forms of transportation on an equal basis.

This costs *you* money in two ways — in higher taxes and in higher *real* costs of transportation.

You can help get lower *real* costs — and lower taxes, too — by supporting measures, state and national, which will put all forms of transportation on an equal basis — and which will give America's railroads freedom to compete.



Association of American Railroads
WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

The Senator Says:

ECHO PARK DAM IS ESSENTIAL . .

Joseph C. O'Mahoney, United States Senator from Wyoming

MUCH of Wyoming, my home state, is in an area known as the Upper Colorado River Basin. Important parts of Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico and Utah also are within this area which, in territory, is more extensive than New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey combined. It is rich in resources. Oil shale is abundant. Sulphur, soda ash, potassium, alumina clays and many nonferrous minerals, including uranium, are found there. Wyoming alone has greater coal deposits than any other state in our Union. Climate is anything you prefer, from the arctic cold of Big Piney in winter to the burning heat of the desert in summer. Scenery is varied and thrilling. But even with these and other great advantages, the population of the basin is only 325,000. Little Rhode Island alone has nearly three times as many people.

The only reason for this sparse population is scarcity of water. That's the one essential resource we do not have in enough quantity. Under such conditions you would think every acre-foot of water would be husbanded with care, but it is not. Water, precious and priceless water, actually is being wasted. It is being allowed to flow on down the Colorado River, over the wonder-working Hoover Dam and finally into the Gulf of California.

Today, after too many years of waiting, Congress has before it again a comprehensive proposal to conserve and use the water of the upper Colorado and its tributaries. Competent engineers and others have evolved what is known as the Upper Colorado River Storage Project. Its nine big dams would be of incalculable benefit to the Upper Basin and, therefore, to the entire United States.

Every member of Congress from the Upper Basin states is in favor of the proposal. But outside the area there is strong opposition, not because of objectives, but because of an incidental and sentimental reason. An essential reservoir in the project requires a dam in Echo Park, part of Dinosaur National Monument. The dam would be on the Green River, in the northwest corner of Colorado, three miles below the confluence of the Green and the Yampa, two tributaries of the Colorado.

Our opponents, mainly nonresidents of the area, believe—some of them passionately—that this dam would do irreparable damage to the Dinosaur National Monument and to the natural beauty of that wild country. As the name of the monument indicates, dinosaurs once lived and died there millions of years ago; perhaps many of them died in uncontrolled floods such as still wreak havoc as they rush down the mountain canyons when the snows of winter melt.

New Roads Are to Come

The bones of these creatures remain, and of course all naturalists are eagerly interested in the site. But these ancient bones would not be disturbed or inundated by the proposed dam and reservoir. In fact, this graveyard of extinct reptiles and the beautiful canyons and mesas of the extended Dinosaur Monument would become easier of access once the necessary road is built to the dam from, I hope, Rock Springs, Wyoming.

The water level in the wild canyon would be raised 520 feet when the reservoir is filled. A crystal-clear lake of 43,400 acres would be created, extending 63 miles up the Green River and 44 miles up the Yampa. It is true that the river beds in the area would be obscured and their dangerous rapids eliminated, but the new crystal-clear reservoir would present to the tourist a calmer beauty of its own. Above the surface of the lake, canyon walls would tower 1,000 feet and more with all the beauty and grandeur now to be found there.

This key Echo Park structure would regulate the flow of these rivers more effectively than any other sites that can be suggested. Six and a half million acre-feet of water would be stored here in high-water season for the year-round benefit of men all the way down the Colorado River Valley, from sources to mouth. One and one-tenth billion kilowatt-hours of electric energy would be generated. Together with others in the project, the reservoir would be not only revenue-producing but self-liquidating over a stretch of 41 years, and at the same time it would create much new wealth in farms, homes and industries.

If you are among those who have opposed the project I ask that you think again about your position. The basic issue here is between the sentimental and aesthetic feelings of some people, mostly outside the area, and the welfare of the several hundred thousand who live there, plus many additional hundreds of thousands who will come if we are allowed to make the most intelligent possible use of our agricultural and mineral resources.

Opponents of the Echo Park reservoir say, in effect, the same results can be achieved by selecting alternate sites in place of some of those now proposed, but their argument is based on theory, not on careful, prolonged and repeated engineering studies. Every one of the proposed variations in the Upper Basin project would reduce the amount of water to be stored, increase the loss by evaporation and decrease the production of electricity. Support for these statements can be found in the official reports of the Department of the Interior, in both Democratic and Republican administrations.

Ralph A. Tudor, formerly under secretary, has said: ". . . Echo Park and Glen Canyon dams are the most effective and necessary units in the river regulation." E. O. Larson, the directly concerned regional administrator of the Bureau of Reclamation, with C. B. Jacobson, the Upper Basin project engineer, testified before a Senate committee that Echo Park is "sound from an engineering and economic standpoint and is a vital part of the total plan."

H. T. Person, dean of engineering, University of Wyoming, has found that the Echo reservoir "is one of the very important units" in the whole plan. "Its strategic location . . . its low evaporation losses and its contribution to maximum power production make it an essential unit to the Upper Basin development. . . . Also we feel that the construction of Echo Park reservoir will make the grandeur and the recreational values of this vast area available to tens of thousands every year rather than to just the few hundreds that now have the opportunity . . ."

I could call many other witnesses. None of them would advocate needlessly or thoughtlessly a plan that would destroy natural beauties. Nor do I.

There can be no further important agricultural development in the Upper Basin unless we can have the use of the water that now pours wastefully to the sea. Industrial expansion is stymied. Population is held down. The amount of water will determine our growth and, to get the maximum amount, Echo dam is essential.

Approximately 300,000 acres of never-before-irrigated desert lands is recommended by the Bureau of Reclamation for cultivation after the initial part of the Upper Basin project is completed, and in addition some 470,000 acres of presently inadequately irrigated lands will receive the extra water needed. Also, when all units of the project are completed, nine and four-tenths billion kilowatt-hours of hydroelectric energy will be generated.

What should our goal be—the greatest good of the greatest number, or the sentimental satisfaction of a few? The issue is as plain as that to most of us in the arid-land states.

The original Dinosaur National Monument, created by President Woodrow Wilson, comprised only 80 acres, in strict compliance with the law requiring that such monuments consist of only the minimum necessary land. In 1938, President Franklin D. Roosevelt extended this monument by executive order to embrace more than 200,000 additional acres. His executive order plainly provided that the enlargement of the monument was not intended to be a barrier to the construction of power dams in this area.

At the time of the Roosevelt order, states along the Colorado River and its tributaries were already studying how best to utilize the streams. Congress in 1922 had authorized them to enter into a compact to conserve and apportion the waters among themselves. As finally approved, the compact recognized the Upper Basin consisting, as I have said, of parts of Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico, Utah and Wyoming. The Lower Basin area includes parts of Arizona, California, Nevada and Utah. The dividing point is Lee Ferry, in northwest Arizona. Apportionment of the water must be in accord with agreements between the Upper and Lower Basins, and in keeping with a later water treaty with Mexico—all of which are taken care of in the proposed Upper Colorado River Storage Project.

Engineers Dream Up Water-Use Program

Engineers and others have dreamed of some such water-use program ever since 1869 when Major John Wesley Powell first explored the Colorado from its sources to its mouth. Powell was the first white man to have some definite knowledge of the river's speed. It falls almost two miles in its descent to the sea, as compared with a fall of about 320 feet in the Mississippi for a comparable distance.

Governor Edwin C. Johnson of Colorado, a former senator, gives this apt word glimpse of the river: "The purpose of the Congress in expending vast sums of public money on this river is to convert a menacing and wastrel river into a great national resource."

That was the purpose of the 1928 Swing-Johnson bill authorizing the Hoover Dam. Lake Mead, formed by the dam, is the largest man-made body of water in the world, and also one of its greatest recreation and beauty spots. Because of Hoover Dam, with its water and its power, the city of Los Angeles has been able to expand these past two decades far beyond what would otherwise have been possible. Likewise, the Imperial Valley of California has become a vastly more productive agricultural area.

Let me insert here a bit of incidental but interesting history. In 1857 the War Department sent Lieutenant J. C. Ives to explore the Colorado River country. He traveled 400 miles upstream and reported, like the opponents of Echo Park in 1954, that development of the Colorado River was an idle and futile dream. "The region last explored," he said in his report, "is, of course, altogether valueless. . . . Ours was the first, and doubtless will be the last party of whites to visit this profitless locality. It seems destined by nature that the Colorado River, along the greater portion of its lone and majestic way, shall be forever unvisited and unmolested."

Opponents of the Upper Basin program would not tear down the Hoover Dam. They ask only that the lone and majestic way of the Colorado, the Green and the Yampa Rivers in the Upper Basin shall, for the future, remain unvisited and unmolested.

But surely Congress, now considering the Colorado River Storage Project, will not agree, for to do so would deny the Upper Basin the demonstrated benefits already realized in the Lower Basin. Hoover Dam proves our case. ▲▲▲

The General Says:

. . . BUT THERE ARE OTHER SITES

Major General Ulysses S. Grant III, U.S.A. Retired

THERE are many ancient treasures in America's national parks, but no scientist would expect to find a Trojan horse in them. Nonetheless there soon may be one. It would be of concrete and steel—a dam which the Bureau of Reclamation proposes to build in the heart of the Dinosaur National Monument. If the American people allow Echo Park dam to be built, it could lead to the destruction of *all* of those stretches of natural beauty set aside for us and our descendants to enjoy as national parks or monuments—just as surely as Troy was destroyed after it allowed another man-made structure within its gates.

No conservationist is against the development of badly needed water resources, and I, for one, am heartily in favor of an over-all plan to harness the waters of the Upper Colorado River Basin. When I observe, however, that the planners of the project can find no site other than one protected under an act of Congress which states that it should be kept "unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations," I become suspicious.

The inference is plain. Ever since the National Park Service was established by Congress in 1916, there have been repeated attempts to break into the national parks. The same natural features that make them desirable as parks—rushing water, deep canyons, virgin wilderness—only too often also make them favorable locations for dams and commercial exploitation. Up to now when would-be despoilers have made their assaults on the parks, they have been thrown back by an alert and aroused Congress.

This year, however, they may succeed with Trojan-horse tactics. And if they do—watch out. Once the precedent has been set with the Echo Park dam, other already-announced plans may be put into operation. Timbermen are ready to rip into the priceless rain forests of Olympic National Park in northwest Washington State; dam builders have proposed projects that would wash away the foundations of Rainbow Natural Bridge in Utah and drown out much of magnificent Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. Not even Yellowstone in Wyoming, the Grand Canyon in Arizona, or Glacier National Park in Montana would be safe. All already are earmarked as reservoir sites.

Hope to Make Dam Site More Accessible

Why do I refer to the proposed Echo Park dam as a Trojan horse? For two reasons. First of all, the proponents of the project are trying to infiltrate our national parks in the guise of benefactors. They say that their dam would make remote Dinosaur National Monument more accessible so that additional thousands of Americans could view the beauties of the place. They neglect to mention that when those thousands arrive, they had better come equipped with submarines—the beauties will be under 500 feet of water.

The proponents of the dam insist that the area would be little altered, that much picturesque scenery would remain. Let's look into that claim. The main attractions of the park today are the twin canyons of the Green River and the Yampa River. As in the more famous Grand Canyon, swift-flowing waters have carved ever deeper into the rock beds, leaving beautifully colored sheer rock walls, and among all the scenic canyons in federally protected wilderness areas, these are the only rapids in which people of all ages can ride safely in boats. At the bottom of the gorges are lush meadows for camping areas, turbulent waters and other awesome handiworks of nature—including Steamboat Rock, which looks for all the world like the petrified prow of a Titan's ship.

What would happen if 500 feet of water backed up in the canyons? Their vertical walls average very little above 500 feet, so almost all the scenic attractions in the area would be under water. True, the terrain continues to slope upward and outward from the rims of the vertical cuts, but if the narrow canyons were flooded the rest would become commonplace hills. Buried forever beneath the waves would be the gaily colored walls, the beautiful meadows, the turbulent streams and the Indian hieroglyphs. Steamboat Rock would be just a gaunt little island protruding above the waters.

Proponents of the dam argue that the loss of the canyons would be offset by the creation of a lake on which visitors could sail dinghies to their heart's content. Moreover, they say, lake recreation is better than river recreation. But the twin canyons provide river recreation which can be found nowhere else in the country, whereas the other dams proposed for the area, along with any of the possible substitutes for Echo Park dam, would create nine or ten similar lakes. And as Bernard De Voto once put it, "Will New Yorkers travel 2,000 miles to sail on a lake? They can do that in Central Park."

It's easy to fool people with idyllic dreams of beautiful reservoir-lakes. Consider California's Hetch Hetchy Dam, which was wrested from Yosemite Park in 1911, before the national parks were protected by law. Then, too, the cry was the same: "San Francisco will wither without this water. We must have this cheap power. There are no alternatives. The scenery will be enhanced and greater accessibility will result."

The dam builders won out that time. And what happened? One of America's most beautiful glacial canyons was obliterated; its towering granite cliffs and majestic waterfalls vanished. There is nothing there now but an ugly artificial lake; as the water level rises and falls, the banks become covered with slime and debris which smother all grass and trees. There's an excellent paved road from this artificial lake to heavily populated central California, but what good is it? There is no place to camp, and "Keep Out" signs are posted all around the area. The chief irony of all is that cities just across the bay from San Francisco found abundant, more-easily-obtained water supplies without invading a national park.

From the Bureau of Reclamation's own report, I know there are also alternatives to the Echo Park dam, and the hasty manner in which they have been rejected by the Department of the Interior without adequate investigation leads me to the second of my two reasons for suspecting that the Echo Park dam is a Trojan horse, designed to break into the entire national park system. It's almost as though the proponents don't want to find alternatives.

The bureau's figures and estimates show the possibility of substitute measures that would allow the Upper Colorado Project to be completed without the Echo Park dam and its smaller sister structure, the Split Mountain dam, also in the Dinosaur National Monument. Nearly all the substitutes would cost less, have more water-storage capacity, and produce more electricity. After 43 years in the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers and considerable experience analyzing plans of this sort, I myself proposed one alternative—a series of three dams at nearby Dewey, Bluff and Desolation.

From the bureau's figures it appears that substitution of the three dams for those at Echo Park and Split Mountain would ultimately provide 5,165,000 acre-feet more storage capacity, 133,000,000 kilowatt-hours more firm power annually and cost $33,400,000 less. Of course, none of the figures used can be taken as precise, especially those on construction costs, but they are sufficient to show that alternative sites are available.

Some proponents of the Echo Park and Split Mountain dams allege that power could be produced so cheaply there that the profit from its sale would help pay for all the dams in the Upper Colorado River programs. But since this electricity must be sold in the existing market, at six mills a kilowatt-hour, the profit would be only 1/100th of a cent per kilowatt-hour. At that rate, if the estimated cost does not include amortization, it would take more than a thousand years to pay for the Echo Park dam alone, to say nothing of the other eight. If amortization is included, the sale of Echo Park electricity would contribute only about $120,000 a year—a drop in the bucket when you consider that the total cost of the project is anywhere between a billion and a half and five billion dollars. A greater profit could be made by elevating another dam—the Glen Canyon—by some 40 feet.

Taking Evaporation Into Consideration

The second—and main—argument of the dam proponents is that all the alternatives, including mine, would result in excessive evaporation of water. Here, too, they relied on the lack of knowledge of lay people to get their point across, but they have been trapped in their own inaccuracies. At first they announced that, at the alternative sites I had suggested, 350,000 more acre-feet of water would be lost through evaporation than at the Echo Park-Split Mountain sites. When I pointed out the errors in their evaporation estimates, the then under secretary, Ralph Tudor, accepted a revised figure of 100,000 acre-feet, forgetting that the greater storage capacity would more than make up the loss.

Then the dam proponents made another mistake. They announced an estimated 165,000 acre-feet evaporation difference between the Echo Park-Split Mountain dams and an enlarged Glen Canyon Reservoir. Shortly thereafter Under Secretary Tudor by letter corrected this estimate to 70,000 acre-feet, and then he suffered the further embarrassment of having to confess that this figure, too, was wrong and the difference would be only a negligible 25,000 acre-feet. He wrote, "I am aware that this error in the evaporation calculations . . . may cast doubt as to the reliability of the calculations for other reservoirs."

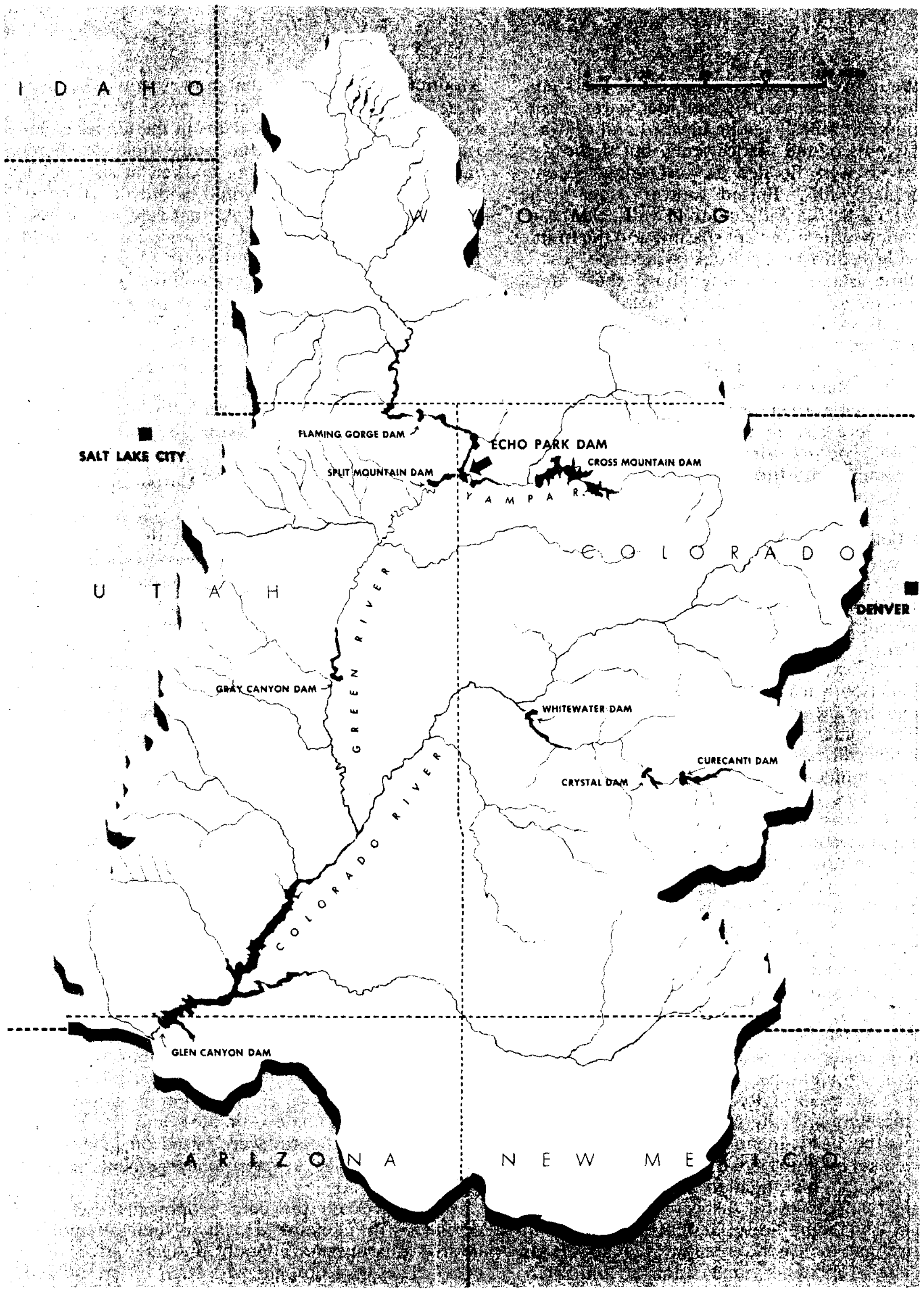
Actually, such evaporation computations are at best only approximate estimates, and the Bureau of Reclamation figures were based on inadequate observations. The evaporation argument has indeed evaporated.

Why, then, do the dam proponents use such erroneous or incomplete data in their attempt to destroy this unique federally protected recreation area? They have fought with such bitterness and tenacity that one may suspect something more than river control is involved. In fact, the Upper Colorado River Project, with noncontroversial dams much closer to the central Utah district which most desperately needs the water, might have been started four years ago but for this obstinate insistence on the Echo Park-Split Mountain dams.

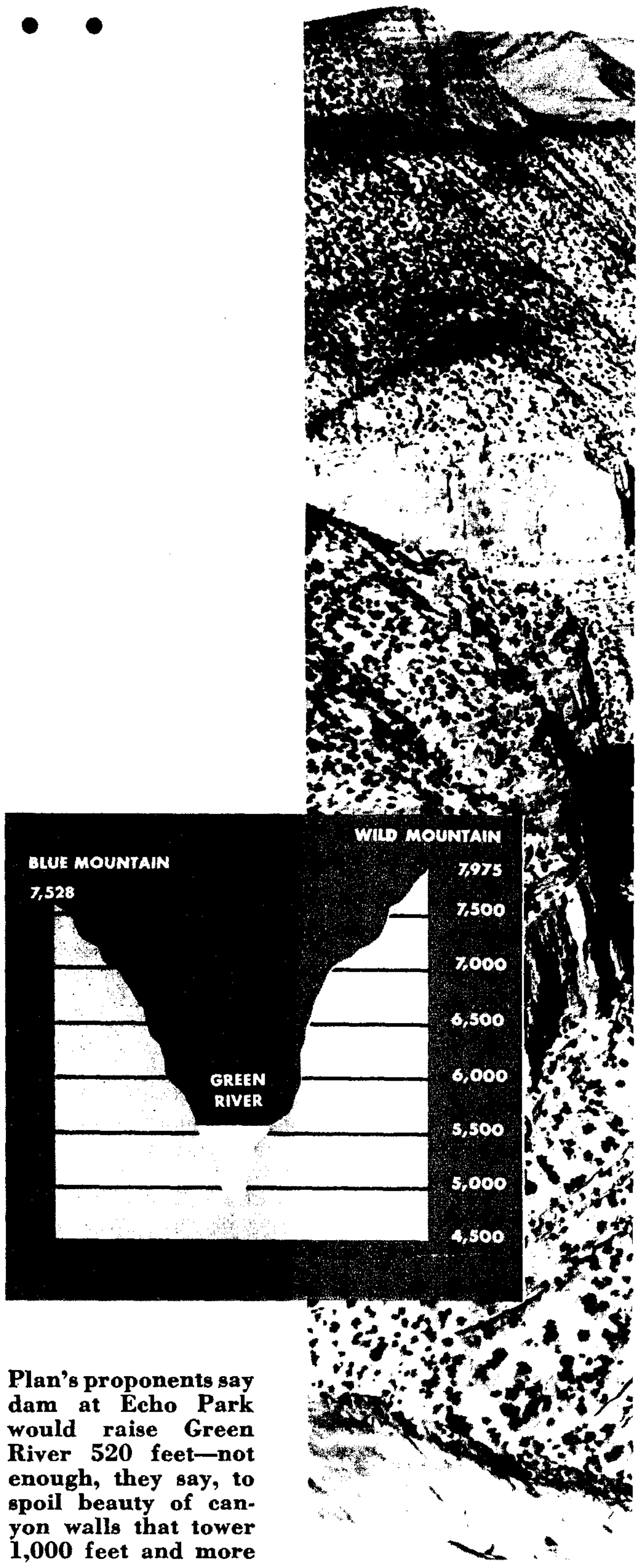
It leads one to ask why the errors, why the specious arguments, why such a reluctance to make a more thorough study of the matter so that we do not have to invade the national parks? The Dinosaur National Monument contains natural, geological, archaeological and recreational features that are unique and irreplaceable. These are treasures which our generation holds in trust for posterity. There is a moral obligation upon us to preserve them undamaged for our grandchildren and our great-grandchildren.

A precedent is a precedent, no matter what people say, and that's why we conservationists are resisting so fervently the admission of the Trojan horse into the Dinosaur National Monument, and so into the national park system. ▲▲▲

The Case for the Dam . . .


IDAHO
WYOMING
FLAMING GORGE DAM
ECHO PARK DAM
SALT LAKE CITY
SPLIT MOUNTAIN DAM
CROSS MOUNTAIN DAM
YAMPA R.
COLORADO
UTAH
DENVER
GREEN RIVER
GRAY CANYON DAM
WHITEWATER DAM
CURECANTI DAM
CRYSTAL DAM
COLORADO RIVER
GLEN CANYON DAM
ARIZONA
NEW MEXICO

Five-state area of Upper Colorado River Basin that would benefit from the construction of network of nine reservoirs (in red) appears above. Bold arrow indicates disputed dam


BLUE MOUNTAIN
7,528
WILD MOUNTAIN
7,975
7,500
7,000
6,500
6,000
5,500
5,000
4,500
GREEN RIVER

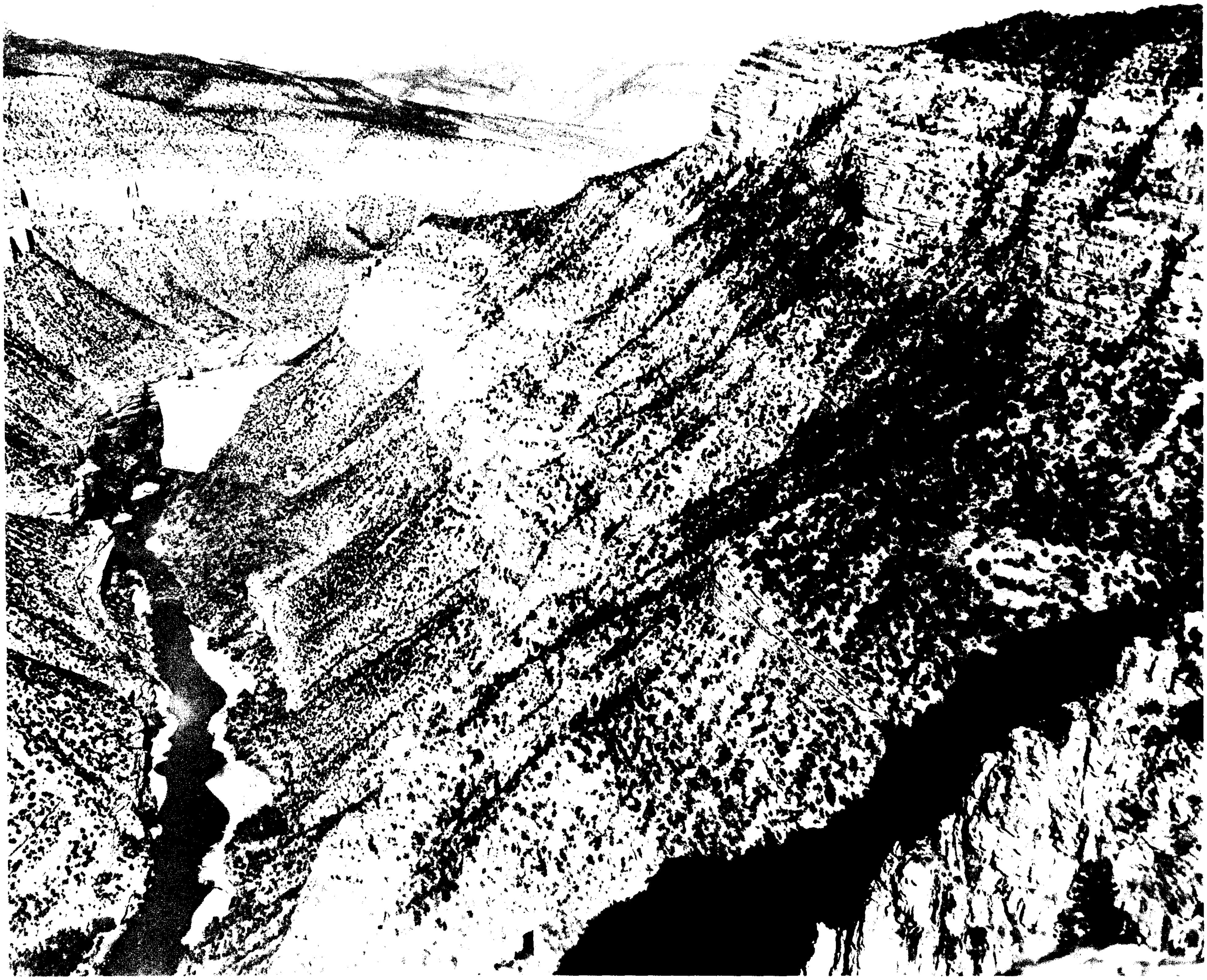
Plan's proponents say dam at Echo Park would raise Green River 520 feet—not enough, they say, to spoil beauty of canyon walls that tower 1,000 feet and more

As IN most civil wars, there can be no neutrals in the Echo Park dam conflict. Early in the hostilities, the Department of the Interior discovered this fact for itself; it had to decide between the claim of its National Park Service that the proposed dam would damage Dinosaur National Monument "irreparably," and the insistence of its Bureau of Reclamation that there were no alternatives. The department finally sided with the Bureau of Reclamation, mainly because of the evidence displayed on these two pages. The map shows the areas to be benefited and the key location of Echo Park in the over-all scheme of things. The diagram and the photograph indicate that much scenery will still remain after the dam is built.

The department's decision, however, was made with regret. Assistant Secretary of the Interior Fred G. Aandahl told Collier's: "Unfortunately, there is a conflict of interest among bureaus of the department every time a water or power project is proposed. The Reclamation Bureau has had controversies with the Bureau of Mines, the Bureau of Indian Affairs, the National Park Service—even the Fish and Wildlife Service. If possible, we try to find some way of avoiding these clashes. In the case of Echo Park dam, however, the Reclamation people felt that they just *had* to risk a head-on conflict. The needs and the benefits are so great and the number of alternatives so limited that there was no other choice."

Most of the soul searching was done by the then Under Secretary of Interior, Ralph A. Tudor, whose job it was to examine the facts from both the National Park Service and the Bureau of Reclamation and then make the decision that would best serve *all* the interests of the Department of the Interior and, indirectly, the interests of all the people of the United States. The strain to which Tudor was subject showed in a memorandum, dated November 27, 1953, in which he revealed his decision to Secretary Douglas McKay.

He wrote: "The Echo Park dam will create a large reservoir within the Dinosaur National Monument and will certainly alter its appearance and its existing conditions. It is a matter of personal opinion as to the extent of the



Retouched photo shows proposed site of dam. Reclamationists point out much of park's scenic splendor would remain if reservoir is built. Moreover, they say, project will create new beauty spot: A 43,400-acre lake extending 63 miles up the Green River and 44 miles up the Yampa

harm that may be created by this reservoir. My own feeling is that the alteration will be substantial and if conflicting interests did not exist, I would prefer to see the monument remain in its natural state. However, I do feel that if the dam is built, the beauty of the park will by no means be destroyed. . . .

"I have examined the proposals for various alternate reservoirs. I have been furnished with information on the New Moab, Dewey, Desolation dam sites, and have considered the possibility of increasing the height of the proposed Glen Canyon Dam. I am particularly impressed with the showing that any of these alternate dam and reservoir sites would result in a net loss of water from evaporation of from approximately 100,000 to 200,000 acre-feet per year. Even the lower figure is enough to provide all of the domestic, commercial and industrial water for a city the size of Denver. In an area where water is so precious this is a matter of very serious consequence. Such lost water cannot be replaced at any cost and the ultimate regional economy would have to be reduced accordingly.

"There has been some question as to the accuracy of the estimates of evaporation. . . . I have reviewed this matter and, while there may be some error due to a shortage of experimental data, I am convinced that the calculations are reasonable and any error that exists is equally applicable to the calculations for all reservoirs."

(Tudor subsequently acknowledged that, in fact, there had been some errors in his evaporation-loss estimates for one of the alternative dam sites, but he insisted his original reasoning was still valid.)

Concluding his letter to McKay, Tudor said:

"I share the concern of those who would preserve the beauties of the Dinosaur National Monument in their present natural state, but as between a choice of altering this scenery without destroying it in a basin which is and will remain rich in scenery, or the irreplaceable loss of enough water to supply all the needs of a city the size of Denver, I believe the conservation of the water in the interest of the nation is of the greatest importance." ▲▲▲

Stephen Bradley (right), the author's brother, runs rapids with wife, Anne

The Case for the Park

I MADE my first trip into a national park—my father back-packing me into Yosemite in a knapsack—at the age of a year and a half. Since then, I have visited most of our scenic parks and monuments with my family—just as my father did, and his father, who was one of the first explorers of the Sierra Nevada.

Two summers ago my family was among the hundreds of people who took the river trip down through the canyons of Dinosaur National Monument. In all, 14 of us—my four brothers and I, our wives and children, and our seventy-six-year-old father—traveled down the Yampa and Green Rivers in pontoon rafts and small folding kayaks.

For six days the rivers did all the work. We ran many rapids and, unexpectedly, found no great danger. The West is blessed with much magnificent scenery, but none is more remarkable than the canyons of Dinosaur.

The Yampa River at first was silent, beautiful, intimate, as it flowed through its deep sandstone convolutions. It led us down from open parks to overhanging cliffs, from ice-cream domes and sunburned terraces to the arched and polished contours of the canyons. There were beaches of brilliant sand where we stopped to swim. There were shady recesses where we drifted and ate lunch. There were bank beaver, Canada geese, deer and the prints of big cats whose presence was felt but never seen.

There were riffles and minor rapids too—Teepee and Big Joe—leading on to bigger water mills. In the rough sections, the rocks came by like swimming hippos.

On the fourth day the Yampa carried us to its junction with the larger Green River in the famous Echo Park, two miles upstream from the proposed dam. In the center towered Steamboat Rock, rising sheer from its sea of river sand. On three sides, beyond the green meadows and box-elder groves, climbed the white walls of the park, layer upon layer.

It was one of those perfect sanctuaries which inspire awe from the moment one enters, a temple which has been in building for a hundred times the life of man on earth. Buttressed by the arched mountains, tiled by the wide green grass, illuminated by the stained-glass windows of the sunset, Echo Park commands silence. As with all temples, its value is not in the sounds one may startle from its ledges, but rather in the echoes which it may awaken within oneself.

There were two more days on the pell-mell Green River, and more canyons, more rapids, but we will always remember best the ageless silence of Echo Park. It was this memory that impelled my nine-year-old daughter Kim, the youngest member of our expedition, to take up her pen and laboriously write:

> *Dear President Eisenhower:*
>
> *Please don't build a dam in Dinosaur Park. It is beautiful and exciting and fun riding on rubber rafts on the huge waves.*
>
> *I went there once and want to go again. If you had been down it, you would not build a dam.* *Sincerely, Kim Bradley*

In her simple way Kim had touched the truth which so far has preserved this and all our other national parks. —DAVID BRADLEY

The Bradleys made river trip in pontoon rafts and kayaks like these. Right: High canyon walls rise sheer from Yampa River above Echo Park

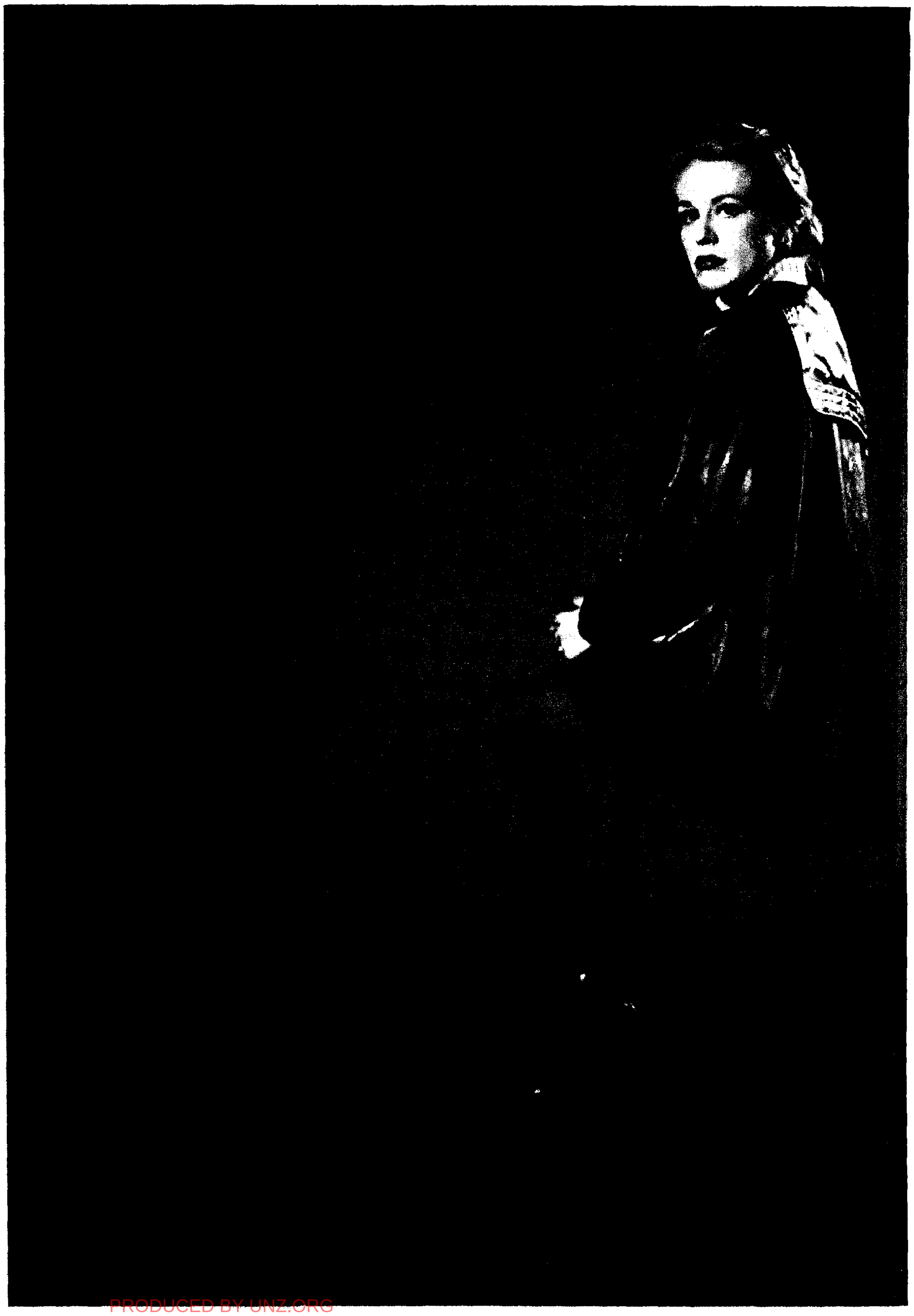
PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN AND HAROLD C. BRADLEY

New Ninotchka

In Silk Stockings, a musical-stage version of a movie satir

During 10-year trek from Berlin to Broadway, Hildegarde Neff has made pictures in three languages, played stage parts from Pagnol's Fanny to O'Neill's Ah, Wilderness! In her chameleonlike career, she has switched stage personalities like chignons, and converted her striking exterior for roles like befeathered *Brauhaus* belle above

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY
ORMOND GIGLI



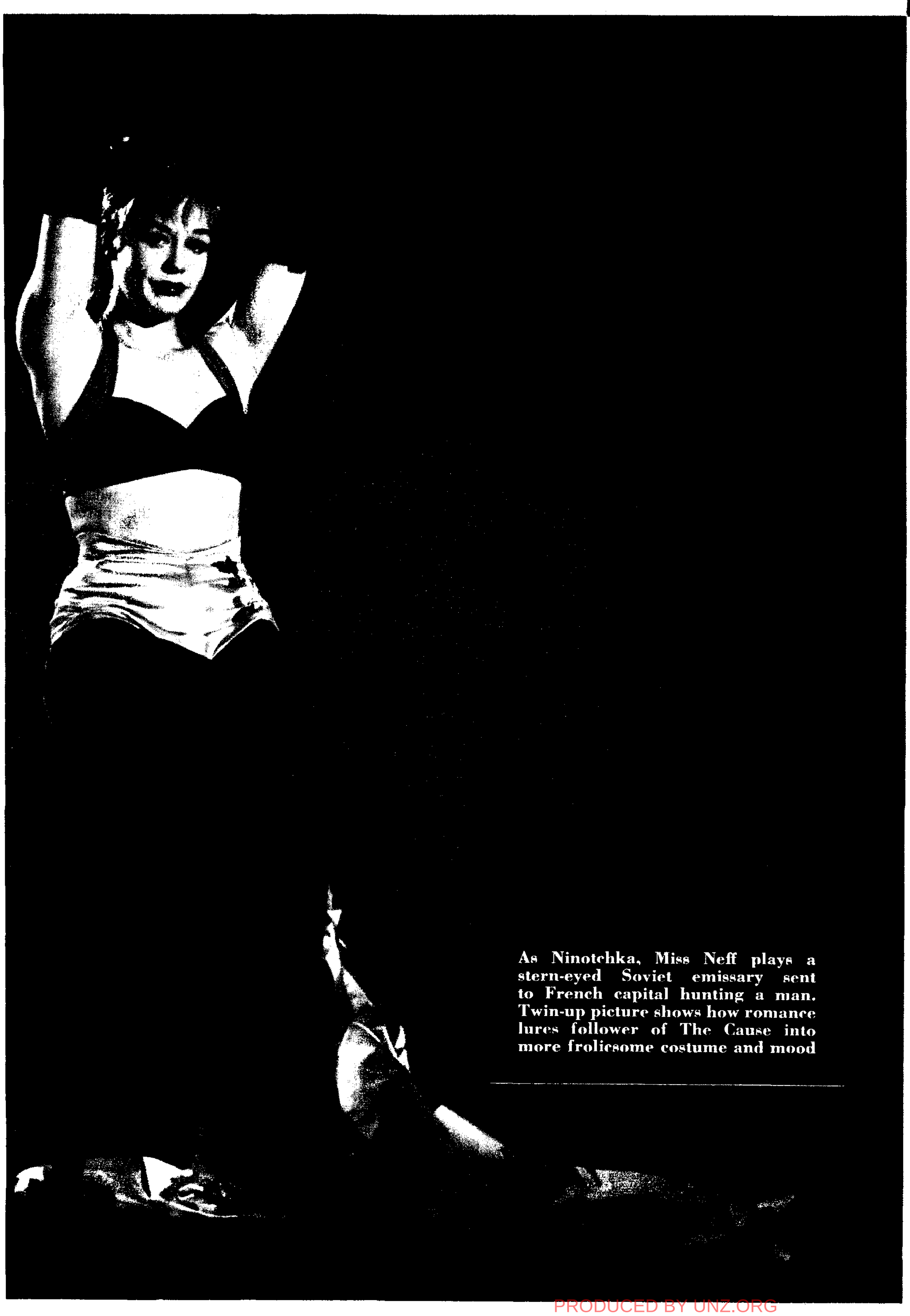
FIFTEEN years ago, Greta Garbo made a celebrated picture called Ninotchka. It was a satire about a leather-jacketed lady Marxist who travels to Paris in pursuit of an art expert needed by The Cause. Now, in Silk Stockings, a stage variation of the story set to Cole Porter music, another Nordic actress named Hildegarde Neff is having a go at the role.

For Miss Neff, a twenty-nine-year-old Dietrich type with a husky chuckle and changeable gray-blue-green eyes, her first Broadway show is more of a climax than a debut. Born in Germany and trained for the stage in bomb-blasted Berlin, she's made French films, English films, German films, American films (notably Decision Before Dawn and Snows of Kilimanjaro).

Like any performer worthy of her caviar and champagne, she's a chameleon at heart. And she has swung easily—as these pictures indicate—from beer-hall sirens to svelte sophisticates, from Gretchen types to cool young women who ride to hounds. Now it's Ninotchka—a brand-new nationality for Neff, and two personalities in one. By show's end the lady sheds Communism, along with her leather jacket, for more suitable trappings. —EVELYN HARVEY

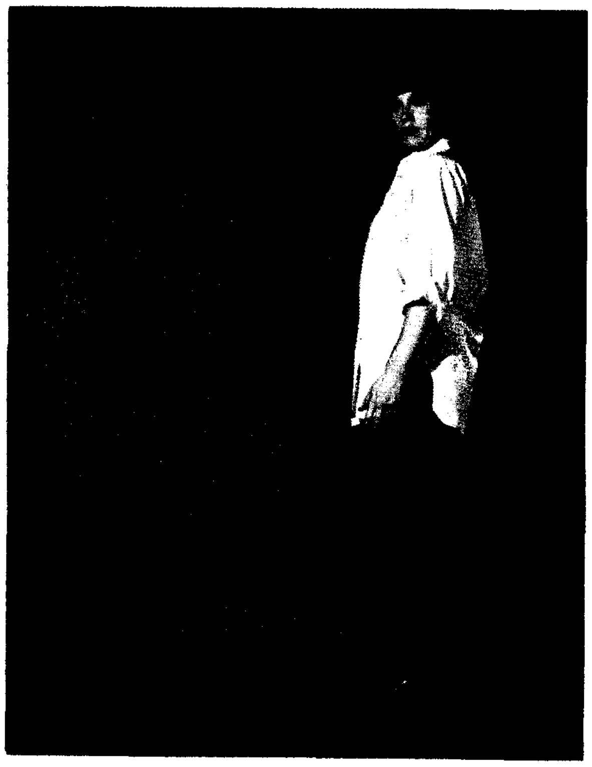
ildegarde Neff plays the part Garbo made famous

Quick-change Hildegarde, sans make-up and glamor trimmings, creates photocaricature of the scrubbed schoolgirls she's played



As Ninotchka, Miss Neff plays a stern-eyed Soviet emissary sent to French capital hunting a man. Twin-up picture shows how romance lures follower of The Cause into more frolicsome costume and mood

Shifting hat, hairdo and shirt, Hildegarde becomes country-club ingénue who talks to horses; dines on steak and kidney pie



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Invasion of Privacy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

and it seemed like the perfect conclusion to a very good party.

In the car, as they started the long drive home, Willard Morley said, "Well, it turned out to be a good party."

"It was fun," Susan murmured.

They drove in silence for a few miles. Then she edged into a corner from which she could watch her husband's handsome, heavy profile. "That girl who sang," she began. "Who is she?"

"Julia something-or-other," said Morley carelessly.

"Julia something-or-other," Susan repeated softly. "Is that what you call her at lunch, at cocktails, at dinner or whatever?"

"You've been talking to good old Cousin Ben, eh?"

"Don't be silly. You've been seen together by dozens of people." Then she sighed. "I don't like it, Will. It's humiliating. I'm not used to that. I won't stand for it."

Morley nodded. "I shall endeavor to give satisfaction in the future, madam," he said.

"Slow down, Will," his wife said. "You're doing seventy." He slowed the big car obediently. She leaned back in the seat, her eyes closed, feet tucked up under her skirt, and there was silence until the wheels churned up the gravel of their own driveway.

"Have a nice nap?" asked Morley.

"Just dozing."

Morley stopped in front of the open garage. He opened the door on his wife's side and pulled it shut when she was out. In the garage, he sat bent over the wheel, watching the reflection of the flickering match with which she lighted her cigarette.

"Will! Come on! Please!"

"Coming," said Morley, and he squeezed past the car into the driveway. "Here I am," he said brightly.

He took Susan's arm, and just then another voice said: "Hold it right here, folks."

SUSAN clutched her husband's arm as a small man in a blue coat, the collar turned up around his face, confronted them with a gun. He gestured them toward the garage. "Just step back, folks. Nobody's going to get hurt. Just step back."

Susan felt her husband step back and moved with him. "Steady, Susan," whispered Morley. "Be careful. He's got a gun."

"That's right, lady. Be careful." He backed them up against the garage. "Let's have the ring, lady, then the bracelet, then the necklace."

"Better do as he says," Morley urged.

"Sure, lady," said the man with the gun. "What the hell—the stuff's insured, ain't it?"

She took off the ring, and the thief's eyes gleamed as she extended it. Then she fumbled with the clasp of the bracelet, her fingers trembling. The thief moved closer to take the glittering loop, reaching for it with his left hand.

Morley was breathing heavily. He jumped suddenly, and with surprising quickness for a man of his size. His right hand shot out for the gun, the impact of his attack carrying both of them back against the stone wall edging the driveway. The gun roared, discharged harmlessly in the air. Morley wrenched the gun loose. His startled wife heard the thief cry, "It's me, pal. Hey, pal, it's me! I did just like you said, pal." The speech broke off in a strangled yelp as Morley drove a heavy fist into the pit of the man's stomach. The man doubled up in pain, the jewels spilling onto the gravel. Morley stepped back a pace, took careful aim and fired. The slight figure seemed to huddle within the blue coat; then it slowly collapsed.

Susan Morley's eyes were round and staring. "He knew you," she said thickly. "It was somebody you knew."

Morley laughed. "Sure, he knew me." His voice was remote, detached. "Didn't you hear him call me 'pal'? That was good old Lonny Shires, my pal, sort of my partner in crime." Two steps brought him to her. "Get the idea, Susan? You get the idea now?"

His wife's lips moved silently.

"It's a little scheme I worked out," said Morley calmly. "Holdup man killed in crime. Shot by husband of victim."

Susan Morley found her voice at last. "Will—don't do it. Please—don't do it, Will—" Her voice was rising at the last, but it never reached the proportions of a scream.

"It's what you get for marrying beneath you," said Morley. As Susan tried to dart past him, he fired one more shot from the heavy automatic. Willard Morley was a good man with almost any kind of firearm, and the one shot was quite enough. . . .

Detective Lieutenant Arno Brackett sat quietly in a corner of the room while his chief went through the bulky file. "It's no good," the captain said. "We haven't got a thing."

Brackett went to the desk. "Willard Morley engineered that holdup to kill his wife and Lonny Shires," he said.

"You think the D.A. would go to court on just your word for that?" asked the captain.

"No, sir," Brackett said humbly.

"You've had nearly three months to trace the gun."

"Yes, sir. It's the war being just over, all the boys bringing home souvenirs. The country's full of unregistered hardware."

"We're wasting time," said the captain. "Have you got anything that's not in the record? Any chance of coming up with something on Morley?"

"No, sir. Not right away."

"I can't keep half my staff up a blind alley indefinitely," the captain said. "We'll have to drop it for now."

"Morley is in debt," Brackett said, making a last-ditch stand. "He's got a girl, too. If I could put a little heat on him, maybe we'd get him to—"

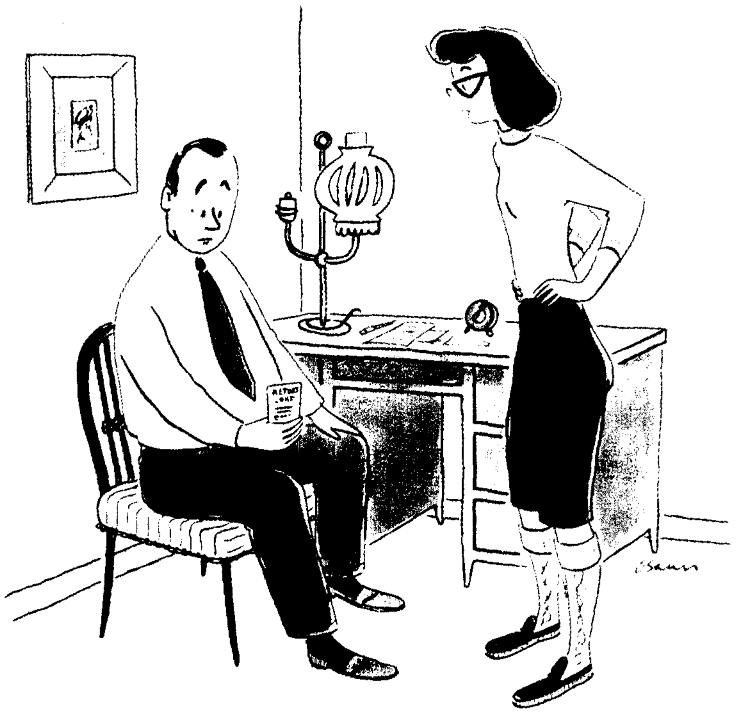
"No. None of that. I gave you an order, Lieutenant. Stay with it. That's all," said the captain.

When he was alone, the captain closed the file, and with a stubby little pen he filled in the date: *November 19, 1945.* He touched a button under his desk and a uniformed man appeared at once. The captain handed him the file. "Record bureau," he said quietly.

THE Good Clock and the Bad Clock stood side by side on Michael Zorn's desk in the New York offices of Continental Films. They were calendar clocks and they showed the same date: *September 13, 1954.* The Good Clock, on the right, was set at local Eastern Daylight time but the Bad Clock, on the left, ran three hours behind, giving Pacific Coast time—specifically, Hollywood.

Zorn put his feet up on the desk, leaning back in the deep swivel chair. He was a man of thirty-five, good-looking in a harassed, worried way. His hair, carefully combed when he came to work, was now wildly awry, and this heightened the apprehensive

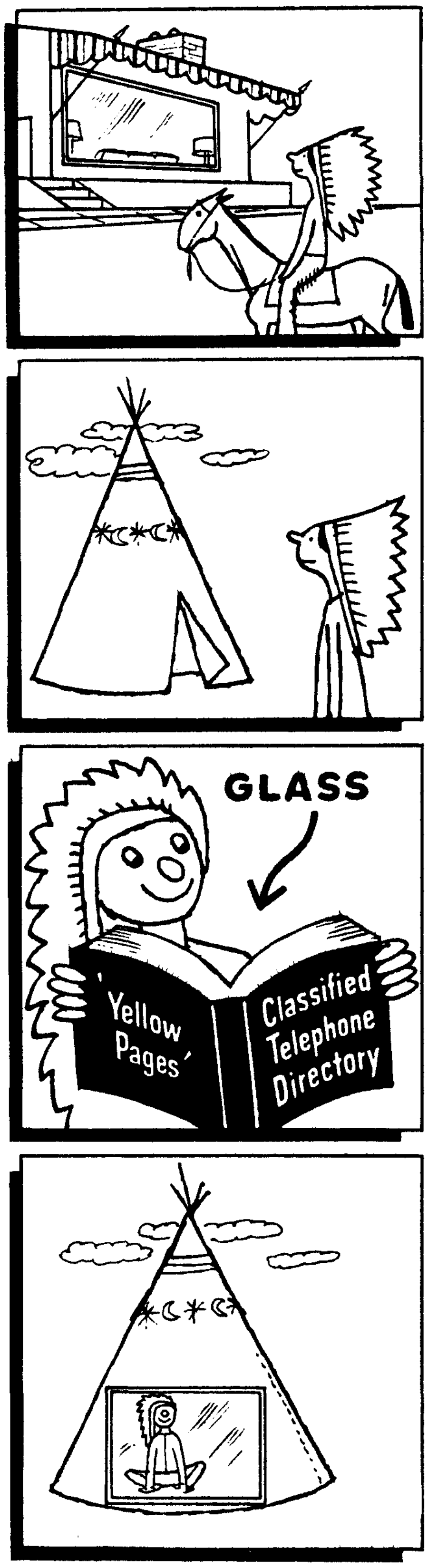
TIZZY



"I could have gotten all A's—but you know how men feel about intellectual women"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

LOOKing for Something?



FROM AWNINGS TO GLASS

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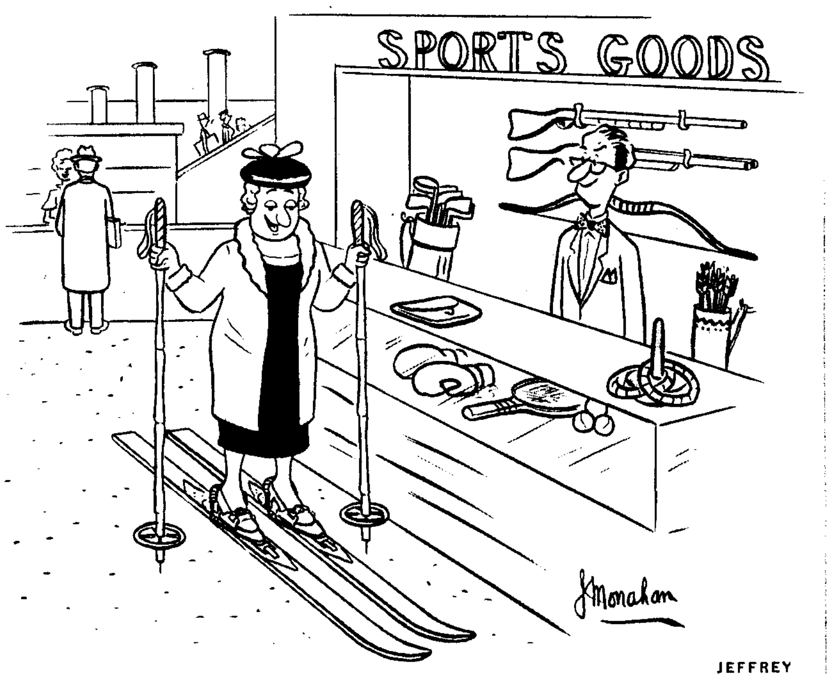

COLLIER'S "How could anybody possibly fall off these?" JEFFREY MONAHAN

air with which he regarded the two clocks. Here in New York it was nearly one o'clock, but by the Bad Clock it was not yet ten, and on the West Coast the studio day had barely begun. Louis Stradling, owner, President and Executive Producer of Continental Films would be arriving at his office. Then one flip of the switch behind Stradling's desk—which had the working area of a carrier flight deck—and here in Zorn's office in New York all hell would break loose.

A WRITER had once said of Louis Stradling, "He sends teletypes the way other people eat grapes." There was truth in his mixed, complicated metaphor; Stradling always used the cross-country wires in an absent, casual manner. But the final blow was Stradling's new secretary, who had worked with the Press Wireless service during the war. Messages were now framed in "cablese," the words combined and contracted until the output bordered on gibberish.

Zorn was the Eastern representative of Continental Films, combining the duties of talent scout, story editor, public-relations man and Chief of Special Services—the last a mystifying category that might include anything and everything. He was a veteran of six years in this post, the first of Stradling's numerous Eastern representatives who had lasted more than a year. Like all Stradling's long-term colleagues, Zorn had mastered the trick of rendering himself invisible in a crisis, for when trouble loomed, the great producer would sometimes fire every living creature in sight.

Stradling's best quality was a lunatic courage where large sums of money were concerned. In everything else he was completely unpredictable, and as the hands of the Bad Clock moved inexorably toward the opening of Stradling's business day, Zorn found himself pondering fearfully on what the day might bring.

Midge Bolton, Zorn's secretary, came in from the outer office with a bulky sheaf of papers. "The contracts," she announced. "We now own The Emperor's Plaything, lock, stock and cleavage."

Zorn smiled. Midge was a small, intense girl with such lofty views on the cinema that Zorn had hidden her when Stradling was in town.

"Thirty thousand dollars for this junk," Midge mourned. "Why?"

"Ours not to reason why," said Zorn. "Louis Stradling liked it."

"You liked it too," Midge replied coldly. "I remember your memo to the Coast."

"I said it was good of its kind," Zorn corrected her gently. "And so indeed it is, the heroine lurching from couch to torture chamber and back for nearly nine hundred pages. We must keep up with the trend in historical novels, Midge."

"Kafka died in a garret," Midge said hotly and inaccurately.

"He would have been a lousy screenwriter had he lived," said Zorn. "On your way, Midge, and kindly don't flounce."

Zorn watched her go, flouncing, and smiled as he put on his glasses and read the contracts again. It was after ten now, by the Bad Clock, and in a few minutes he heard the clatter and the tinkling bells that heralded the opening of the teletype. Then Midge brought him the first message: UPLOOK SHELLY GRAY ADVISE AVAILABILITY. NEEDED COASTWARDS SOONEST. GIVE PERSONAL ATTENTION THIS MATTER. ONGET JOB IMMEDIATELY. REGARDS. STRADLING

ZORN frowned at this bulletin. Shelly Gray was an English writer, the author of the story basis for their current production. Zorn had not known that she was in New York, but Stradling apparently had disconcertingly superior sources of information. From the urgent nature of the message Zorn diagnosed a bad case of story trouble, and with the picture all but completed this could be a grim matter. He was still pondering this when Midge loomed up with a fresh wire: ANXIOUSLY WORDWAITING SHELLY GRAY. URGENT. GRANDEX FOUR WEEKS OPTION FOUR. RUSH. STRADLING

"That secretary has blown his top at last," said Midge. "What's 'grandex'?"

"A thousand a week," Zorn said absently, "and expenses. Get Shelly Gray's agent for me, Midge."

In a few moments he picked up the telephone and Dora Jackson addressed him in her rich, husky baritone. "Hello, lover," she said. "Want something off my pushcart today?"

Zorn went immediately to the point. "Louis Stradling is on my tail, Dora, firing with all guns about Shelly Gray;

Suddenly YOU make the decisions!

All at once you've joined the millions of busy girls with lives of their own, minds of their own. Some are away at school. Some are brides. Many go to work. But all of them (like you) have big and little decisions to make every day of their lives—decisions that usually revolve about: "What's best for *me?*"

You'd be surprised how many women like you have made one of the decisions you've undoubtedly been considering. *They've changed to internal sanitary protection!* That always seems like such a big step when you first think about it, yet once you use Tampax,* you'll find it natural and easy. *You can't even feel the Tampax when it's in place!*

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This popular, doctor-invented product comes in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) at any drug or notion counter. Try it this month! Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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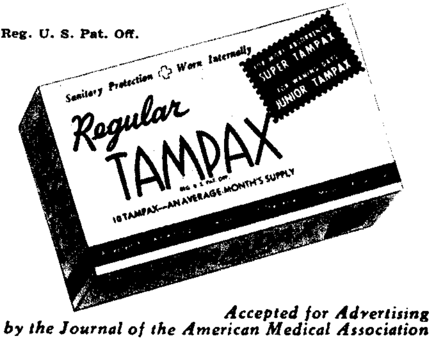
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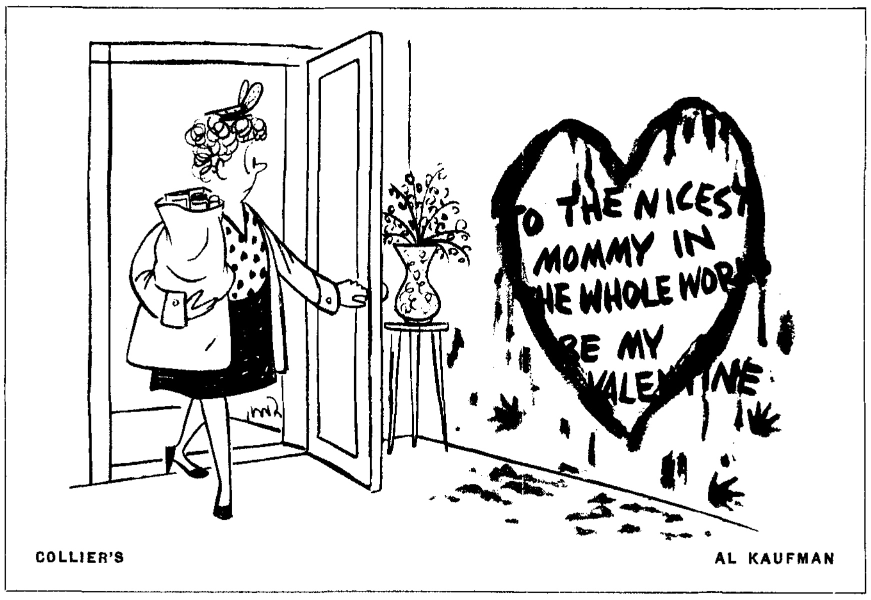
TO THE NICEST MOMMY IN THE WHOLE WORLD BE MY VALENTINE
COLLIER'S
AL KAUFMAN

he wants her on the Coast. Just four weeks—good money."

"Sorry, Mike, nothing doing."

"Dora, don't leave me here to die! Stradling apparently knows she's in New York—"

"She's in New York," Dora said—and hung up.

Zorn stared at the telephone unhappily. He heard the teletype chopping out messages, and this prodded him to action. Two girls were put to telephoning the better hotels while Midge tried publishers, lecture bureaus and the English-Speaking Union. He decided that it was time to flash some encouraging word to the studio and spent ten minutes working out the proper blend of optimism and caution: UNGUARANTEE GRAYSET BUT HOPING. URGE PATIENCE GRAYSIDE PREDEAL. ZORN

Midge blinked. "What does it mean?"

Zorn shrugged. "How the hell should I know? Let them decode it out there. They thought up this gibberish."

FOR the ensuing forty-five minutes the teletype chopped out various exhortations, complaints and anguished pleas about publicity, film rentals, casting, censorship and other routine matters of the day. But intermingled ran the persistent theme of Shelly Gray. Zorn still didn't know why the author's presence on the West Coast was suddenly vital to Stradling, and he finally risked a cautious inquiry. The teletype paused momentarily, as if gathering its forces, then clattered into the reply: MILLION EIGHT UPTIED IN BLACKVELVET. PRESENT ENDING DOWNBEAT. WANT NEW FINISH. AUTHOR NEEDED SOONEST PRECAST DIRECTOR DISMISSAL. URGENT. STRADLING

Zorn stared at the ragged bit of paper in his hand. "Downbeat! What kind of word is that? Sure the ending is downbeat. It's the story of a man who plots a perfect murder to get rid of his wife. How would it end—with him getting the Nobel prize?"

"Steady, boss," Midge said. "If Gray won't go to the Coast we'll sell him somebody else. Remember the time he wanted Jean-Paul Sartre but he was delighted when you got Milton Berle's gag man."

"Mr. Zorn!" This was the excited voice of Patsy Cole, a young typist and file clerk in the outer office. "I got her for you, Mr. Zorn."

Zorn kissed Patsy resoundingly, setting off a chain reaction of giggles, and awarded her a twenty-dollar spot bonus for services above and beyond the call of duty.

"It was on account of my girl friend's sister," explained Patsy. "She married this English GI and she's always writing home for stuff she can't get over there, or maybe it isn't such good quality, and I got to thinking that maybe this Shelly Gray, being she's English, would be in the same boat. So I phone some girls I know in the stores and sure enough—yesterday Bergdorf's sent two dozen nylons and four girdles to Shelly Gray at the Midvale Hotel. The girdles," Patsy added wistfully, with the natural envy of a girl who found banana splits irresistible, "were size nine." . . .

A fast elevator shot Zorn to the fourteenth floor of the Midvale Hotel and unloaded him there. While he studied the direction markers in the corridor, he became aware of a girl watching him from an open doorway. He found himself hoping hard that this was Shelly Gray and walked toward her with what he thought was an ingratiating smile. Whether she was pretty or not Zorn could not instantly decide. What he did know, however, was that she was one of the most completely stunning girls he had ever seen. She was wearing, in addition to the customary daytime accouterments and accessories, a discreet smile of welcome, and her candid blue eyes inspected him appraisingly. She put out her hand. "Mr. Zorn?"

He nodded, and then followed her into the living room of her suite. He saw her look up and down the hall before she closed the door. Then she leaned back against the door, and Zorn heard the click of the bolt.

At her gesture Zorn took the window seat. Shelly Gray sat in a chair near the door.

"I don't know why you're so desperately incognito," said Zorn, "but you see that it was to no avail. The long arm of Louis Stradling has on occasion plucked people from Tibetan lamaseries." He told her that the filming of Black Velvet was progressing as scheduled. "We have spent," he added pointedly, "two million dollars on it."

Her smile opened up a trifle. "Two million dollars. Think of that!"

"It makes nice thinking," said Zorn. "And now, to protect this formidable investment, Miss Gray, we need you. As of this morning, the end of your story no longer pleases us. Downbeat. So I'm holding a seat for you on the four-o'clock plane. You'll be in Hollywood before midnight." She was already shaking her head, firmly negative, and Zorn cried. "Wait. Let me tell you about the salary. A thousand dollars a week."

"I'm not interested."

She got up and walked to the door, smoothing down her dress in a gesture that Zorn found distracting. Nevertheless, he clung to the business at hand. "Just four weeks. Don't think of it as a job. Regard it as a holiday." He got up from the window seat and walked toward her. "You'll meet movie stars. Dine and dance under starry skies."

"Thank you for coming to see me, Mr. Zorn," she said politely.

"You'll adore Louis Stradling," said Zorn. "Those jokes about him are mostly publicity gags. I've made up a lot of them myself."

"A worthy work. You must be very proud." She was facing him. "I don't mean to be rude, Mr. Zorn, but I can't accept your offer." She put out her hand. "Good-by, Mr. Zorn."

He took her hand and held it. She looked at him now with slowly ascending eyebrows. "I am not only the literary beacon of Continental Films, Miss Gray, but also its talent scout. In this role it is my duty to interview annually thousands of eager beauties. I never thought that a writer would be my undoing."

She was smiling and he still held her right hand, two factors that combined to give him courage. The curve of her lips was exerting some extraphysical force that drew his own down irresistibly. Suddenly a free-swinging roundhouse slap landed high on his cheek, jolting his head back hard. Shelly Gray wore the same smile and he still held her right hand. He looked down at it reproachfully when his head cleared. "What do you know!" he said softly. "A southpaw!"

"Wrong. A switch-hitter."

Zorn dropped her hand. "Well, if you won't go to Hollywood, how about a spring tryout with the Giants?" She had the door open and he moved to block this play. "You're the first strange girl I've ever tried to kiss. Doesn't that intrigue you?"

"Hardly at all. Good day, Mr. Zorn."

"Will you dine with me tonight? Or tomorrow? Or any night?"

He heard her laughter as she closed the door behind him and locked it.

BACK at his office, Midge was waiting for him with a fresh batch of teletype messages. "Better get onto these. A mushroom-shaped cloud has been coming out of that machine."

Zorn worked on a soothing message to the studio, and then asked Midge to bring him the file of accredited Eastern writers. For all Stradling's

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First t

JOHN FLOREA

Relaxed in his bed, Ernie Shelton studies the high jumpers' "Everest"

ERNIE SHELTON of Los Angeles, California, the world's most likely prospect for the seven-foot high jump, has long, evenly muscled legs that snap him into the air like powerful springs. Yet Shelton feels that when he does clear the height which is the high jumper's answer to the four-minute mile, his legs will do only part of the work; his mind will do the rest.

To get a rough idea of the high-jumping fraternity's magic figure, look up at your doorway next time you're passing through, then picture yourself jumping over it. The average doorway is about seven feet high. Quite an ascent, even with a ladder.

Still, Ernie's record backs up his belief that he has the physical side of the problem about whipped. The lanky (six feet two inch, 168 pounds) University of Southern California senior entered the current indoor season undefeated in 55 straight outdoor meets. Ernie, who is both National Collegiate and A.A.U. champion, has cleared six feet nine inches 22 times in competition; six feet ten, 10 times; and six feet eleven, once. "Now, my big job is to condition my mind so that I can make seven feet," he says.

To help break through the mental barrier, Shelton has placed in his bedroom a crossbar set on standards at seven feet one-quarter inch. "The bar seems lower when you've studied it long enough." Weight lifting and interpretative dancing also are part of his psychological campaign. "Those activities probably don't help me physically to jump a fraction of an inch higher," he admits, "but they give me a great feeling of power and balance."

Shelton and his coach, Jesse Mortensen, are sure this mind-conditioning strategy will turn Ernie into history's first seven-foot jumper during 1955. "Why, he could have made it easily last year, even without his new confidence, if he'd had a little co-operation from the officials," says Mortensen. "All they'd have had to do was set the bar at seven feet and announce the height as six feet ten. Ernie would have flown over." —MELVIN DURSLAG present insistence on Shelly Gray, it might soon be necessary to provide another writer, or two, or twelve, to finish the film. He selected twenty names from this pool, ranging from an *avant garde* poet at $300 a week to a vastly prosperous playwright at $5,000. Then the buzzer summoned him to the telephone.

"Shelly Gray on," Midge said. "Do you want to talk to her?"

Zorn grinned. "I'll force myself. Put her on."

Shelly Gray asked abruptly, "Does your offer still hold, Mr. Zorn?"

"Absolutely," said Zorn. "I've got a plane reservation and—"

"Oh, no. I'm calling about dinner—tonight."

"Fine. Can I wear a catcher's mask?"

"I'll be ready at eight. Good-by, Mr. Zorn."

He was in the lobby precisely at eight, and in a few minutes Shelly Gray emerged from the elevator. Now, in a black strapless dress with a bright stole around her shoulders, she looked even less like a recalcitrant screenwriter. Her eyes met Zorn's across the lobby, but as she came to meet him he saw her gaze go apprehensively around the room.

"I'm glad you called," said Zorn. "Surprised, too."

"I started thinking about that thousand a week," said Shelly Gray.

"Everyone does, sooner or later." Her eyes flickered past him as if she were searching for someone. "Do you want it?"

"I beg your pardon?" She had to bring herself abruptly back from some private world.

"The thousand a week. The grand, we call it."

"No. But it seemed a pity to dismiss it so peremptorily."

He helped her into the taxi and suggested a variety of restaurants. She eliminated all the better-known suggestions. They decided, finally, on an obscure but worthy steak house on upper Second Avenue.

THE restaurant entrance and the neighboring street were given the same careful scrutiny by the girl. Inside, she maneuvered herself into the seat facing the door. She smoked incessantly and there were moments, despite her light and airy responses, when the atmosphere hovered on the thin edge of panic. She was either running or hiding, or perhaps both, Zorn decided. By the time coffee was served, the restaurant was nearly empty and she seemed to be slightly more relaxed.

"Miss Gray, what do you think of

ump Seven Feet?

Champion Shelton warms up for higher assaults by flying over a group of six-footers. The single skeptic came through unscathed

Be with her despite the miles...

This Valentine's Day

This February 14, remind her she's *your* Valentine — with Flowers-By-Wire! It's so quick . . . so easy! Just phone or visit your F. T. D. Florist — the shop with SPEEDY and the famous MERCURY EMBLEM. Delivery worldwide is *guaranteed* . . . telegraph-fast!

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY
Send Flowers Worldwide
INTERFLORA
TRADEMARK

Phone or Visit
Your F. T. D. Florist

Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association, Headquarters: Detroit, Michigan

people who take bulls by horns?" he asked.

"It seems a risky but otherwise harmless hobby. Were you thinking of some particular bull, or horn?"

"Something about the way you slapped my face this afternoon moved me profoundly. Your timing, perhaps, or the follow-through. I had made up my mind to see you again, but I thought I'd have to impersonate a plumber or lie in wait for you in the street. Why did you call me?"

"Oh. That wasn't very ladylike, was it? But I was all alone. I thought you might be an amusing dinner companion." She reached along the back of the booth for her purse and gloves. "I was all wrong about that, wasn't I?"

Zorn's hand closed over her wrist. "I am an amusing dinner companion. I also have seen more than my share of movie melodramas. The beautiful heroine in flight from some unknown, unspeakable terror is no novelty. I have seen it interpreted by experts." He released her wrist. "You are, at best, only adequate in the part."

She laughed out loud. "Was I such an obvious fugitive?"

"On my honor as a movie-goer."

"As a matter of fact," she said. "I *am* avoiding someone. But it's not fear or flight or panic, nothing like that. Just a man, a friend. A good friend—persistent, if you know what I mean. It's a personal matter and really quite unimportant." She finished this limping narrative with a slight blush, then banged her coffee cup on her saucer. "Don't look so damned skeptical."

"I was trying for a look of tolerant amusement," said Zorn. "I'm sorry it came out skeptical."

HE CALLED for the check and paid it while the girl sat wrapped in a cloak of indignant silence. "Don't glare at me," he suggested on the way out. "People will think we're married."

There was considerable traffic on Second Avenue at that hour, and since there was no doorman, Zorn went to the curb to hail a cab. Shelly Gray stayed in the shelter of the doorway, and neither of them actually saw the small gray convertible a block away roaring toward them at forty or better. When a cab stopped, Shelly left the doorway and started for the curb, and at that moment a pistol cracked. The shot went through the restaurant window.

Zorn, acting on an old Army instinct, threw himself headlong at the girl, carrying them both to the pavement, as a second shot echoed in the street. Then the car was gone, screaming around the first corner, headed west. Patrons and staff started to pour out of the restaurant.

Zorn, still flat on the sidewalk, turned to look at Shelly Gray. Understandably enough, her face was white with fear and shock. "All right?"

She nodded. He helped her up, and as he turned to face the curious ring of customers and pedestrians around them, he felt the girl's imploring grip on his arm.

"All right," he whispered irritably. "Relax, Mata Hari."

"Michael, please—get me away."

A siren was bearing down on them. "Too late," said Zorn. "Whatever you're carrying—secret documents, plans, packets of heroin, a nuclear-fission kit—ditch it now."

The squad car pulled up and two patrolmen piled out. Zorn identified himself and Shelly, describing the incident without revealing her role as target for tonight, and was rewarded with urgent, grateful squeezes. He was trying to form a convincing picture of the assault car when another police vehicle drew up. An elderly, gray-haired man got out and stood quietly on the fringe of the group until Zorn's recital was finished.

"I'm Detective Sergeant Byers. Mr. Zorn. Any reasons why anyone would want to take a shot at you?"

When Zorn shook his head, he turned to look at Shelly Gray. She faced the sergeant with a bright smile. "I'm a stranger in New York, Sergeant. I know hardly anyone here except Mr. Zorn."

"Get the names and addresses," said the sergeant, "while I talk to some of the others." The patrolman inscribed these vital statistics in his notebook and then went inside.

"Must we stand around out here?" asked Shelly urgently. "I'd like to go home."

"I'll ask the boss," said Zorn. He left her on the sidewalk and went inside in search of Sergeant Byers. When he came out again, Shelly Gray was gone. An urchin spoke up: "Your girl got in a taxi, mister. She went off the minute you went inside."

Zorn could feel the amused reactions around him. He walked to the corner and took a taxi to the Midvale Hotel. Miss Gray wasn't there.

BACK at his own apartment, Zorn let himself into the foyer. He saw the lights in the living room and, as he remembered extinguishing them before going out, he edged up to the doorway cautiously. He was not particularly surprised to see Shelly Gray in the one comfortable chair, her neat legs up on the hassock, a magazine in her lap.

"You left your door open," she said reproachfully. "Aren't you afraid of prowlers, Michael?"

"I am now," Zorn said wearily. "Miss Gray, whatever story you've selected for the occasion, would you be kind enough to shorten and simplify it? I'm tired."

She flushed at this. "You think I'm a liar, don't you? I had to get away from the restaurant. I didn't know how long you might be inside with the police, and I felt like a duck in a shooting gallery. I was afraid to go to my hotel, so I came here. I thought you'd help me, Michael."

"I will—if there's any chance of your telling the truth."

"I'm in trouble," she said slowly. "You've guessed that much, of course. It's my story, Black Velvet. The story you bought, the one you're filming."

Zorn stiffened. "What about it?"

"It's true," she said. "I mean, it's a true story."

Zorn felt that a pit was yawning at his feet, a fiery pit in which a thousand imps who looked like Louis Stradling were waiting with white-hot pitchforks. "Go on," he said.

"It's the story of a real crime. The man in the story is exactly like the man who was in the real crime. Only it wasn't a crime, according to the police. The man was never even tried. He's still alive."

"Is it recognizably the same man?"

She nodded. "Yes, Michael."

The evening's tension snapped in Zorn. He found himself pulling Shelly Gray out of the chair by her shoulders and shaking her violently. "Do you realize what you've done?" he shouted. "Do you know what this means? Do you realize what you've done?"

He let her go. She took a couple of unsteady backward steps and collapsed into the chair. While Zorn was nervously pouring himself a drink he heard the first sobs. He had another, while the sobs mounted. Then he poured a third drink and sat down on the adjoining hassock.

"Don't look at me," she said, weeping. "I'm a mess."

"True," said Zorn. "Drink this."

He got up when he saw that she was drinking it with only an occasional sniffle. "I won't ask you any questions until you feel better. For Pete's sake, don't use the time to think up anything too fancy."

She threw the empty glass at him, but it was a low, wide-breaking slow curve and it thudded harmlessly onto the thick rug. "I hate you. I'm sick of your nasty remarks. I'm glad you're in trouble. I hope they put you in jail."

"Just tell me about it—you don't have to act it out."

SHE opened her purse and worked deftly for a moment with a compact and lipstick. "There isn't much to tell. A man I met in Cannes last summer—an American—told me the story I sold you. He said it was a real case, but that it had happened back in the early part of the nineteenth century. Then one day I found out that it took place right in upstate New York—just nine years ago." She looked up at his grim face. "That's bad, isn't it?"

"Just about as bad as it can be."

"I'm sorry. Truly, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to do anything dishonest. I told Ben—Ben Jarrold, the man who told me the story—that I was going to write it and that I'd give him a share of whatever it earned. He just laughed and told me to go ahead. When I sold the story I tried to find him, but he had disappeared. Then I came to New York, to see if I could find some trace of him, and since I got here the most ghastly things have been happening to me. Like tonight, at the restaurant." She leaned forward and spoke earnestly. "I'm scared, Michael. I'm terribly scared."

"If you knew Louis Stradling," said Zorn, "you'd really be scared."

"I don't want to go home. Please—may I stay here?"

Zorn sighed and nodded. "I guess so. For the moment, I'm not sure I want to let you out of my sight."

She hesitated. "Don't you care what happens to me?"

"If you mean do I care if you come to a violent end, I do not. Unless I arrange it myself." He pulled her up roughly. "Come on."

In the bedroom he gave her a new toothbrush and the white silk pajamas bought in what had seemed like a mad moment in Paris the year before. She went into the bathroom with these, and Zorn did his best to make up a bed on the living-room couch. He looked up to find her standing in the open doorway, watching him. For the first time, the white silk pajamas seemed to be worth all they had cost.

"Why, Michael," Shelly said, in a tone of pleased surprise, "what are you doing?"

Zorn straightened up. "Making my bed, as taught in the armed forces, nineteen forty-two to forty-five."

"My!" she said softly. "It's like a film, isn't it? Here I am in your pajamas, and there you are. Only I'm not a runaway heiress."

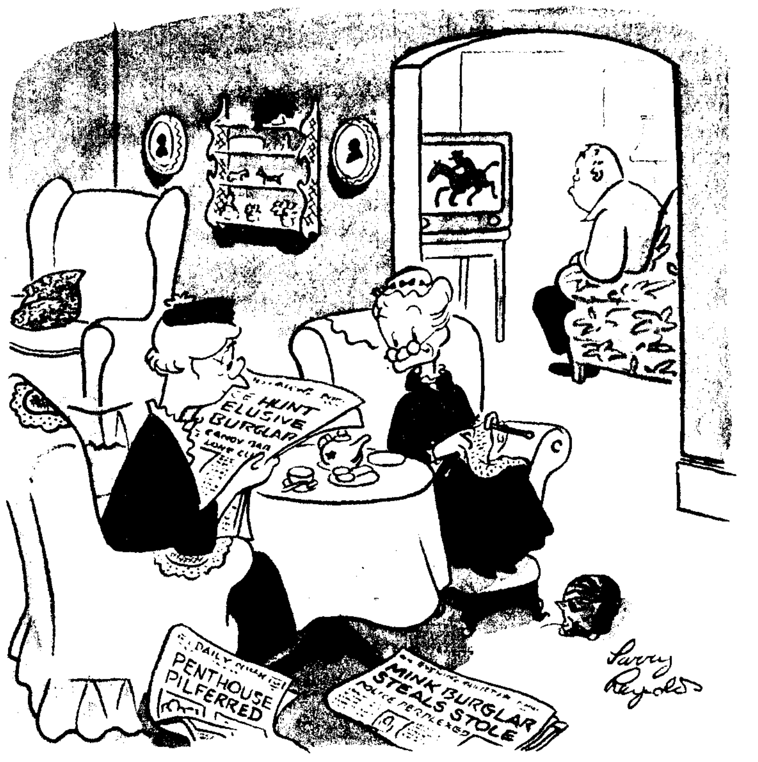
"Go to bed," said Zorn gruffly.

"I've never understood why movie heiresses are always running away. Maybe I'll write a story about a stationary heiress someday."

"You've written enough," Zorn said. "More than enough." He looked at her suspiciously. "You've made quite a recovery for a girl who was shaking with hysteria and fear a few minutes ago, haven't you?"

The bedroom door slammed, apparently quivering with rage. Then it opened a few inches. "I'm sorry, Michael." In the same soft, contrite tone, she added, "You are a suspicious, hidebound pig, but I must remember that

BUTCH



COLLIER'S "I never let Butch read about his exploits. I'd like to keep him simple and unspoiled" LARRY REYNOLDS

I'm your guest and so I apologize. Good night, Michael." . . .

The law offices of Harold Fenn were in the city's newest and shiniest skyscraper, a hermetically sealed slab of concrete and glass on Park Avenue. Fenn's suite was expensively decorated in the same streamlined style, and only the slight, stooped, shabbily dressed little lawyer himself seemed out of place.

In action, before a responsive judge or jury, Harold Fenn sounded like something left over from the last visit of the Old Vic. His bearing was courtly and old-fashioned, his speech rich and colorful, his personality a mixture of Benzedrine and jungle cunning. It was nearly midnight now but Fenn was going strong, pacing the floor, addressing Peter DiSanto, his trial assistant.

"It behooves us, Peter," he was saying in his rich trial voice, "to maintain maximum security on this project. Continental Films must be allowed to go on serenely pouring money into this motion picture. When the time is right, we will reap a rich harvest." He paced off a few steps, then added, "For our client, of course."

"Of course," said DiSanto. He was a tall, lean young man of thirty, dressed in the dark gray and neat stripes of a Madison Avenue advertising executive. His heavy horn-rimmed glasses gave a scholarly air to what was basically a tough, tight face.

"Discretion, then," continued the lawyer, "is still our course of action—the same discretion that we used in obtaining a copy of the Black Velvet film script."

DISANTO said dourly, "The picture is all but finished. What's the point of keeping the case a secret?"

"The more money involved, the greater the impact of our suit," said Fenn, still as if he were reciting somewhere on the Fourth of July. "Louis Stradling is a man noted for vast expenditures on publicity and advertising. Let the budget mount, let him approach the release date—for us, my dear Peter, the moment of truth—then I will take the sword. One quick, merciful stroke." He laughed delightedly. "Separating Continental Films from not less than half a million dollars."

"If they don't hit us with collusion," said DiSanto. "We still don't know how Shelly Gray got the story."

"I think we do. Miss Gray, all unwittingly, has revealed that much. She is asking everywhere, seeking high and low, trying to locate a Mr. Ben Jarrold. Our client is convinced Miss Gray must have got her story from Mr. Jarrold, and when that is established, there will be no possibility of collusion as a defense."

A door slammed somewhere in the outer regions of the suite and a small, perspiring man appeared. "Where the hell have you been, Ford? Why didn't you phone?" asked Fenn irritably.

"Take it easy, boss," the man pleaded. "I've got something big to tell you. I stayed right on the girl. This afternoon she had a visitor, guy named Zorn from Continental Films. He was only with her a few minutes," he continued, "but he came back again tonight and took her to dinner. After dinner, about ten fifteen, somebody took a shot at them. Somebody in a gray convertible." He went on disregarding the tension precipitated by his report. "Fired two shots, looked like they were trying for the girl, only they missed."

"Go on," said Fenn.

"Well, the street got full of cops right away. I stayed in the crowd, and that's how I heard this Zorn identify himself. Then the girl beat it, alone. She went to this Zorn's apartment. They're both there now."

The lawyer nodded. "Okay, Sammy. Fix yourself a drink."

Sammy Ford went about this eagerly. The lawyer turned to DiSanto. "A new factor has been introduced. We must take pains to equate it properly and cautiously."

"Maybe it was an attempt to scare her," said DiSanto.

"Scare her into or out of what?"

"I don't know. Maybe our client's going into business for himself?"

"I like that idea even less," said Fenn. He turned to Ford. "Is there no way," he said wistfully, "in which you can discreetly break into her hotel room?"

"That's tough. I tried. I could make a grab for her pocketbook."

Fenn nodded slowly. "We will have to be content. I've got to know more about her." He jerked his thumb at the door. "Get going."

"Okay, boss." Ford went out, and Harold Fenn started pacing the narrow strip of thick carpet. DiSanto looked up at him.

"So we take time by the forelock," mused Harold Fenn. "Perhaps not on our initiative, but it may be just as well. Talk to our client in the morning, Peter. If you can do so gracefully, ascertain his whereabouts at the time of the shooting. I despise stupidity, particularly in my clients. Shooting at people! What a way to carry on!"

WITH orange juice, toast and coffee on a small tray, Zorn maneuvered through the doorway into the bedroom. Shelly Gray was sitting up in bed, her hair tousled. Since he had prepared some stern speeches for his entrance, Zorn was dismayed to find her looking distractingly beautiful.

"Michael!" She clapped her hands in delight. "So it's true that American men spoil their women outrageously, pampering their every whim."

"I'm fattening you for the slaughter," said Zorn grimly.

"Put some pillows behind my back. And no tricks," she said as he bent over her.

He propped her up with pillows, and when she could lean back he laid the tray across her lap. Then he sat down with his coffee, trying not to look foolishly pleased.

Shelly Gray, being under a terrific strain, in some danger and mildly compromised, could manage to do away with only four thick slices of lavishly buttered toast, half a pot of jam and three cups of coffee. "Take the tray, Michael," she murmured faintly then. "I'm much too upset to be able to eat."

He moved the tray to an adjoining table while she looked at him warily from under long silken lashes. "I'm for it now, eh?"

"As you say," said Zorn sternly, "you're for it. We can be sued for libel, slander, invasion of privacy—both civil and criminal. It may also ruin me, cost the company millions, throw a thousand people out of work. You've got to be completely honest with me."

"I'll tell you everything you want to know, Michael, but not if you browbeat or badger me."

Zorn nodded wearily. "All right."

"Well, I'm not British at all. I was born in Madison, Wisconsin. I graduated from college in nineteen forty-seven," she continued. "I'm twenty-eight years old. I don't look it, do you think, Michael?"

"I'm thirty-five," Zorn told her, "and aging fast." He studied her. "No, you don't look twenty-eight. You look like an angelic, baby-faced liar of about nineteen."

"You're sweet. For that, I'll hurry. After college, I got a job on a newspaper in Chicago. Then a job on a weekly news magazine, in the London office. After a bit, I began to write fiction, crime stuff mostly. I specialized in stark Victorian murders. You know, derelict curates, fainting heroines, that kind of thing. I had quite a following in England, I really did. Then last spring I went to Cannes and that's where I met Ben Jarrold, the man who told me that story I sold you."

Zorn sat up. "At last. Tell me about Jarrold."

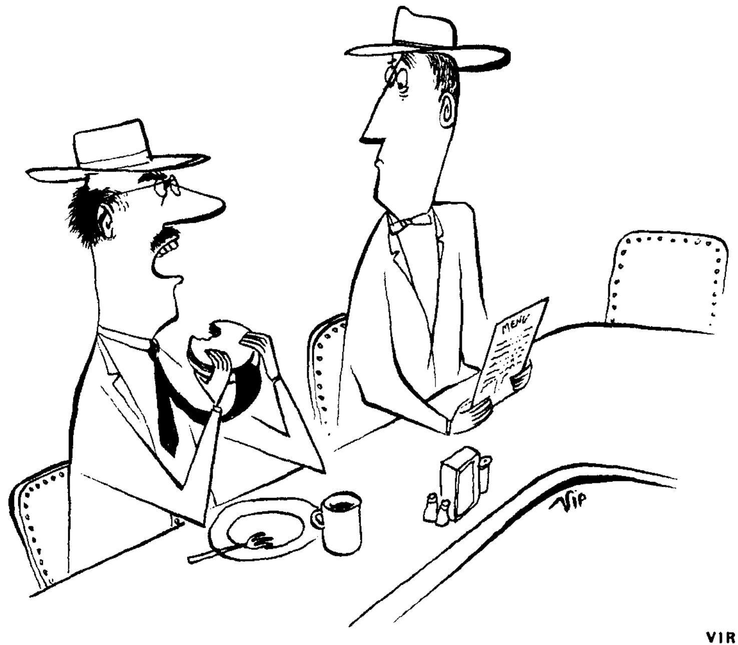
"Oh, we were just good friends. Really, Michael!"

"I didn't mean that."

"You did. I can see through you, Michael Zorn. Zorn—that's a German name, isn't it?"

"Swiss. A patient, long-suffering people. Our specialty," he added ominously, "is taking apart cuckoo clocks. And that, madam, goes double for you. Now what about Ben Jarrold?"

"He's about fifty. On the short side,



COLLIER'S "Psst. . . . Don't order a hamburger" VIRGIL PARTCH

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physically, but stocky and muscular. Plays hard, fast tennis. Wiry gray hair, beginning to back up a little. Well, we met on the golf course one afternoon and then went to dinner that night. He'd read several stories of mine in English magazines and while we talked about them he gave me this idea."

"He told you the story exactly the way you wrote it?"

"Just about," she confessed. "Not at first, or all at once. He kept giving me bits and pieces. I was fascinated with the idea. He told me it was based on a real crime, but that it was about a hundred and fifty years old. When I got back to London I tried to find out more about it in the newspaper files from the early eighteen hundreds, but there was no mention of it. So I just wrote it the way Ben had told it to me and sent it off to my agent. I thought it might make one of the big magazines, but I never even *dreamed* of movie rights. And along came that whopping check from Continental Films." She looked at him reproachfully. "Really, Michael, you do throw your money around. Fifteen thousand dollars for a little story like that! Are all you movie people so openhanded?"

"Shelly—please!"

"I did my best to locate Ben Jarrold right away. For one thing, I wanted to give him a share of the proceeds. He had given me an address—the Connaught Hotel in London—but he wasn't there. They said he'd gone back to the States. I didn't worry about it at the time, but one day I was reading through some more recent newspaper files—that's how I get my ideas for stories, from old newspapers—and there it was: the Morley case."

ZORN swallowed convulsively. "It couldn't be the same story—about different people?"

She shook her head. "No, Michael. The details of the story, the way the husband and wife first met, stuff about their courtship, incidents of the marriage and breakup—they're identical. Even the other woman, the reason for the murder, she's a real person."

"Great! Now all we need is for her to be married to the murderer." Something in the way Shelly winced made the joke stick in Zorn's throat. He stared at her, and she lowered her eyes timidly. "No!" he said, in an awed whisper. "Not that too?" Shelly nodded. "Then they can both sue us," Zorn said, "one at a time or both together." He staggered to a chair, trying to conjure up a vision of Louis Stradling receiving the news that a two-million-dollar picture would have to be abandoned, or largely reshot, as the alternative to a fabulous suit for damages. The image blinded him.

"I'm sorry, Michael," said Shelly. "Can't you just do some teeny-weeny little pieces of the film over again?"

"No, we can't do some teeny-weeny pieces over again! The stars won't be available, the director has another commitment, most of the sets have been torn down. The next thing to be dismantled will be your correspondent, Michael Zorn."

"You mean you'll lose your job?"

In Collier's next issue

RUN SILENT, RUN DEEP

By EDWARD L. BEACH

An exciting and vivid tale of underwater warfare by the Naval Aide to President Eisenhower, a veteran of sub action in World War II, and author of the best-selling book Submarine!

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"Forty-eight hours after this story breaks I'll be out of a job on a world-wide basis."

Shelly was huddled in the bedclothes, a small and apprehensive figure. He found it difficult to vent more of his rage on her. He went to the window, stared at the unrewarding landscape for a moment, then turned back. "Have you found any trace of Ben Jarrold here?"

She shook her head. "I've tried, but no luck. Michael, I wanted to tell you the truth about the story. What you said about the cost made me a little sick with responsibility. I was going to tell you . . ."

"Do you know who shot at you last night?" he asked.

She shook her head vigorously.

"But you were scared of something or someone, even when I came to the hotel yesterday. Even more so last night. Why?"

"Someone had been following me around that day, and the day before. Night before last, someone tried to get into my room."

"Did you get a good look at the man following you?"

"Not a really good look. He was a little fellow. He wore a gray suit and a brown hat."

Zorn beckoned from the window. "Come here."

Shelly joined him at the window. He pointed to the corner where a man in a gray suit and brown hat was lounging idly at the bus stop.

"That's the one, Michael," she said, clutching his arm. "That's him. Go down and tell him to leave, Michael. Chase him."

"Who—me? For all I know, this may be the man who shot at you last night. He's probably armed. I'd be risking my life." He sat down beside the bed and picked up the telephone.

"What are you going to do?"

"Call my secretary and work out a deal to get you some clothes," said Zorn. "I'll think better if I get you dressed."

It was to Midge Bolton's credit that she received Zorn's orders like a veteran secretary—that is to say, without raised eyebrows or reproachful glances. She retrieved a suit, coat and accessories from Shelly Gray's rooms in the Midvale; and while Shelly was getting dressed in the bedroom, Zorn told Midge the story of the facts behind Black Velvet. "Beat it, Midge," Zorn said then. "Get over to the library and dig out everything on the Morley case."

Midge had been gone only about five minutes when the door buzzer sounded.

"Yes?" said Zorn tentatively.

A mild voice said, "Open up, Mr. Zorn. Police officer." Shelly gasped.

Zorn opened the door and a man in his middle forties came in, a fairly tall, thin man in a neat blue suit and a loud hand-painted tie. He was smiling, but even at first glance there was something tightly wound about the smile, as though it might snap at any moment. "My name is Arno Brackett, Mr. Zorn. I'd like to talk to you."

"You said you were a police officer?"

"I did say that. It's not true—not strictly speaking, anyway. You see, I figured you might not want company."

"You're right." Zorn held the door open. "I don't."

BRACKETT made no move to depart. "I was on the force in upstate New York. Place called Truslowe. Last job I worked on there was the Willard Morley case."

Zorn closed the door, and Brackett responded with another smile. "We were just talking about the Morley case," Zorn said.

"Figured you would be." Brackett sat down facing them. "I might as well give it to you straight. I was kicked off the force upstate. I was *Lieutenant* Arno Brackett in those days. I tried to frame a guy."

"A guy named Willard Morley?" asked Zorn.

"That's right. I was on the Morley case from the beginning. At first I thought it was a cinch. Hell, it's a dodge that's been worked ever since wives and husbands started getting tired of each other. Willard Morley picked up a small-time bum, told him a yarn about his wife's jewelry, how much the insurance would bring, and that they wanted to fake a stick-up. Then he shoots the wife and the holdup man and he's in the clear. Generally in cases like this you can tie the suspect to the fake holdup man somehow, or he used a gun that can be traced back to him. That's how it generally works."

"It didn't work that way with Morley?" Zorn asked.

"No. That's a smart cooky. We never got a thing connecting him with the holdup man, never tied him to the gun, never got a thing. Just my damn' luck—a perfect crime."

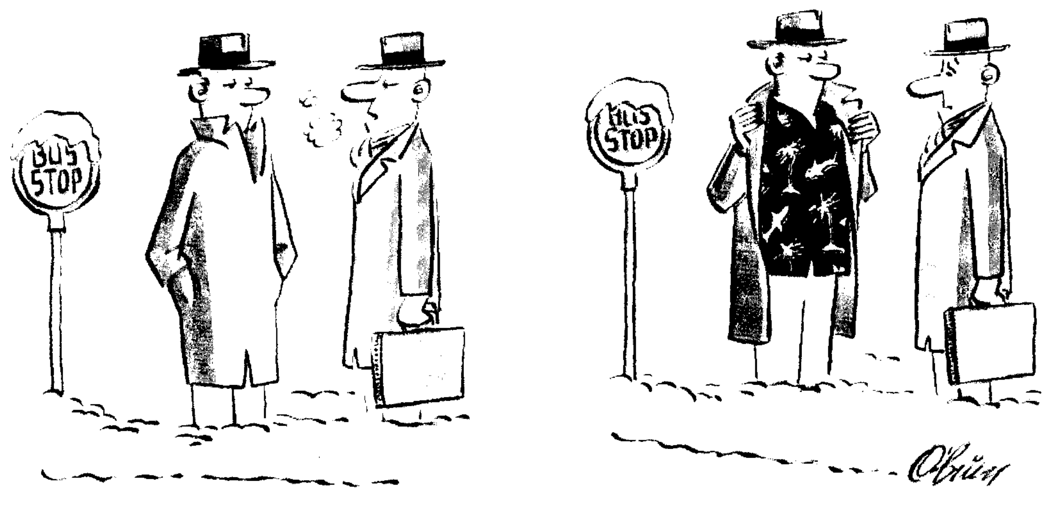
"All that might simply mean," said Zorn, "that Morley was innocent."

Ex-Lieutenant Brackett shook his head. "No. Not a chance. Morley didn't have a dime and his wife was loaded. He got it all in the will she left, but they'd been having trouble. Morley had a girl—he's married to her now—and he wanted out. If they'd split up, maybe he'd have got something and maybe he'd have got nothing—but he wouldn't have got much. I've handled a lot of homicides in my day, Mr. Zorn. There's generally two motives—sex and money. Willard Morley had both."

"Is that your case?" asked Zorn.

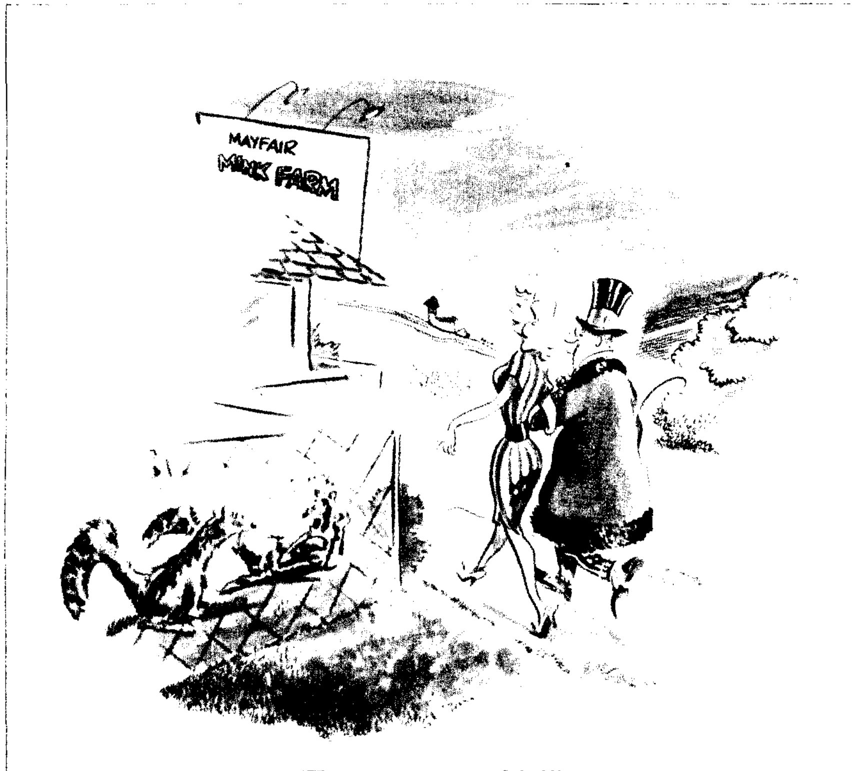
"The holdup man was a small-time New York crook named Lonny Shires," said Brackett. "Had a record going back to when he was twelve years old—pickpocket, sneak thief, a bookful of stuff like that. But he never carried a gun in his life till the night he died. He carried it then because he figured he was in on a fake holdup, worked out by Willard Morley and his wife."

"And you got kicked off the force trying to prove it?"



"I haven't seen you for a few weeks, Ed. Been sick?"

COLLIER'S JACK O'BRIEN



COLLIER'S "Here comes trouble!" HARRY LYONS

"Yeah. I stuck my chin way out to Albany. I was burning. Here this Morley had murdered his wife, and another guy along with her, and he was riding high. I figured on maybe cracking him by letting him think he was being framed. A lot of the time that works out pretty good," Brackett said, in a curiously academic way. "A guy is way out in the clear and suddenly out of left field he finds a noose looming up over him. He gets panicky, and first thing you know some of the truth gets out. Only it didn't work out that way with Willard Morley, Mr. Zorn. When I put up the frame he had two guys from the state superintendent's office waiting for me."

"You weren't by any chance trying to shake him down, were you?" Zorn suggested.

"No, sir. Not a penny. What I did, I put up a couple of witnesses, cops from another county, who said they were ready to swear they'd seen Morley with Lonny Shires in New York." Brackett laughed mirthlessly. "They only got suspended and demoted, but I got the whole works."

"Who told you I was interested in the Morley case?" Zorn said.

"Morley," replied Arno Brackett. "Oh, not in so many words. I work for a private detective agency here in New York now, but my hobby is sort of keeping tabs on Willard Morley—where he goes, who he sees. He knows all about your movie, Mr. Zorn, and how he figures in it. When the time is right, he'll make a move and it might cost you plenty."

Zorn nodded, accepting this. "You're nursing a pretty sore grudge, aren't you, Brackett?"

"Someday," said Brackett evenly, "I'll get Willard Morley on the stand, in court, and I'll put that son of a—" he broke off and glanced at Shelly. "Excuse me, miss."

"In case you don't know," Zorn said, "she sold me the story."

"You dig it out of the newspaper files?" Brackett asked.

Zorn answered for her. "A man named Ben Jarrold told it to her." He saw the flicker of recognition in Brackett's expression. "Friend of yours?"

"I know him. He was kind of one of the Morley family."

"We're trying to find this Ben Jarrold," Zorn said.

"Shouldn't be too difficult."

"Well, you try it," Shelly said, with some spirit. "I've walked my feet off."

"She started making inquiries about Ben Jarrold," Zorn said. "Since then, somebody tried to break into her hotel room, and last night somebody took a shot at her when we came out of a restaurant." He went to the window. The man was still at his post. Zorn pointed him out.

"Want me to pick him up?" asked Brackett.

"How? You're not a cop any more."

"I act like a cop and I sound like a cop. It's easy." He glanced at Shelly. "How's her nerve?"

"I would say," said Zorn, "that she has the gall of a used-car salesman."

"Most likely," Brackett said to Shelly, "if he thought you were alone up here, he'd make another pass at you—for something you've got, or he thinks you've got. I'd be right here," he added reassuringly, "to see that nothing happened to you."

She looked at him doubtfully; then her glance wavered to Zorn.

"Just leave it to me, miss," Brackett said. "You go out, Mr. Zorn. Give him a chance to spot you, then walk down to the corner. Keep going about a hundred yards, then look back. If he's gone, you can come back up."

ZORN followed orders to the letter. At roughly the designated time he looked back; the man had left. Zorn retraced his steps swiftly and ran up the three flights of stairs to his apartment. Shelly Gray, a little pale but otherwise quite composed, was looking on with interest while Brackett, on his knees, deftly went through the pockets of the unconscious man on the floor.

Brackett stepped back as his victim groaned, struggled to a sitting-up position and looked around blankly.

"I sapped you," Brackett volunteered. "Get up. Sit over there. His name is Ford, Samuel Ford, counselor at law. He's got a Bar Association card from nineteen forty-one." He looked at Ford. "That the year you were disbarred?"

"None of your damn' business," Ford muttered.

"You've been trailing this lady for the past two days," said Brackett. "Night before last you tried to get into her room. Last night you took a shot at her outside a restaurant."

Ford straightened up instantly. "No. Not a chance. Not me. I haven't got a gun. Never had one."

"Why were you tailing her?"

"A case," Ford muttered. "A client—a stranger, nobody I knew—hired me to keep an eye on her."

"Why?"

"He just wanted to know if she was leaving town."

"Who was paying you?"

Ford shifted in his chair. "Look, mister, who the hell are you?"

"You can have the police if you want it that way. Two nights ago you broke into Miss Gray's hotel room; today you broke in here. So far that's two counts of breaking and entering, and maybe assault with a deadly weapon. Mr. Zorn, call headquarters and ask for—"

FORD twitched convulsively. "Just a minute. Take it easy." He bent over to pick up his cigarettes, lighted one and inhaled. "I'm hired by a lawyer, Harold Fenn. He used me a couple of times before on divorce stuff, things like that. He wanted a line on what she was doing here in New York. A domestic-relations job—"

Zorn said, "Who's Harold Fenn?" Then he caught Brackett's gesture and subsided.

"So you work for Harold Fenn?" Brackett asked quietly. He seemed to derive a curious pleasure from this information. "Pick up your stuff and get out." He held the door open, watching until Ford started downstairs. Then he closed the door and leaned back comfortably.

"I got bad news for you, Mr. Zorn," he said. "Fenn is a libel specialist. I'm on your side, if you want me."

"I don't know," was Zorn's reply. "Can you find Ben Jarrold for me?"

"I can try. What good would it do?"

"I know a little about the law of libel," said Zorn. "Not much, but we've had a few claims since I've been with Continental Films, and I've read up on the law. I know this much: in a libel action, or an action for slander or invasion of privacy—and this is likely to end up as any or all of them—the injured party has to come into court with clean hands. He has to be completely innocent of anything that was done to provoke the libel. What I mean is, if Ben Jarrold told Miss Gray the story because Willard Morley—or anyone who stands to profit from the suit—put him up to it, then Continental Films would have a pretty fair defense."

"Yeah, I can see that," said Brackett. "What else can you put up in the way of a defense?" he asked innocently.

"We could plead fair comment," Zorn said. "But that's no good—because it applies only to legitimate or permissible criticism of someone who is in the public eye—a celebrity, or a politician."

"And that's the works?" asked Brackett, in the same artless tone.

"No. There's one more defense," said Zorn. His eyes met Brackett's. "That's why you're here, isn't it?"

"What is it, Michael?" asked Shelly.

"That it's true," Zorn said. "That Willard Morley *did* murder his wife—the way you told it in your story and the way we've got it in the movie."

Brackett picked up his hat. "I'll try to locate Ben Jarrold for you, Mr. Zorn. I'll be seeing you."

—HARRY KURNITZ

(This is the first of four parts)

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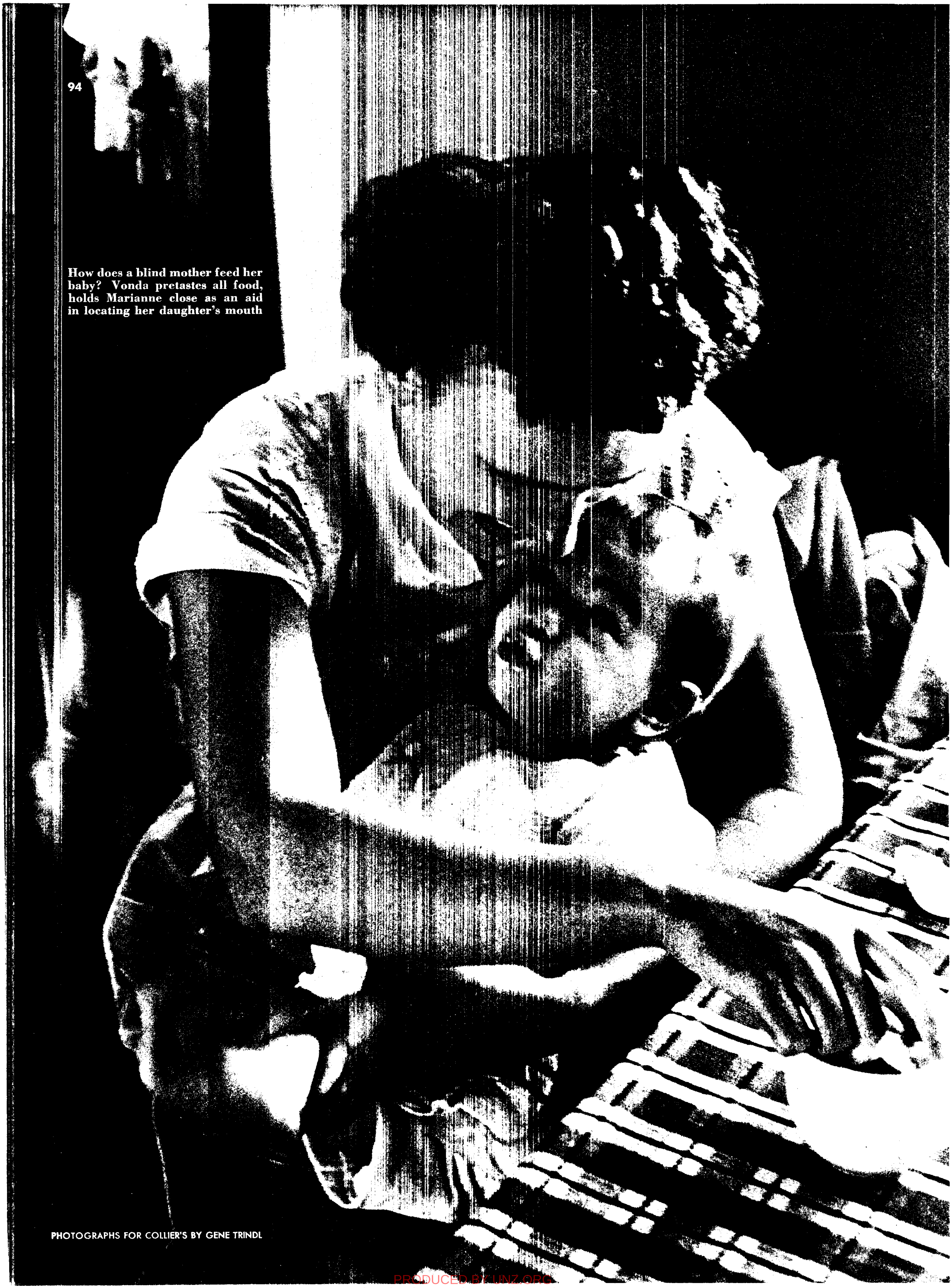


How does a blind mother feed her baby? Vonda pretastes all food, holds Marianne close as an aid in locating her daughter's mouth

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GENE TRINDL

Here's the heart-warming story of Vonda and Tex Ragsdale, blind parents of a year-old baby. They thought a long time before having Marianne, but now they're raising her unaided and she's one of the happiest children on the block. Vonda has never seen Marianne . . .

"But I Know My Baby's Beautiful"

By ROBERT C. GOODMAN

THE visiting nurse was experienced but nevertheless a little apprehensive as she stood at the door to the modest Ragsdale apartment in Long Beach, California. Her notebook said, "Vonda Ragsdale, new mother, totally blind." The nurse had been engaged by Vonda's husband, Marion (Tex) Ragsdale, to help care for mother and baby on their return from the hospital.

Watching through the plate-glass window of the front door as Tex picked his way forward in response to her ring, the nurse caught her breath. He too was obviously blind. How, she wondered, was a new infant faring in this home without eyes?

The nurse found Vonda Ragsdale, a brown-haired woman of thirty, in the kitchen pouring the formula mixture from a glass pitcher through a funnel into the baby's bottles. "Good morning," Vonda smiled, without turning her head. She was listening to the liquid bubbling toward the top of the bottle. The nurse eyed the clean breakfast dishes draining on the sinkboard, the four white diapers drying on the towel rack, the kitchen implements and food containers in orderly array on sideboard and shelves.

Screwing on the last bottle cap, Vonda led the visitor to the bedroom where six-day-old Marianne Arlene—who has normal sight—was sleeping in her crib. The nurse watched the blind mother gently lift the baby from the even folds of the crib sheet and change her. When Vonda bathed the baby, the nurse was able to give a few helpful suggestions. But an hour later, having seen the mother perform all the needed tasks without assistance, the nurse told her, in a voice loud enough for Tex to hear from the living room, "You know, there's really nothing for me to do here."

As the nurse was leaving, Vonda, a little apologetic, explained, "Calling a nurse was my husband's idea. He thought every new mother should have a nurse for a few days."

Privately, neighbors and friends had feared the blind parents would need more than a temporary nurse to help care for their youngster. It is uncommon to find both marriage partners totally blind; even rarer for such a couple to try to raise children without the help of a sighted person in the household. How, people asked, could a blind mother and father feed, clothe and bathe an infant, maintain its health, protect it from accident, guide its development?

The Ragsdale excursion into parenthood has answered these questions in surprising fashion. Shortly after their marriage two years ago Vonda and Tex (who is forty-six) agreed they would like at least three children. They knew they would never see them. Both had lost their sight a decade earlier, Vonda after an eye operation, and Tex during service as a merchant seaman in World War II; and both had learned to live with their blindness. Vonda mastered Braille and typing, and went to work in a bakery; Tex became a door-to-door broom salesman. They met in 1952 in California at a bowling club for the blind, married shortly thereafter, then moved with their two German shepherd guide dogs, Peggy and Christina, into their present four-room apartment, in a neighborhood teeming with large families. Their nearest relatives are 800 miles away in Vonda's home town, Idaho Falls (Tex comes from Paducah).

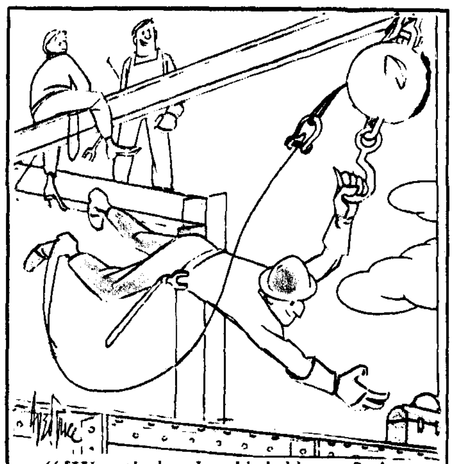
Before Marianne's arrival the Ragsdales had more than the normal concerns of expectant parents. Tex says, "We knew people might question our right to bring a child into a sightless home. If the baby were born blind through accident, they might say we had knowingly brought a blind child into the world." The Ragsdales also worried that their child might be overly pitied and become spoiled. And, Vonda admits, "We sometimes asked ourselves how we would keep up with a youngster when it reached the galloping stage."

Characteristically, the Ragsdales decided these

Tex Ragsdale plays with Marianne. Though parents are sightless, her vision's perfect

Just learning to walk, Marianne gets as much parental help as any child—and is doing fine

Marianne helps her mother read Braille. Both parents once had sight, but lost it 10 years ago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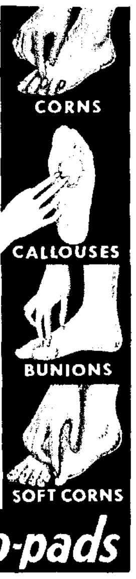

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

problems were no more formidable than others they had already conquered. "Everybody has some handicap," says Vonda, "and we knew there are so many folks worse off than we."

Infant care would not be a new experience for the blind woman. Both before and after losing her sight Vonda had helped tend numerous small nieces and nephews at her parents' home in Idaho Falls. Nevertheless, when her own baby was on the way she sought to strengthen her self-confidence by "borrowing" an infant boy from a neighbor and caring for it as though it were her own. "Mrs. Stone next door, with six small youngsters, was able to 'spare' her three-month-old Tommy for a few hours a day," Vonda recalls. "We called Tommy my 'practice baby.'"

A Real Bundle from Heaven

Mrs. Stone would hand the little bundle to the blind woman and hover watchfully as Vonda took him to her apartment, diapered, bathed and fed him. After a while the mother entrusted her infant to Vonda without supervision. "Someday," Vonda says, "I will tell Marianne how much she owes to little Tommy and the many loving hours that we spent together in the months before she arrived."

When Vonda's time approached last winter, Tex arranged with a neighbor in a nearby building to drive her to the hospital at the first sign of labor. To avoid accidentally arousing other tenants, Tex tacked a tin Scotty dog to the door of the neighbor's apartment, so he could identify the place quickly. Last February 13th, at 4:30 A.M., the blind man felt his wife's hand on his shoulder. "I think you'd better go on out and find that tin dog," she whispered.

Tex stayed at the hospital during Vonda's 19 hours of labor. "I couldn't pace up and down the hall like the usual expectant father," he recalls, "without knocking over the nurses or getting lost. So I staked out an overstuffed chair in the waiting room and did my pacing in circles, around the chair."

When mother and baby came home, they were almost swamped by visitors. Some were offering help; many were just curiosity seekers. "All of them," Vonda says, "had the same question: 'Can the baby see?'" Not only did baby have perfect eyes, but the parents proudly pointed out her birth weight, a spanking seven pounds eleven ounces.

With the full responsibility of the new infant hers alone, Vonda confesses to some early worries over feeding Marianne correctly. She likes to credit her doctor, Thomas M. Spencer, for helping her over this hurdle. Dr. Spencer refused to consider Mrs. Ragsdale as different from any other new mother. When she asked him how much of a certain food to give Marianne, he quipped, "You're the mother. How would I know? My wife did all the feeding of my kids!"

Already adept in the kitchen, the new mother had no trouble with the formula, mixing the ingredients with plastic dime-store measuring cups and spoons, which she also uses for baking. The daily dosage of vitamin drops for baby is managed with a full pinch of a dropper, which a friend found holds the exact prescribed amount. Routines are timed by an alarm clock with an open-faced, raised dial. "Tex was very good about the 2:00 A.M. feeding," Vonda recalls. "He always stayed awake long enough to make sure I got out of bed."

The parents were told to burp the new baby when she was midway through her bottle. "We learned to judge the right time for burping," Vonda says, "by feeling the bottle's weight." Marianne has always been a good eater and sleeper. She was graduated from formula to strained foods at 2½ months, to junior foods at 5½. At eight months she weighed 23 pounds. "I keep all foods on the shelves marked with Braille cards or labels," says the blind mother. Nevertheless, she always tastes baby's food before giving it to her. She usually holds Marianne in her arms when feeding her, finding the touch of baby's head against her chest a helpful direction-finder for the spoon. An oversize bib catches spillage.

Vonda had been warned that feeding by sighted persons, with their more precise movements, would make baby balky when mother took over again. This possibility precipitated her only feeding worry to date. When an ear infection sent Marianne to the hospital for two weeks in October, her mother worried nearly to distraction. "To ease my mind," Vonda says, "I went out all day and helped Tex sell brooms." Marianne's return from the hospital proved the worries groundless. There were no changes in her happy smile and gurgling contentment at mealtime.

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The eating problem—or more specifically, baby's place at mealtime—led to the parents' only disagreement over Marianne. Vonda wanted her little daughter to have a high chair; Tex was afraid of it. "I just knew she'd fall out," he says. But Vonda insisted that the baby needed it as a change from buggy, crib and playpen. One day a neighbor offered to sell Vonda a sturdy high chair that her own child had outgrown. Tex okayed the purchase when Vonda agreed to buy a harness for Marianne to wear when sitting in the chair. Today the harness is used only when Vonda is cleaning house. For her after-dinner cracker, and while watching daddy eat, Marianne sits in her high chair unharnessed. There have been no spills to date.

Many Safeguards for Marianne

Baby Marianne was standing at seven months, and is now, at about one year, ready to walk alone. Her parents, too, are ready. Mother plans to sew tiny bells inconspicuously in the baby's clothing. At the doorstep play area the neighbor ladies and their teen-age daughters will help keep track of the toddler. When Marianne rides the stroller, Vonda's guide dog, Peggy, leads, followed by Vonda, who pulls the stroller instead of pushing it. "Baby is safer behind me," Vonda explains.

An important role in bringing up baby is played by the two guide dogs, whose initial jealousy after baby's arrival quickly changed to face-licking approval. Peggy now moves briskly between any stranger and Marianne. When a small neighbor boy complained to Vonda recently that Peggy had growled at him when he approached Marianne in her front-yard playpen, the blind mother smiled. "I'm sorry, honey," she said, "but that's just what I want the dog to do."

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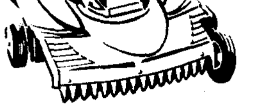

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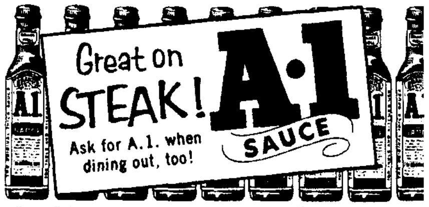
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The parents' vigilance so far has protected Marianne from any serious fall, bump or other kind of accident. Vonda's ear is perpetually tuned to the baby. Sitting or standing, the mother's body tilts slightly forward at the waist in a posture of alertness. Baby's every hum, coo and whimper, her every audible movement, is reflected in Vonda's mobile face, even while she converses with visitors.

Prolonged silences can be alarming, but Vonda does not frighten easily. Recently a few minutes of suspicious quiet followed by an unfamiliar tingle sent mother scurrying to the playpen to investigate. Marianne had somehow removed Peggy's collar and was merrily jiggling it about.

Both Ragsdales feel strongly that many childhood mishaps are the result of parental carelessness. Their determination to protect Marianne from avoidable accident is underscored by the knowledge that people will be quick to censure them if misfortune should strike. "If just one little accident should happen to the baby," says Tex, "people would call us unfit."

To date people have said only nice things about the blind parents. The mothers in the neighborhood regard Vonda with something very close to awe. The compliment she treasures most came from a family friend, himself the father of four young children. He calls Marianne "the sweetest-smelling baby I know." He also is blind.

Tex claims as still another distinction for his infant daughter a pronounced fondness for Western music. Vonda's large collection of classical and popular records includes a few Western tunes; and these inspire Marianne to squeak her toy dog in rhythm and clap her little hands.

In addition to the phonograph and radio, Marianne has television. The new parents bought a used 12-inch console because, as Tex puts it, "we feel it's a necessary part of her development." The blind couple themselves are now ardent television fans. They are sure they miss very little by not seeing the picture.

"What one of us can't quite figure out," says Vonda, "the other can usually explain. We enjoy TV as much as radio."

Tex claims his wife has to a high degree what he calls "facial vision"—a kind of sensitivity which Tex believes is akin to sonar or radar, like the faculty which protects the blind bat from collision. Tex says his wife can "feel" or "hear" a brick lying on the sidewalk, or a fence, or a car parked at the curb. He says this kind of extrasensory awareness, while useful among familiar objects indoors, tends to confuse Vonda amid strange obstacles on street and sidewalk. For this reason she is less assured outside than at home.

Oddly, Tex is the opposite. He is less deft than Vonda inside the apartment; but out of doors, behind Christina, his guide dog, Tex carries an almost infallible map in his head, which directs him with a confident step to his customers' front doors, and enables him to call out streets and addresses to a driver with few mistakes. His skill in getting around on his calls frequently raises onlookers' suspicions. "You can see a little, can't you?" is a common question at front doors. Actually Tex doesn't even have light perception. ("I know it's daylight," he says, "when I hear the birds singing.")

When Baby Starts the Questions

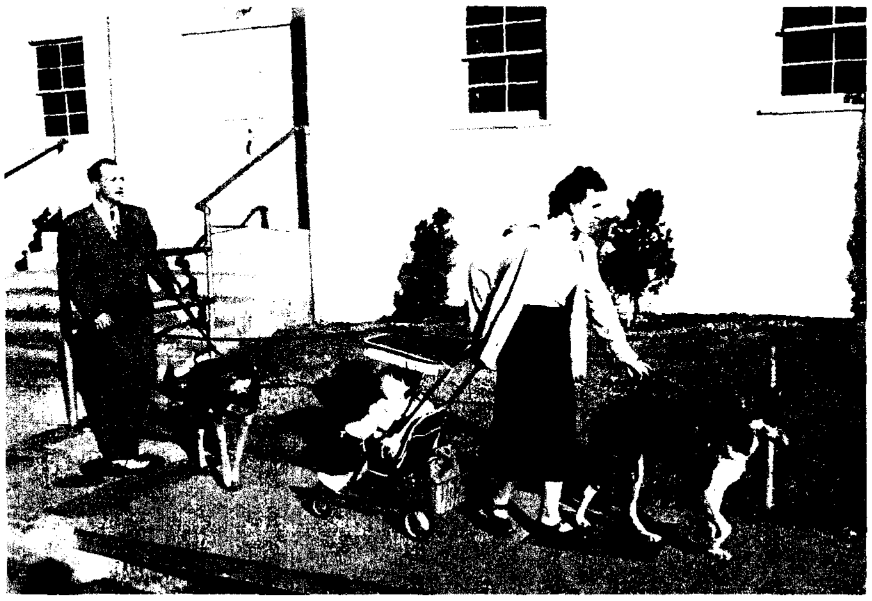
Probably the biggest problem now facing the blind parents was pinpointed by a visitor who recently asked Tex what he was going to do when the baby started asking, "What's this, Daddy?"

"We're not living on a desert island," is the father's reply. "We have many wonderful friends and neighbors who are willing to supply some of the answers. And when Marianne is old enough she'll go to nursery school and learn with the other children."

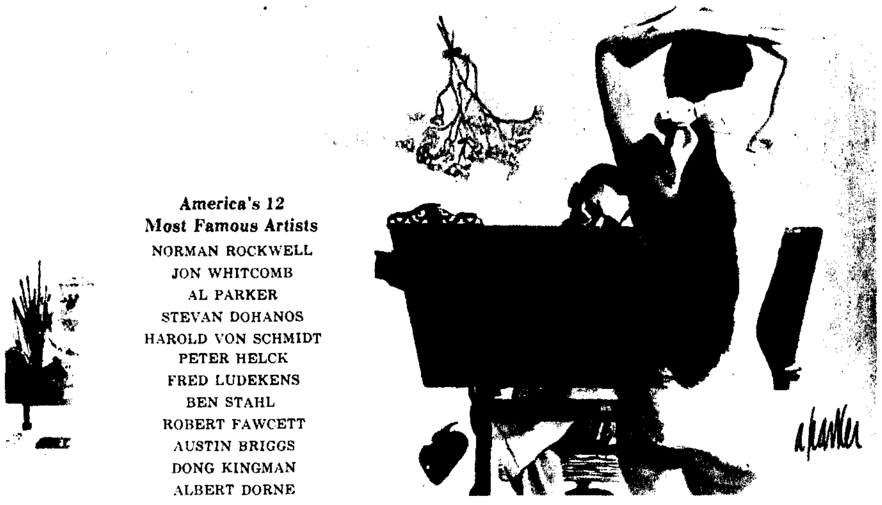
After all the practical questions are asked, there remains in the dark world of the Ragsdales an extra dimension for which there is no apparent physical measurement. Neighbors who have watched Vonda in her new role speak of something beyond her cheerful competence: an almost magic power of mother love bridging the chasm between her world of darkness and her baby. When the baby laughs at something mother cannot see, or a visitor comments on Marianne's newest gesture or expression, the blind mother seems to know what is happening.

Strangers watching Vonda and her child sometimes wonder how she feels, not being able to see Marianne. Recently a visitor blurted out without thinking, "If you only knew how beautiful your daughter is!"

Patiently, like a kindly schoolteacher explaining simple facts to a youngster, Vonda reassured her. "But I do know my baby's beautiful," Vonda smiled. "After all, I'm her mother."



The Ragsdales go walking in procession, led by guide dogs Christina, Peggy. Vonda always pulls stroller because "baby's safer behind me"



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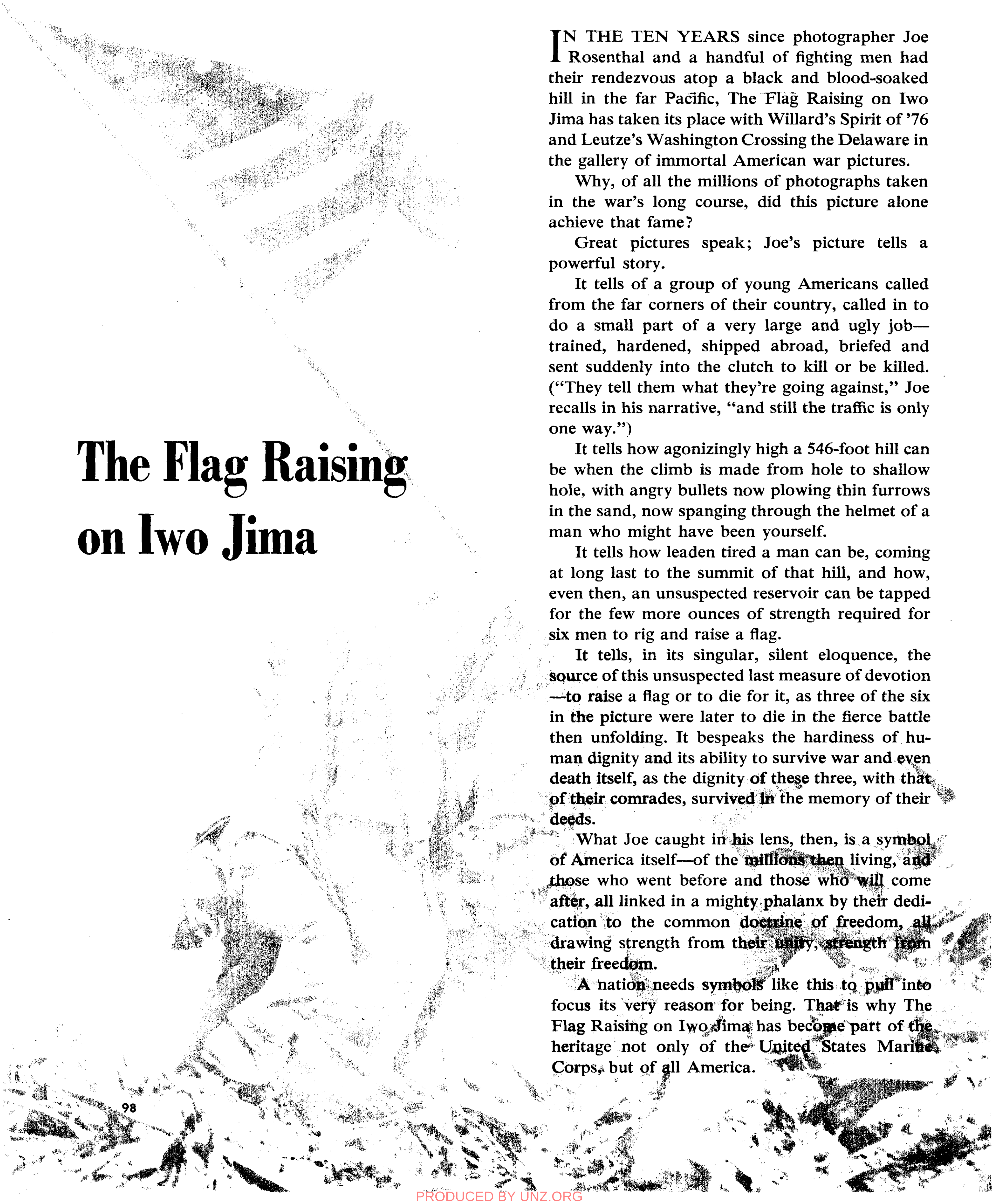

The Flag Raising on Iwo Jima

IN THE TEN YEARS since photographer Joe Rosenthal and a handful of fighting men had their rendezvous atop a black and blood-soaked hill in the far Pacific, The Flag Raising on Iwo Jima has taken its place with Willard's Spirit of '76 and Leutze's Washington Crossing the Delaware in the gallery of immortal American war pictures.

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Great pictures speak; Joe's picture tells a powerful story.

It tells of a group of young Americans called from the far corners of their country, called in to do a small part of a very large and ugly job—trained, hardened, shipped abroad, briefed and sent suddenly into the clutch to kill or be killed. ("They tell them what they're going against," Joe recalls in his narrative, "and still the traffic is only one way.")

It tells how agonizingly high a 546-foot hill can be when the climb is made from hole to shallow hole, with angry bullets now plowing thin furrows in the sand, now spanging through the helmet of a man who might have been yourself.

It tells how leaden tired a man can be, coming at long last to the summit of that hill, and how, even then, an unsuspected reservoir can be tapped for the few more ounces of strength required for six men to rig and raise a flag.

It tells, in its singular, silent eloquence, the source of this unsuspected last measure of devotion—to raise a flag or to die for it, as three of the six in the picture were later to die in the fierce battle then unfolding. It bespeaks the hardiness of human dignity and its ability to survive war and even death itself, as the dignity of these three, with that of their comrades, survived in the memory of their deeds.

What Joe caught in his lens, then, is a symbol of America itself—of the millions then living, and those who went before and those who will come after, all linked in a mighty phalanx by their dedication to the common doctrine of freedom, all drawing strength from their unity, strength from their freedom.

A nation needs symbols like this to pull into focus its very reason for being. That is why The Flag Raising on Iwo Jima has become part of the heritage not only of the United States Marine Corps, but of all America.

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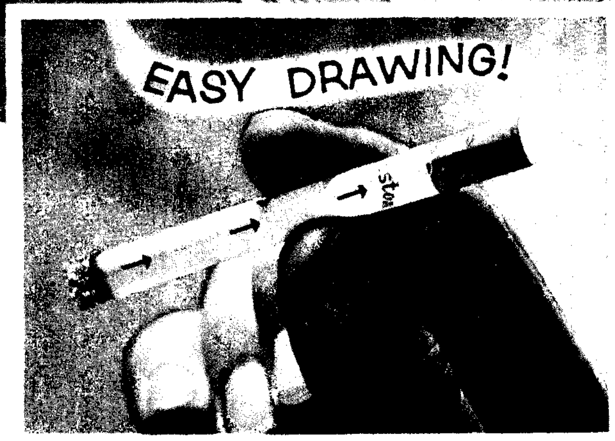
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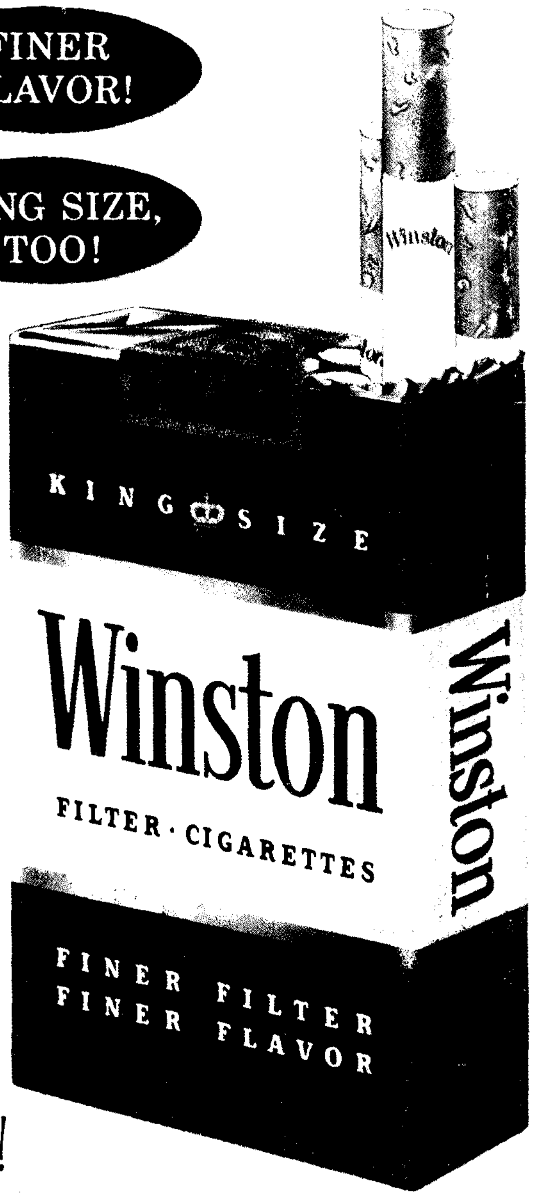
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